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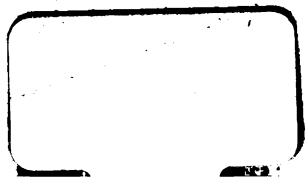
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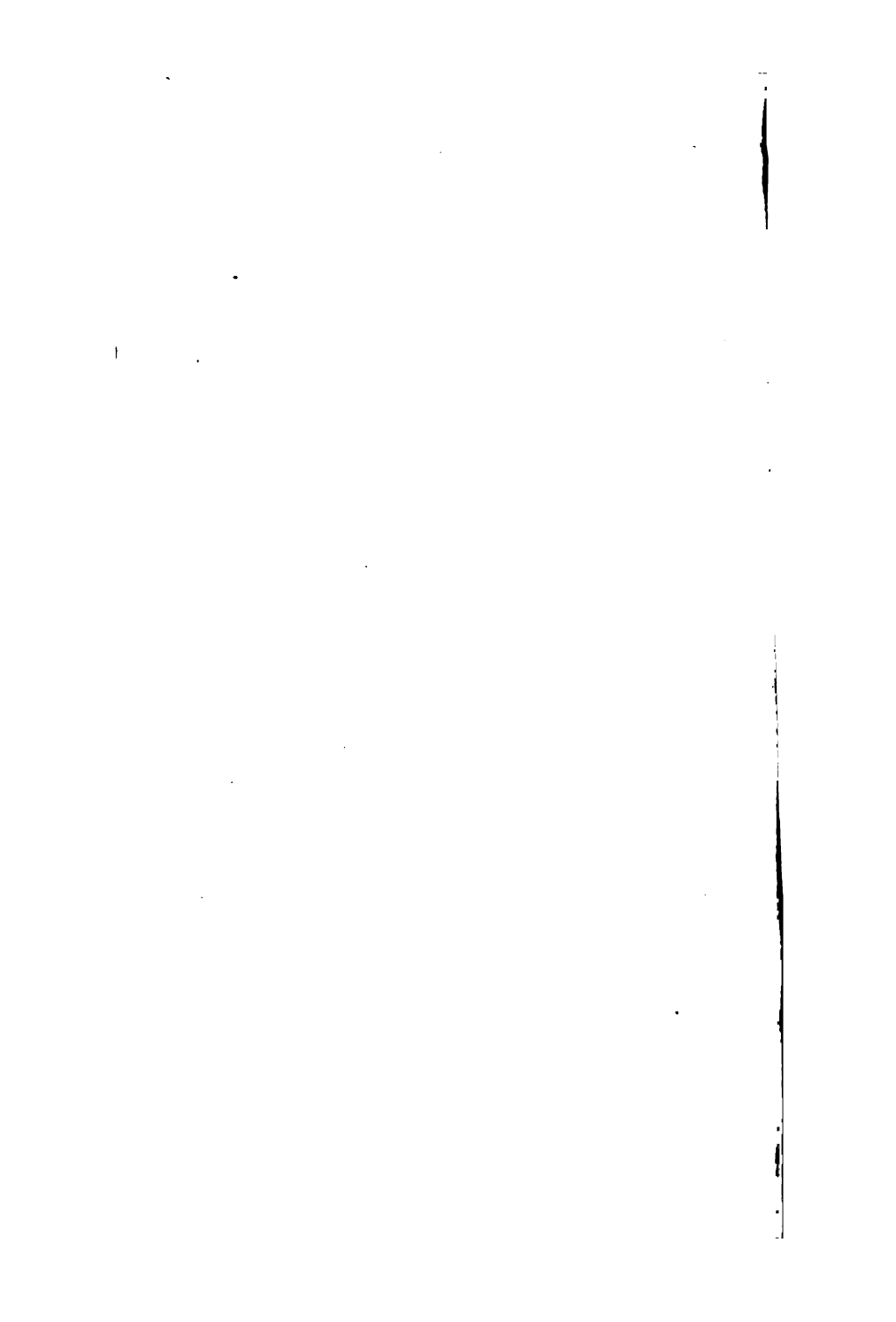


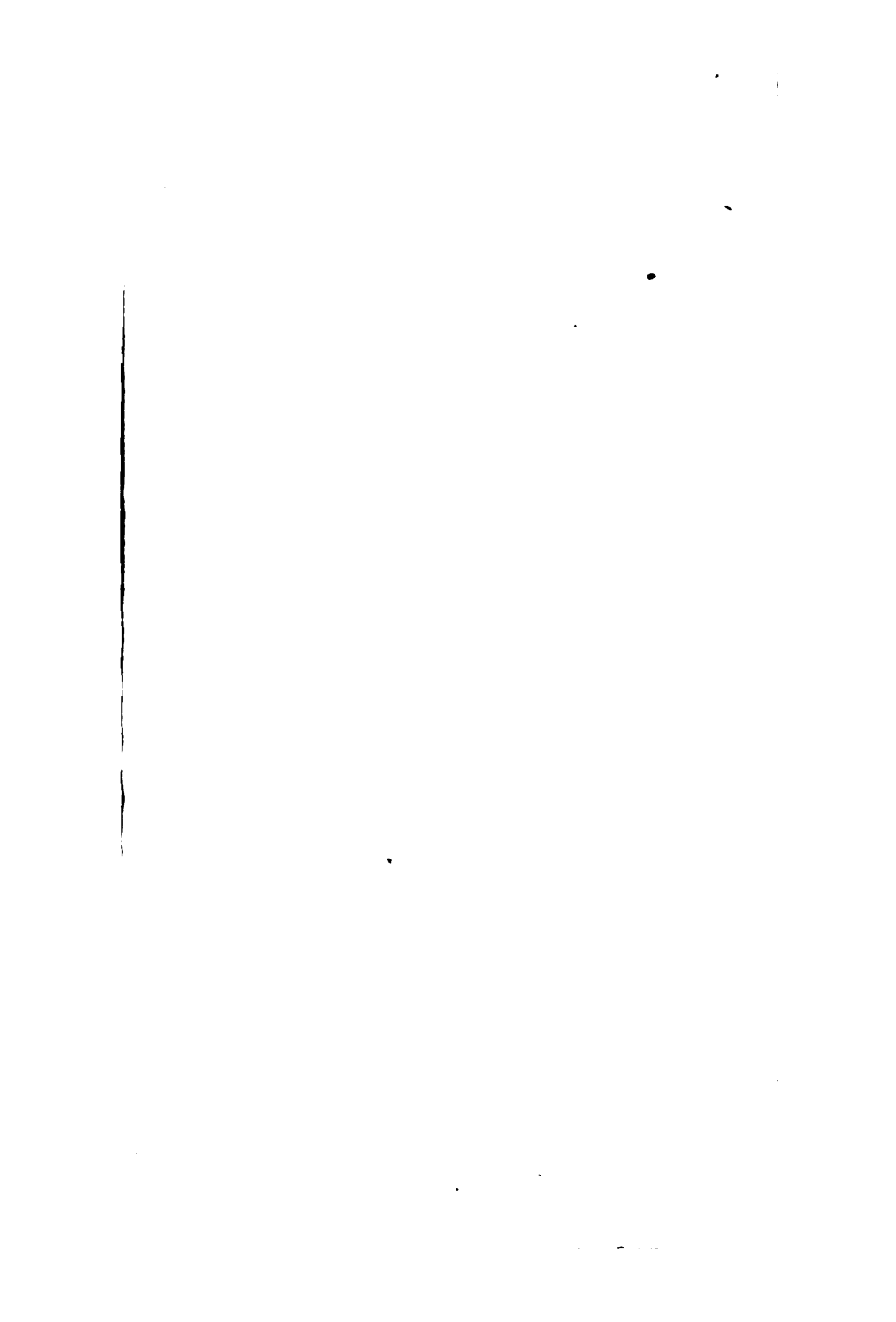


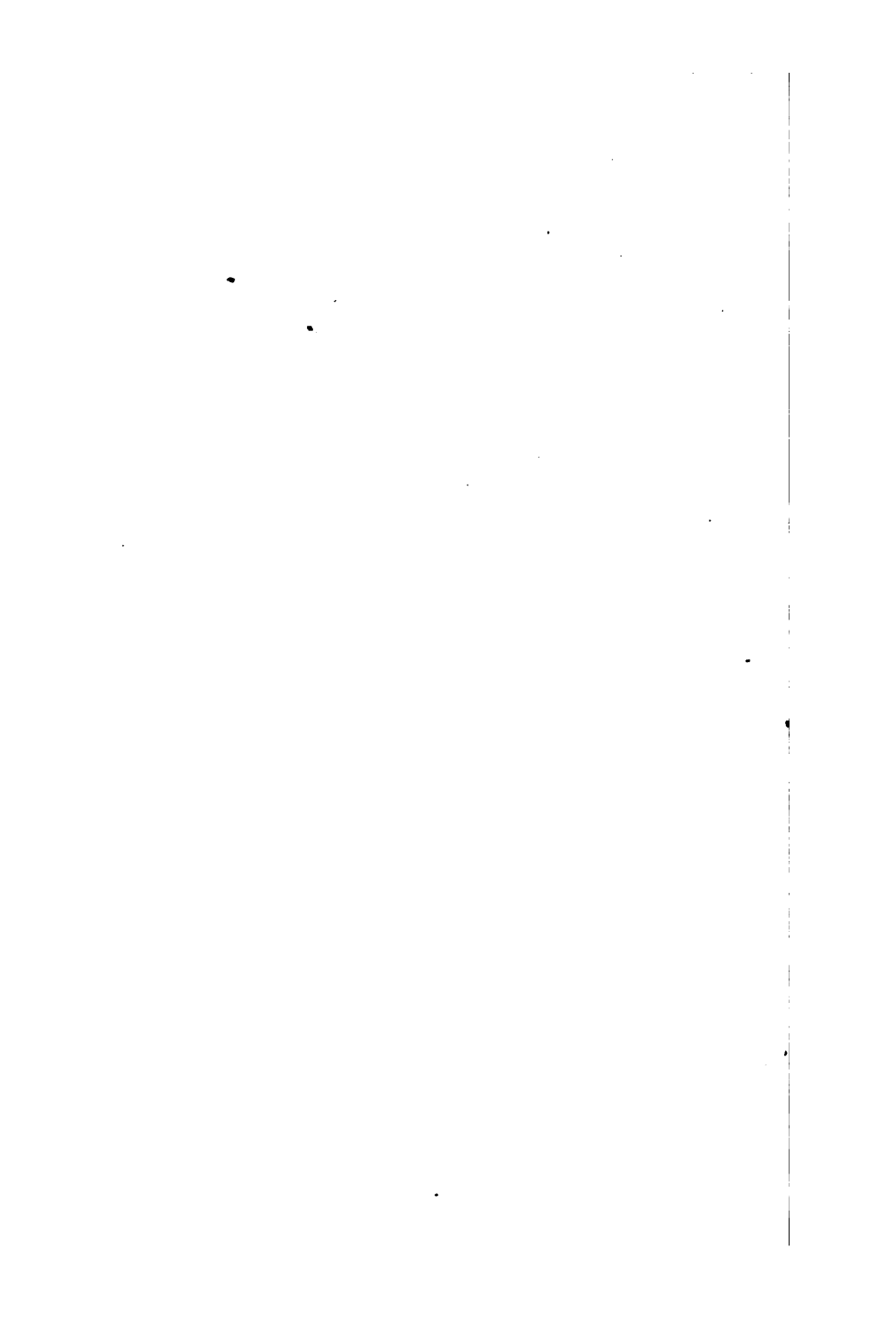
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THE  
LETTERS  
OF  
JULIUS.  
VOL. I.

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FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CŒLUM.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO

### THE PEOPLE.

In dedicating to you the First Volume of my Letters, I feel happily conscious that I am inscribing the labours of at least a disinterested pen, to the freest and most enlightened Nation in the world. Your freedom is the heir-loom of a glorious ancestry; it was purchased at the price of the costliest blood, and requires, to guard it inviolate, a vigilance which shall surpass even that with which the vestal virgins kept alive the sacred fire of their immaculate goddess.



The highest point of perfection is often the most critical: the nicest adjustment of the balance that which will take least to produce the most obvious derangement: the excitement promoted by endeavours to conquer the summit, is unfriendly to the stationary repose which alone can ensure to us its continuous occupation. The critical acmé of a properly-controlled power of the Crown having been attained to about the middle of the last reign, since that period we have evidently betrayed a declension into the extreme of popular encroachment. This encroachment, without dispute, is the domestic malady for which it now behoves us most diligently to provide a specific remedy. Many causes conspire, at this moment, to create in the body politic a predisposition to this particular kind of diseased action.

The crisis in which the power of the Crown became subject to that control

which founded and fortified it; in most perfect strength, on the rock of the Constitution, was the climacteric of our limited form of Monarchical Government. Then its highest degree of perfection exposed it to utmost peril. Till the attainment of that state, the moral energies which by nature have inclination to encroach on their own part, were employing their forces to check encroachment on the part of others. Absorbed in efforts to compass the latter object, they had not their present leisure to devote to endeavours after the former.

Commerce, too, in weakening the natural ties of kindred as well as kind; in dispersing families, and forcing multitudes into stations in which the insolence of newly-acquired power seduces them to obtrude claims of equality upon every thing superior, and to treat with arrogance and oppression every thing inferior, has an inevitable tendency to che-

rish the democratic spirit of the age. In thus describing the effects of commerce upon the subordination of social life, I would by no means have you to understand me as depreciating its inestimable advantages. I am merely acting in conformity with the maxim, that "to know an evil completely, is half its cure." If commerce, therefore, have serious disadvantages, by well ascertaining what they are, we shall the more easily and surely be enabled to prevent the mischief to which they might otherwise give birth. The benefits of any system should not merely counterbalance but very considerably over-balance its evils. An equilibrium which a straw's weight can destroy, is too ticklish a state to possess the qualities of durability. The Constitution is a mighty engine of conflicting powers; and it is indispensable to the well working of the whole, that these powers should only be so opposed as to perform the harmonious

offices of antagonist muscles. An impaired or an overgrown force in any one of these powers must of course tend to the dislocation and derangement of the rest. This position is self-evident; but the injunction it involves of preserving the balance of the Constitution, in a very imperfect observance, will task all the resources of public resolution and accumulated experience.

To assist in the attainment and establishing of this momentous object, it is necessary to ascertain with precision on which side the scale preponderates. The investigation of the quantum of unjust preponderance, will inseparably involve the best suggestions how to rectify the disarrangement, and repair whatever injury it may have originated.

Further to fortify my declaration, that popular encroachment is the crying evil of the day, it will be serviceable to

superadd to the assertion, that the power of the Crown was reduced within proper limits in the last reign, an explanation how that result was ultimately consummated. The gratuitous and noble sacrifice made by the late King, of that pernicious portion of the prerogative which could interfere with the Judges; the successful vindication of the right of Juries to return a general verdict in cases of political libel; together with the constitutional concession, that expulsion from the House of Commons cannot of itself disqualify for being re-elected to a seat in Parliament, (as otherwise the power which can alone belong to the whole Legislature would, in every case of ejection, be usurped by a single branch of it) these three important achievements in behalf of rational freedom and social security, I conceive to have pruned the power of the Crown, as available, either through influence or prerogative, of all extraordinary means of

endangering the commonweal, and thereby, on its own part, shaking the foundation of its own security.

Having shewn on which side encroachment is at work, and laid down the reasons why its offensive operations should be now solely directed against that quarter, it remains to develope the end and aim, as well as the mode of its attack. Since the symptoms of this evil partake rather of the chronic than the acute nature, by thus tracing its progress, I hope to warn you with success from suffering yourselves to become so far familiarized with a state of disease, as shall expose you to the peril of only appreciating its ravages in its sudden and ultimate fatality. Nothing is easier than to raise a clamour or congregate a mob : but is merit to be measured by hireling suffrage, or questions of national importance to be decided by the yells of designing men, or the vociferations of deluded ones ?

The grand prompter of popular incursions upon the Constitution is the licentious Press; the true friends, therefore, of the liberty of the Press are the most inveterate enemies of its licentiousness. They know that this liberty and licentiousness cannot long co-exist, but must the one, infallibly, exterminate the other. The advocates of popular encroachment have, for some time past, been indefatigable in their endeavours to destroy, root and branch, this invaluable liberty. They have promoted a licentiousness of writing which it makes the heart ache to behold; they have committed sacrilege on all that is sacred; instilled contempt for all that is venerable; enjoined disobedience to all that are in authority; preached up every theory that is visionary, and applauded every practice that is innovating.—In fact, they have spared no pains to rend asunder all the bonds without which the social state cannot one moment endure.

For want of being vigorously and constantly kept in check, they have been enabled to give the labours of the Press a suicidal impulse--to inoculate their victim with the slow poison which kills by inches. The workings of this poison they persevere in representing as the soundest symptoms of health; and have so far perverted the common sense of their dupes, as to make them consider disease health, and health disease. The Press is diseased, and the crisis of its complaint will be fatally accelerated, if we any longer trifle with the malady, or scruple to administer the cure. The reasoning which would persuade us that the conflict of writing elicits truth, to its universal dissemination, is utterly erroneous: lamentable experience teaches that the mischievous direction of the Press has created a vast body of exclusive readers, who may be said, morally speaking, to have lived on poisons till the very sight of wholesome food has become intolerable in their eyes.



Again, it is urged, the very violence of such and such writings defeats its own object. If there be any truth in my remarks on the subject of exclusive readers, as far as they are concerned this theory will immediately fall to the ground. This violence is the ambient putrescence which breeds and nourishes the swarm; it forms a fetid atmosphere, from which alone they can inhale the vital food of their existence. This violence, moreover, tends to operate as a premium upon calculating, as opposed to casual misconduct. The intriguing character, finding that personalities are, generally speaking, synonymous terms with libels and lies, begins to lose all dread of public exposure. He beholds the good confounded with the bad; and because only liable to stand in the same predicament with one who is foully and falsely aspersed, basely, yet without fear, acts on the anticipation of being coupled with him in the instinctive and instantaneous exculpation of public opinion.

The licentiousness of the Press of the present day is of so sanguinary a cast, that the contemplation of it is perfectly appalling. The execution it does by means of caricaturing alone is incalculable. Caricatures, in fact, are the most efficient and mischievous kind of libel---they are a *gratis* libel,---to be met with at the corners of the streets, in the market-place, and on the highway---of a pasigraphic nature, he that cannot read his alphabet can read their slanders, and be self-taught in their creed.

You must be thoroughly satisfied that a radical difference exists between caricaturing a public character for some moral crime, or fashionable folly, and that diabolical prostitution of the pen and pencil which, grouping its objects in murderous array, whets the appetite of the lower orders for nothing short of blood; which, by shedding it in effigy, spreads the call to shed it in earnest;

which, in short, by all the soul-harrowing picturings of arbitrary dragoonadings, torturings, and executions on the one hand; and of righteously consummated vengeance on the other; familiarizes the rabble with the cry of "blood for blood;" which thus demonizes their nature, and stimulates to phrenzy a vindictive yearning for retaliation, of which, as long as it is unrealised, they are taught to consider themselves flagitiously defrauded.

This feature of the licentiousness of the Press is as modern as it is alien to genuine English feelings--it is a hideous excrescence on the licentiousness of old. If the Powers that be slumber and sleep while he that runs can read the accusation in which they are charged with picking the marrow out of the bones of the poor, trampling on the heartstrings of distress, wrenching their last mite from the widow and the fatherless.

butchering the peaceable, and murdering the *innocent*, then will they shortly be ranked among the powers that have passed away; and in their premature and unnatural dissolution, will be comprised the overthrow of the Constitution, and the ruin of the empire. On this point I speak my conviction, in sober sadness—in solemn earnest.

The calm which succeeds a period of agitation is too apt to throw us off our guard. We are culpably remiss in calculating the mischief accruing: because respited from exerting it, we discover not that our strength is impaired. In consequence, we leave the breach unrepaired—the embankment forced. Since the more violent attacks of the disease are intermittent, we are continually surprised by them, in the midst of what we erroneously suppose re-established health. You will forestall my exemplification of this premise, by reviewing, in

juxta-position, the jubilee of the Coronation with the sacrilegious atrocities of the 14th of August, and the alarmingly revolutionary conduct of the JURIES in inquest upon the mischances of that mournful occasion. It is matter of national thanksgiving, that the sterling integrity of an individual or two of one of these Juries compelled a compromise, which in part redeemed its character, mitigated our alarm, and delivered the country from the immediate proclamation of Mob Law.

A Jury that, instead of impartially sifting the evidence offered, and applying the law to the fact, presume to LEGISLATE for the rabble, that they may at pleasure prevent the ingress to, or egress from, his own parks, pleasure grounds, or other private inclosures of the King, or any of his subjects, is frightfully approximated to a revolutionary tribunal. A matter of favour cannot be a

matter of right: to argue, therefore, that because the King's Park is at times considerably opened for the comfort and convenience of the public, that the public have a right to shut their benefactor, or his servants acting in execution of his orders, either up in it, or out of it, is to be guilty of the rankest ingratitude, or obnoxious to the imputation of the most incurable stupidity.

A Jury, too, that shall examine and cross-examine the witnesses on each side of the question, with the obvious and undeniable desire to criminate, has forfeited its legitimate character, if not its legal existence as a Jury. It has violated the obligations of its oath, and usurped the functions of the advocate, to perform them with all the zeal of the partizan.

This, you will perceive, is a description far from coming up to the truth,

of the illegally disgraceful conduct of the Jury which, but for a little leaven of common sense and invincible rectitude, would have converted the institution from an object of veneration into an object that had excited inexpressible uneasiness and universal alarm.

In passing, I would just remark, that an irresolution in our Courts to punish contempt, has done much to foster that unwarrantable defiance of their authority which has of late formed the distinctive feature of personal defence. That the contagion has spread, is testified by the audacious conduct adopted on the defence of the late Queen; then an advocate in office had the illimitable assurance, the outrageous presumption, to make the experiment of biasing a verdict to emanate from the whole body of our Nobility in Parliament assembled, and at the time uniting the exercise of the legislative with that of the judicial

functions, by holding out to it threats of annihilation; by fulminating, with papal impertinence, bans of excommunication against all who should be contumacious enough to convict a state culprit, because that culprit was his client.

This, however, you will join me in declaring, was not so expanded an outrage as the deliberate attack in Parliament, a session or two since, upon the King's prerogative of Prerogation. That prerogative is an essential of the Constitution: were it once wrested from the Crown, the balance of the Constitution would be utterly and irrevocably destroyed. The third estate of the Realm would become the centre of attraction, and thither, without a centrifugal check, would the whole power of the Empire gravitate. Feeling itself omnipotent, this branch of the Legislature would labour to render itself over-



lasting; till its unnatural endeavours, expediting the decomposition of the social fabric, would find a violent end in the general catastrophe.

The above-mentioned attempts, both abortive and successful, support me in the protestation with which I set out, of the pernicious exorbitance of the popular demands of the present day. This exorbitance will be still further exposed in the few words which I wish to address to you on the state of the representation. Previous to entering on this topic, it may be well to quote the following judicious remarks:—

“I am convinced that some apparent defects are equally useful in the natural and intellectual world; and that it is necessary that there should be a mixture of abuse and imperfection in the institutions which men frame, as that there should be a portion of impurity in the

air which we breathe. Foreign and domestic quarrels, disturbance and disease, are universally supposed to be among the most melancholy incidents which occur in the tragic farce of our existence. Yet, without war, what becomes of our soldiers? If there were no diseases, our physicians would be undone: if the litigious spirit of the people were extinguished, our lawyers must wear their insignia for nothing,---without fees, without dignity, and without employment. If there were no political dissensions, what stop would there be to the despotism of men in power, or what theme for the speeches of men in opposition? And lastly, if there had never arisen any disputes about religion, we should not have been blessed with the mighty labours of the Fathers of the Church."

We have long ascertained that Property is the only legitimate basis

of Representation: property unrepresented is property unsecured; and property unsecured is incompatible with the existence of personal liberty and social intercourse. The just representation of property involving the consequent security of individual liberty, it is the most arrant nonsense to pretend, that because not possessed of the right of returning local Representatives, Manchester, and other large towns in the like predicament, are virtually unrepresented. In all essentials they share a representation which cannot be parcelled out to places and parties; but of its own indivisible nature extends its benefits to the whole community. The representation of property in general, comprises the representation of property in detail. Thus, manufacturing property being represented, as a subordinate species of its genus, Manchester, as a manufacturing town, cannot be unrepresented.

It is necessary to be thus explicit, in order to lay bare the sophistry by which, because local or peculiar interests are not represented **DIRECT**, not only the interests themselves, but their very possessors, are described as not represented at all. This correctness of definition presents us with two kinds of Representation; the one, that by which every individual in the kingdom is comprehensively protected in his person and property; the other, that by which bye-law protection is guaranteed to particular interests. The magnitude of the interests miscalled unrepresented, is the best surety for their protection. Thus, in the very size of Manchester, we have a pledge that its predominant interest cannot be neglected. Wealthy men and various places must be connected with interests that accumulate riches, and are not, and cannot be, confined to isolated spots.

From these remarks, I would by no means be understood to oppose the enfranchisement, in due season, and with all becoming precaution, of the few large towns already referred to, as such a course would operate to remove much cause of discontent: but I would reprobate, in the strongest terms, the most unconstitutional idea of making the enfranchising of one place a component part of the reasoning that shall influence us to disfranchise another. The forfeit should solely be required for the offence, and the offence unequivocally proved deserving of the forfeit. To legislate from the motive just deprecated, is to strike at the root of the doctrine of right, and enter upon a system that shall lead to immediate invasion of the security of property.

I feel consoled, that we have not so far sacrificed our character for common sense and apt discrimination, as to make

it necessary to elucidate by argument, that the chimera of universal suffrage could only be realised in the tragedy of universal spoliation, confiscation, and bloodshed. A constellation of wealthy fools might guide us in safety, but a council of needy wits would benight us on the shoals of anarchy and civil barbarism.

One mode of offence adopted by the foes of civil quiet is, to vitiate words—perseveringly to attach good names to evil things, till that which, in its primitive signification, was an honourable appellation, degenerates into a bye-word of reproach. It is our duty, instead of tolerating this perversion of terms, instead of contributing to put arms into our enemy's hand, to resist it with all our power. A thorough-paced disturber has as much claim to the title of patriot, as an alien and a sojourner has to the appellation of Englishman. Your cha-

racter is profaned, when the promiscuous mob is denominated the People, and its besotted clamour pronounced the oracle of your deliberate judgment and will.

Those busy in mischief are the agents that minister to the alienation between us and that portion of us called the lower orders ; who toil to fix a gulph that cannot be passed, between them and the body of which they are an integral and essential part. They sever the limb from the body, and flatter themselves that, with Promethean artifice, making it instinct with life, they shall, with absolute success, render it the automaton of their wishes.

As the *populus* of the Romans was contradistinguished to the *plebs*, so should the people of England be distinguished from the populace. This distinction need be neither invidious nor irritating : it might influence our actions

without obtruding on their feelings, were it not for the heresies so obstinately and maliciously propagated by designing men. Of these foul fiends, that vex the spirit of a man, are many now going to and fro upon the earth, seeking whom they may devour. It is incumbent, therefore, on us, if we value our peace, to chain them with chains that cannot be broken. Since their longing for blood is as insatiable as it is remorseless, our precautions should be as comprehensive as they were inexorable. The spirit of the loyal will be prostrated, their energies will be rendered emasculate, if they find themselves shelterless amid

“ The pitiless pelting of the storm ;”

if the cadaverous-looking caitiff shall with impunity excite a passion for their blood,—a panting after it, as after something much to be desired.



My language may be warm; but is there no cause to be impassioned, when the enemies of the Constitution are undermining that venerable edifice, and still remain unvisited by exemplary punishment? when the convict Carlile proves himself stronger than the Law; and the impious Caricaturist proceeds to lengths that cry aloud for the impeachment of the Government, unless it set itself to the task of putting a stop to his unbridled darings? I insist, that the spirit of the law touches such flagrant cases as these, even if the letter fall short of it; in which case a remedy should be immediately provided, by giving the former to express with precision the expansion of the latter.

Till lately, a Caricature was mostly a weapon that the indiscretion of its object put into our hands; it might castigate without sparing, but it did not cry for blood. Now, to be great and good,

is to constitute oneself the mark of incessant and sanguinary ridicule. The nobler the victim, the more canine the ferocity with which it is assailed. Need I mention the name of our illustrious Sovereign, to bear me out in my asser-  
tion? Never was King more cruelly slandered. As if not sufficient to have endured domestic injuries, evil men procure him to be set round by public falsehoods. Let us stand forward to appreciate true worth while living, that we may not have to whine over our neglect of it when dead. It is a thankless employment to compass sea and land for the public good, and still be harassed by misrepresentation and haunted by ingratitude. Sorry is the lesson, and sore the disgrace, to learn from his loss the value of a benefactor and friend.—A Friend, a Benefactor, a Father, has George the Fourth been to his People; and when that Power which can alone make him cease to be so, shall have gathered him

to the Just, generations to come will upbraid us for our lukewarm appreciation of a Patriot-King.

In conclusion, let me entreat of you to be vigilant and determined in the good cause; to rest assured that encroachment on the popular side is fraught with more comprehensive, immediate, and irremediable danger, than encroachment on the part of the Crown; to evince your conviction, that national freedom is inseparable from national morality, honour, and religion; never to forget that licentiousness is the sworn destroyer of liberty: and thus persevering in wisdom, I trust it may be granted to Englishmen in perpetuity to boast that the blessed Utopia of the Stagyrte has found glorious realization in the perfections of the British Constitution.

JULIUS.

## P R E F A C E.

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IN the introduction to the commencing Book of my Satire, published a few days ago under the title of "EXPEDIENCE," I pledged myself to vindicate at large, in the Preface to this First Volume of my Letters, the posthumous anatomizing of the character and conduct of the late Queen. As my Publisher suggests, that the matter contained in this volume would receive an unwieldy increment, if what I have said on the late business of the Queen were incorporated with it, I have found it preferable to close this portion of my work with the

Letter preceding the one which sets out on that subject. The adoption of this plan will make it adviseable for me to postpone the redemption of my pledge till the appearance of the SECOND VOLUME of my LETTERS, which is now in the press.

I am as well aware as any hypercritic would have me be, that there is a *quantum sufficit* of declamation in my Letters; but, unlike many who labour under a similar conviction with respect to their several efforts of the pen, I enjoy the consoling reflection of having never appealed to the passions but when devoutly believing myself the champion of Truth; of having never hurled the shafts of satire or ridicule, but (according to the best of my judgment) at Folly or Crime. I can say, with a clear conscience, that I never published a paragraph that belied my honest convictions; but, to the best of my ability, have been upright and

downright in the good cause of Morality and public Justice.

Were I wholly to change the original texture of my Letters, and present a new mass of writing on the subjects they handle, I might prune away every line that is not argumentative, and compress every thought that is expanded ; but my desires grasp not at so radical a reform. I wish to reprint my Letters such as they appeared in the first instance, though written very frequently in great haste, and under strongly excited feelings. The rapidity of the motions, and the multiplicity of the manœuvres of the disaffected, compelled forced marches, and raised fierce indignance on my part ; and I have no desire now to represent those marches as orderly as the retreat of the Ten Thousand ; or that indignance as troubled with absolute wisdom.

The title "The Degenerate Whigs," will be construed as definitely as intended. The most stupid cannot charge me with upbraiding as degenerate "the Whigs," one and all, when almost every tenth page of my book will obtrude upon their notice such a panegyric on the benefits of manly and discriminate opposition, as shall apprize them that, by "the Degenerate Whigs" are meant those Whigs that are degenerate.

In exposing and deploring the licentiousness of the Press, I have, for the most part, spoken in general terms, and resorted to general attacks. Two strong reasons induced me to deviate from this line of conduct with regard to a particular Print. A reign of respectability had procured for this Journal a very extended circulation and influence, and it therefore required more than ordinary exertion to open the unwilling eyes of its supporters upon its superlative apos-

tacy. Again; the character of that apostacy was in the outset so hardened, so decidedly *sui generis*, that it was imperative to sound the alarm, that its evil efforts were in succession as continuously hardened, as perseveringly *sui generis*. But for such warning, the abhorrence in which those efforts ought to be held might have been blunted by their being classed among the habitual efforts of the rest of the licentious Press. What I consider the difference between this Print and most of its compeers is, that while they LIE through ignorance; under the goad of perverted views, applied to irascible feelings; through misconception of intentions, or misrepresentation of facts; it LIES by times, both early and late, with its eyes open, in defiance of facts, and in spite of reproof;---that it is all leperous with lying--an obdurate, wholesale, calculating, conscious LIAR!



To turn from such a loathsome picture of more than human depravity, I would remark, that the period in which the twenty-four Letters contained in this first volume were written was remarkable for the most unexpected and extreme alternations of public confidence and alarm. These vicissitudes of general feeling will rationally account for the variations in the tone of my writing.

I have observed with regret, that the science of politics, by the goodly meddling of mistaken men, has grown more perplexed and abstruse than ever. To the study of this essential branch of knowledge we have only need to bring common sense, and a respectable degree of information. Political economy is the secret of social intercourse : it is founded on the knowledge of human nature, which knowledge directs the formation and consolidation of the social state.

Law (taking the term in its most generic acceptation) is reason in a tangible shape. Were all law, written or traditional, proscribed to-morrow, it might, in a measure, be non-operative—it could not be non-existent. I make this remark for the benefit of the rising generation. I wish to see the innate principles of truth and reason consulted; and the philosophy of life gleaned from the joint stores of the past and the passing hour. Were a miracle to erase all our records, and consign to oblivion all our traditions, would not law be re-written, and would it not be, in the main, the law that had been? I trust, then, there is no need of a miracle to induce some, at least, amongst us, to resist any unjust bias, and instinctively and intuitively, with as little regard to party or prejudice as possible, to seek truth and keep it;—to adapt and apply it to the purposes of life; and being, as far as themselves are concerned,

the givers, stand forth, as far as others  
are interested, the guardians of law.

JULIUS:

SEPT. 24th, 1821.

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# ERRATUM.

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Page 131, line 15, *for praises read praise.*



# LETTERS OF JULIUS.

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## LETTER I.

TO THE DEGENERATE WHIGS.

November 26, 1819.

GENTLEMEN,

A PROPHETICAL exordium cannot but be acceptable to the Sons of the prophets. Unlike, however, the responses of your tripod, which for twenty years past has dealt in little else than falsehood, or studied ambiguity, my prediction shall be clear and intelligible. Your seers, unable to look forward to ultimate effects, have furnished out oracles from time to time, which in collection present us with nothing but "confusion worse confounded." They have afforded us a practical demonstration that the versatility which may effect subordinate purposes will infallibly defeat the ultimate aim. It would be wondrous, indeed, if any object whatever could be juggled into the possession of

those who, in the prosecution of its attainment, have not the wit to abstain from measures which completely neutralize or counteract each other. I would fain present you with a model for contemplation in the pertinacity with which I shall continue the devotee of a dictum which the principles of civil polity send forth from their adyta, as much within the scope of comprehension as beyond the possibility of dispute. This dictum is bold in proclaiming, that as you have suffered yourselves to be the dupes of false prophets, it will be long ere you can become the disciples of true ones. This is the text on which your daily conduct affords an ample comment; on which it expatiates to the conviction of all but yourselves. To you, gentlemen, I may be speaking mystically, because I am speaking truly; but to the majority of a thinking people, who have thankfully accepted the warning your misfortunes hold forth, I am using the unadorned language of simple truth. In you we see concentrated all the errors, which, arraying the shadow as the substance, exhaust perseverance in the chase of phantoms. To you we most probably owe our own safe steerage. You are the beacon that warns us where danger lurks; or, to use a nearer metaphor,

you are the vessel on the shoals, that marks safety to be anywhere rather than in its own company. Far from wishing to rob you of the slightest claim, on consideration, I am among the foremost to vote you thanks for public service, and most willingly bestow upon you the praise, to which, in common with handposts, beacons, "deep water" signs, "steel trap and spring-gun" boards, and other mute outmarks of danger, you are equally entitled. Your opponents would grant you some degree of applause for the very determination with which you have laboured to eust them from their post, were it not for the trickery and meanness which have been its peculiar characteristics. Having dabbled in the analysis of mind, you learnt that its weakness in some men is an enemy's best weapon, and that to haunt such persons with a prophecy of their ruin, is the speediest and most infallible method of effecting it. As, however, was natural in your case, alloying this discovery with an utter ignorance of its applicability, you have attempted, against the intelligence of an Empire, what with your powers it were ten to one had succeeded against an isolated individual. You deluged its ears with predictions of destruction, while the seriousness of your folly produced

that uncontrollable mirth, which, to your mental optics, appeared as none other than the Porpus before the storm. If you knew, gentlemen, that the ludicrous figure you cut was the sole excitement of that mirth; if, instead of saluting your senses as the bravura of desperation, you could, in it, list a nation's scorn; if you could do so, gentlemen, there might be some hopes of you. The moment that can give us these hopes, must witness you overwhelmed with confusion. Ere that period ignorance must lose its hardihood, and the blush that forebodes improvement take place of the brass that defies it. When contemplating the extravagancies and contrarieties of your conduct, you appear to me like a set of experimentalists, who keep a menagerie for the sake of mutilating its inmates. In this den of quackery, I can imagine grafted quadrupeds and docked baboons. You are the only men I can conceive attempting to introduce gelding tigers for draught, or muzzled lions for ploughing. Extravagant as these similies may appear, I will be bound to prove that the monstrous incongruities of your actions fully justify them. Gentlemen, was I not aware that you make opposition a trade, I should conclude that you were the inventors of the kalei-

descope. I should conclude that the vision which could behold in fair and beauteous order whatever and how many soever bits of schemes might be huddled together, that that vision had presented to the world a material representation of its peculiarities and powers. From the known fact, however, that indiscriminate opposition is the staple commodity of your traffic, there is no need to pay a tribute to your principles in supposing the existence of such a vision, and at the same time still less need to defame you with the imputation of a clever and curious invention. Gentlemen, I must offer yourselves as an apology to my readers for digressing from the ordinary line of epistolary composition. In treating such subjects, correctness of description must embody confusion in the picture. I have already charged you with trickery and meanness; and, together with these charges, shall proceed to substantiate a third, which is, your superlative ignorance of and consequent incapacity for, political governing. When Radical Reform was selected as the watchword of Revolution, you at first hung back as neutrals. In this, as in every other affair of moment, your first movements are marked by a master-stroke of folly. There



exist two parties in the body politic beside your own, each apprized that you are not friendly to its cause. With the necessity staring you in the face of a speedy junction with the one or the other, you witlessly unbare the whole rancour of your hatred to either. To the Radicals you discover yourselves most inveterate; to the Loyalists, most unexpectedly mean and ungenerous.

With respect to the latter, you commit that unpardonable crime which, though buried by time and circumstance in silence, can never be obliterated from recollection. You show yourselves ready to sacrifice their safety to your own paltry selfishness, and to use any means, however grossly dishonourable, however comprehensively destructive, to rob them of their rights, you no longer oppose as a generous rival, but steal on as a masked foe. Go now and join them; they may grant you that protection you must soon crave; but they will consider they are bestowing the favour on dastards, who, unable to stand alone, solicit the protection of one power to shield them from the vengeance of another. You might have made common cause, as brothers,

against a common enemy : you fooled away the opportunity, and you have need to thank God you may yet be received as supplicants. With these proofs of your insane and illiberal selfishness before our eyes, let us not behold you aspiring to seize the reins of government : in the event of your success, mere terror would compel us to snatch them from your hands. As to the Radicals, in their prospective adjudications, they have voted you the punishment of deserters. To you they conceive the laws of war ought not to extend their benefit ; they see through your coqueting, and as heartily despise as they detest you. They behold you staking a Constitution you pretend to venerate, for a seat on the Treasury Bench. Glad would they to did you stake it in their cause ; but instead of that, they perceive you attempting to make a cat's-paw of themselves, to effect your own aggrandizement. Believe me, they will never suffer you to act with them or for them, unless as their tools ; they have wits enough among them to outwit you ;—they have done it already— they will do it again ! What though they may salute you with a smile, it is but the reflection of your own hypocrisy. They may well smile to hail you on the same platform as themselves,

instilling the idea into thousands that you advocate the same cause, and are prepared to go the same lengths.—When these thousands shall have been deluded into destruction—when they see you, whom they reckoned the chief strength of their party—whose presence inspired them with daring, and spurred them to desperation—when they see you going over to their enemy, though in the first panic they may fly—when they learn that rank cowardice was the cause of your desertion, will they not rally against you as the weakest point, and repay your duplicity with tenfold vengeance? Gentlemen, I accuse you of attending and countenancing revolutionary meetings; you have been among revolutionary agents, and addressed revolutionary auditories. These facts are substantiated, and your best friends can but vindicate your hearts at the expence of your heads. Yet you are the men who demand of your Prince to be placed in a situation, the responsibility of which you are at the same time (wisely enough for your purpose) proving yourselves utterly unequal to. You are committing daily errors in judgment, and crown them all by clamouring to be elevated to a station in which they would prove fatal to an Empire.

Your whole concerns seem to be in a state of derangement; your press is not under your control, but like a runaway horse, has left its rider in the mud. You are divided among yourselves, and so you will remain till cool discretion be placed at your head, and something like integrity in your van; till you stop the mouths of advocates who ruin your cause, and; if you have truths to communicate, impart to them the dignified sobriety by which alone they can make any impression. Gentlemen; you are a discomfited clan.—I have much more to say to you, but must forbear at present, merely concluding with an exhortation, that you do not furnish the nation with fresh materials for diversion, in applying for the dismissal of men to whom you are not fit to hold a candle.

JULIUS.

## LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

December 2, 1819.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my letter of the 26th ult., after exposing the folly and wicked selfishness of your conduct in the present awful crisis, I brought against you another charge or two, which it shall be the business of this letter more explicitly to substantiate.

In the latter part of that epistle I accused you of countenancing revolutionary meetings, of intermixing with revolutionary agents, and of haranguing revolutionary auditoria. These charges I repeat,—these charges I will make good. From the bare facts your late conduct has put upon record, I defy the world to disprove that you have committed the grossest outrages upon common policy—whether deliberately or not I have great hopes of discovering. I see you such habitual traitors to others, that I fully expect to find you such to yourselves. The more I contemplate your conduct, the

oftener I see you reduced to the dilemma of vindicating your hearts at the expence of your heads; or of presenting us with its more heinous reverse in conscious criminality. Instead of halting with a road in your rear, in case of being compelled to retire from the combat, you ever rush impetuously beyond the possibility of retreat. You have no idea of an annoying flight, or a ruinous pursuit. History has in vain furnished you with examples in which precipitance has condemned the victors to reverse lots with the vanquished. But to plain proof. On the eve of a political contest you erect yourselves into an infamous neutrality, for the sole purpose of watching the preponderance of power; but unable to endure such a state of inaction any longer than was sufficient to betray its villainous intent, you rush into the lists of the disaffected, to find your only hope of safety in immediate desertion.

Having already expatiated on the impolicy of a neutrality, which in disclosing its object throw away every chance of its success, I shall now proceed to that characteristic first plunge of rashness, which, like the leap of a blind man, was no sooner taken than repented of.

Do not imagine that I intend to pay you a compliment, when I avow that you are sorry for the deed. You feel sorrow, but it is the sorrow of disappointed ambition, the vexation of self-convicted folly. You are in the condition of a school-boy, who having blundered into a bog, is too filthy, and at the same time too ludicrous an object, to command assistance. What a pretty figure you cut, all smothered with the muck of the revolutionary slough! To expect others to cleanse you, is to suppose them willing to foul themselves. No, gentlemen, you must walk away in your present plight, ashamed to be seen, and hooted when you are; and if ever you intend to be purified, not only get a new suit to wear, but undergo a thorough soaking before you are fit to put it on. My metaphor, gentlemen, is strictly applicable to your case—it is the picture to which I shall now furnish the key.

Your making common cause with the Revolutionists, by subscribing to their fund for the subversion of justice, was a most suitable prelude to your after-proceedings. For my own part, I see clearly that the Reformers, fearing they can never effect their purposes till both

Whigs and Tories are destroyed, have made their first attack upon you, as the weaker party; they would seduce you to their side, that they may send you forth as a forlorn hope to pioneer the way, and then fall in the onset. The cunning ones have bidden you clamour for an investigation which, if granted, they know will confound you: your clamour is to produce one effect, the investigation it demands another. They have gathered from experiment, that the lower orders are so obstinate in the belief of any calumny vented against their betters, especially if established on the authority of men in high stations, that an after-refutation of it, if by wondrous chance conveyed to their ears, is scarcely ever credited. They know, too, you dare not mount the same platform to confess your error, and deny the very assertions you there gave forth as gospel truths; and they are aware if you should, instead of producing conviction among those you had deluded, it would be the surest way to confirm their delusion: your dupes would never be persuaded you were wrong in the first instance, but charge upon interested motives your subsequent unaccountable tergiversation. On these considerations they care not what after-part you may take, what recantations you may publish,



if they can but seduce you to set the seal of your authority on a lie, they will find ways to pass it for truth. In the very weight of that authority they have a pledge for the perpetuity of the deceit. I would have you understand, that in using the expression "weight of authority," I speak comparatively, placing you in juxta-position with a sans-culotte auditory. All the aberrations of fancy, all the concatenations of impossibilities, would never have suggested to my imagination a FITZWILLIAM and a WOOLER on the same hustings, countenancing, nay, advocating the same cause. Do you imagine that the illiterate thousands who see them united for one common object, can draw a distinction between the moderate reform of the one, and the ultra reform of the other? There they stand, surrounded by many equally anomalous couples, twins in popularity: if thanks are voted to the one, they are a mere nullity unless so framed as to embrace the other. A simple fact will corroborate the propriety of my conclusions as to what the rabble expect from these potentates of degenerate Whiggism. It will be remembered, perhaps, that on one of the flags at Burnley was emblazoned, "FITZWILLIAM and the Yorkshire Reformers." This is

comment sufficient on the expectations which have been excited: on such expectations the spirit of audacity is fed; by them it is worked into restiveness, and emboldened into outrage.

Having thus explained, in epitome, the evil results your inflammatory vociferations are to beget in others, I will now let you into the secret of what the before-mentioned investigation (supposing it accorded) is to effect as to yourselves. If you will recall to memory the fate of the frogs in the fable, you may start into a conviction of the treachery of your new allies. You may contemplate hypocrisy defeated by hypocrisy, and feel to your shame, that instead of finding tools in others, others have found tools in you. — Well may they smile to see you creaking for an investigation, which, like Jupiter's log-king, shall crush you in its fall. I here speak as a prophet, but the germs of my prophecy are contained in principles which none can deny. I merely disclose what I have the common sense to discover. Allow me to accompany my prediction with the tender offices of my pity. Would that they could become a panoply for you in that hour of woful plight, when false-

hoods shall be confronted with facts, and the credulous covered with confusion for having listened to the criminal. Then for the dumb assent of undeceived prejudice, and half-grin, half-sowl, with which hardened depravity attempts to brave detection. Retreating from this scene, with what countenance will you tolerate the condolence of that hypocrisy which outwitted you into a state that shall really call for the consolations of sincerity? The serio-comic distortion of a WOOLER's or a COSSETT's face, on such an occasion, I can only conceive excelled by the mock-piteous features of the Devil on welcoming a new-comer to his infernal domain.

Gentlemen, if in the present Session of Parliament you should retain brass enough to weather its scorn—if you should not be absolutely silenced by derision, or tongue-tied by shame, we anticipate a winding-up of your folly—we expect to see the men, who by their countenance of Radical Reform, have raised it from inertness into malignant motion—we expect to see such men deprecate those very measures of precaution which they have been the chief causes of rendering indispensable. The

Sun of your favour has resuscitated the almost inanimate carcase of Jacobinism, and it now stalks among us, stinking and infecting as it goes. Gentlemen, you are arraigned of high crimes. Would to God I might convince you of the error of your ways, and prove to you that you have as usual thrown yourselves into a dilemma, from which there are but two ways of escape—honour out of the question. You must either solicit the protection of the Loyal, or patriotically share your possessions, and be received with open arms by the Radicals. Beware, gentlemen! go not among them on any other condition, or they will exact, surely and severely, of you, the penalty of being rich and great.

JULIUS.

## LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

*December 6, 1819.*

GENTLEMEN,

MY second Letter to you, though not printed, was in the publisher's hands before the meeting of Parliament. In it your defeat is anticipated as so signal, that I could not refrain from offering you my prospective condolence. That defeat has been completed, and the Loyal have gained a victory beyond their most sanguine expectations. Your notable sophists did their utmost at the opening of both Houses, BUT sound argument threw them on their backs, and overwhelmed them with a majority almost unprecedented in the annals of Parliamentary Divisions.

In this epistle I shall abstain from conferring the dignity of prominent disgrace on any individual of your corps, that I may attach it the more undividedly to the body corporate. Your budget of blunders (to call it by the mildest name) is too enormous for examination in de-

tail, and gives abundant proof, that however strictly you might be catechised before entering either House, not only must your catechism have been inconsistent with itself, but that you also must have forgotten what little consistency it possessed. In compliance with the necessity you impose upon yourselves of indiscriminate opposition, you open a new campaign by supporting a bad cause! As a work of supererogation, you volunteer to it a ruinous advocacy. Not contented that your cause should involve in its badness the certainty of ultimate failure, you adopt the surest means to accelerate its ruin; and, like ignorant physicians, sacrifice your patient, long before his time, to the experiments of kill-or-cure remedies. The Radical Reform bantling you have adopted is "Parliamentary Inquiry into the Events at Manchester on the 16th of August;" and it looks just as becoming and natural in your arms as a little blackamoor at the breast of a white mother.—How you can dandle so fondly a creature thus palmed upon your support I know not, unless I give you credit for believing it to be a bastard of your own blood. I am particular in the adjunction of the title Parliamentary, as it renders the inquiry demanded and rejected

absolutely specific, and by so doing exposes the designs of the times-serving press, when confounding Parliamentary with judicial investigation. In disapproving of Parliamentary interference, Government advocates the best and most legal of all modes of inquisition.

Gentlemen, we are arrived at an era in design, when it is necessary for some men to render every object odious in vulgar eyes, which those eyes have been accustomed to revere. The effects of these wretches' attempts have unfortunately multiplied the means of renewing their labours, or in other words, have themselves been converted into causes. The Manchester meeting, involving in its very composition the necessity of dispersion, was a malignant effect of the above-stated attempts. It has now, in its events, become the main-spring of additional exertions. On these events is founded a demand, the grant of which would ensure further success to the levelling doctrines already too fearfully disseminated, the denial of which be misused to justify to deluded men the outrages of unbridled discontent. Though I shall hereafter bring yourselves forward to testify that the Radical Chiefs neither

contemplate nor desire the inquiry they call for, I shall immediately proceed to prove, that providing for disappointment in an unexpected concession to their clamour, they have so arranged as to extract from such an event the means for an end which otherwise they calculate on attaining at a blow. The moment Parliament should vote an inquiry at its bar would be hailed as a moment of subordinate triumph, as it would put it in the power of these men to bring our Courts of Judicature into contempt, by appealing to the irrefragable authority of a Parliamentary vote of censure on them. From the result of that inquiry they would furnish further excitements to disaffection. In case of its establishing a verdict in favour of the Manchester Magistrates and Yeomanry, the disseminators of sedition would picture forth a set of venal representatives, at the fiat of the Minister, delivering up the rights of their constituents, and consequently forfeiting every claim to consideration and support. In the reverse case of a verdict of guilty, which could do no more than send the cause prejudged into a lower court, these same Proteuses of revolutionary purpose would attack the Magistracy and the Government, and by exhibiting them



in the light of convicted delinquents, destroy that respect for them which alone renders them effective. In this latter possible case, the Magistracy would not only be intimidated from, but disgusted with, an office, the due execution of whose perilous duties could so unjustly and ungratefully expose them to the terrible effects of Parliamentary censure. The instant this feeling should pervade the body, every barrier to revolution and massacre would be thrown down, and the march of anarchy sweep away, together with her great and good, the Constitution of England. Gentlemen, with such a view of the matter before your eyes, not a man of you can conscientiously clamour for an inquiry, the mere allowing the necessity of which, independently of its results, would be passing a national stigma on the integrity of our Judges and the justice of our Juries. If, gentlemen, in times when their decisions are most needed, and most anxiously looked up to, our Courts of Judicature are declared not only incompetent, but contaminated, and this too not on the bare assertions of twopenny blasphemers, but on the mighty authority of Parliament,—if in such times such become the appalling fact, every bulwark of our liberties will be destroyed,

and the Constitution sacrificed, to the disgrace of its hereditary guardians. No, gentlemen; the sound sense of the Legislature has made the only use of this clamour that wisdom could suggest, and, in opposing its demands, paid a tribute to the sacredness of tribunals, whose legitimate functions it would deem it a sacrilege to supersede. In this tribute the loyal may read their strength, and the deluded mark the collected intelligence of an empire unclanking the lying doctrines of their deluders.

And now, gentlemen, I come to the performance of my promise, in shewing that the Radical leaders by no means wish for a Parliamentary inquiry; they only desire an outrageous clamour for it, that the people may be thrown into a fever of desperation on hearing it denied, which, bursting every barrier of restraint, shall at a blow effect the subversion of the present order of things. To give this clamour due weight with the ignorant, they plot an attempt, in which, to your shame, they succeed, of entrapping you to its side. In selecting you to re-echo it within the walls of Parliament, they pay a compliment to your weakness which betrays their apathy to your success. Would any

rational man select as his intercessor for a favour he really coveted, a person who was the professed enemy of the possible bestower? Rather than apply to traders in opposition, to whom concession, at such a crisis as this, were both a sacrifice and a sin, had they really wished for the inquiry, they would have deluged the House with petitions, and crying avaunt to you, have entrusted to those mute advocates a cause, which, in your hands, they well knew would not only be infamously degraded, but utterly ruined. Much, however, as the Radicals surpass you in cunning, a misconception of their powers has precipitated them into an immaturity of intrigue. Did they duly consider that, with their means, it were impracticable to effect any thing against the State, except by degrees, they would actually and ardently (and consequently not through you) labour to procure a Parliamentary inquiry, rather than secretly promote that denial of it, the results of which they utterly miscalculate. In favour of this more progressive mode of proceeding, they would argue, that the Constitution could not be put in greater peril than by having the tide of public opinion turned against its chief defenders, honest Juries and impartial Judges. - Again,

the acquittal which they might rest assured the unanimous voice of Parliament would pronounce in favour of the Manchester Magistrates and Yeomanry, would have been a far more effectual handle for the purpose of excitement to insurrectionary discontent, than the mere refusal of entering into the inquiry demanded.

Having expatiated thus fully on the impropriety of granting the inquiry you have been duped to demand; having, in fact, shewn the badness of the cause you have been ensnared to support, I shall reserve for my next a minute inquiry of the wretched advocacy it has experienced at your hands. The rod is in brine; the castigation you are sure of. You may, however, lessen the severity, as well as number of the stripes, by suitable contrition and seasonable humiliation.

JULIUS.

## LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

*December 8, 1819.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE Legislature, in which the majority of Englishmen is proud to confide, has been called upon to enact some new laws to meet the exigencies of the times, and those deficiencies in our present code, of which these exigencies are the natural offspring.

After the triumph in their favour, which signalized the outset of the present Parliamentary campaign, the loyal have no doubts as to the answer such a call will receive—on the necessity to be supplied they are unanimous. You, however, in conjunction with the deluded and the seditious, are vociferous in decrying, as subversive of the Constitution, every additional bulwark its best champions deem necessary for its defence. Because a blasphemer who violates some positive enactment can yet be immured in jail, more insidious reptiles, who, shielding themselves under the too great laxness

of the laws, equally contrive to effect the most diabolical wickedness, and escape its merited reward, are to be left at large to prey upon principle and be re-invigorated by success. Because our imperishable Magna Charta still secures to us the unalienable right of petition and public meeting, we are to tolerate a suicidal perversion of their purposes ; nor dare meddle with mobs to which we hear doctrines preached that shall only disperse them for the time being to manufacture pikes, or thief fire-arms.— Because a solitary Leviathan or two of folly have given credence to rogues, who, with a lie in their mouths, protest that nocturnal drills are to teach them to preserve, instead of to violate order—military training is to be permitted till the rabble become an armed multitude, cutting one another's throats, over the wreck of an empire. These becauses, with their inferences, are an exact and faithful epitome of the arguments (if they deserve such an appellation,) which your faction urge against the appeals of evaded, violated, and endangered justice.

The monopolists in opposition have made a bolder speculation, and hazarded a because, of which the hardest brass trumpet of radicalism

would have been ashamed. Because, they exclaim, the evidence which is brought forward to prove the necessity of some supplementary enactments is only authenticated on the declarations of A. B., B. C., and an alphabet exhausted for anonymous signatures, it is insufficient; and consequently "no case being made out," there can be no justification for the restrictions about to be imposed. This is the literal argument with which your mighty ones have ventured to shew cause against the propositions of their opponents. In pointing out the syllogistic confusion of such an argument, I shall elucidate the correctness of my simile, when I liken them to men answering the fire of an enemy with priming flashes from spiked cannon. That the great gun in their logical battery is spiked, I will undertake to prove; but shall leave to their own investigation whether ignorant workers or jealous allies have been the perpetrators of the deed. To attempt to embowel it with priming, is as ludicrous as to think themselves engineers enough to work their artillery with effect on the position of their enemies. The main plea of these protesters is grounded on assuming a part for the whole. The bulk of the evidence before both Houses of Parliament

is incontrovertibly authenticated by the attestations of all the local and resident authorities of the quarters whence it poured, and still continues to pour in, from grand juries down to the lowest officers of the police. In this bulk of evidence just adverted to, the Magistracy of many districts declare themselves unable to answer for consequences, unless with more power vested in their hands, they have also such a supply of physical force as shall enable them to exert it effectually. They lament, too, the system of intimidation which, in their present state, they are unable to cope with; deploring that it paralyzes that practical declaration of loyalty, which, if once benumbed to a great extent, would deliver us up to the gibbets and knives of raggamuffin incendiaries. This indisputable portion of evidence would be sufficient to justify all the fresh measures proposed, were it not supported by the more appalling part which, from the circumstance of its being at present anonymous, designing men have taught the ignorant to receive as either fabricated or influenced by party exaggeration. When these mere mouth-pieces of faction are told that the Magistrates knew themselves responsible for the truth of every deposition they took—that they are bound to



consider their attached names as hostages for the appearance of the deponents; when they learn that these deponents will be forthcoming in a Court of Justice, will they conceive any Magistrate, I will not say vile enough, but daring enough to have sent a false oath into his Majesty's Privy Council? The name, therefore, of a Magistrate affixed to every single deposition, makes each of them legal and valid evidence. How a Wooler and a Sherwin must chuckle to see your great men echoing their hearts' best wishes, and bellowing for a disclosure of names, which, if now obtained, would be blazoned in red letter through some thousand copies of their proscription lists. Their advertisements for executioners have already been answered, and a Philippic on spies, accompanied with names and abodes, would fire some human brute to emulate a BELLINGHAM or a SANDT. Spies too! with their venom-bags full, pledged to sting to death some innocent hecatomb at the ensuing Quarter Sessions. Oh! for one spark of German sentimentalism, and a tithe of GOERRE's talent to exhaust it in rhapsodies, on patriotic assassinations! "regions of dark energies!" and Panacean daggers! A premature disclosure of

names might give a death-blow to justice, by enabling the counsellors of evil to hold the precedent of assassination, *in terrorem*, over all future developement of their atrocities; and we might witness the base alternative of life and secrecy preferred to the dreadful risk of information and martyrdom. The system of intimidation which has withered the arm of the loyal throughout some districts, in this frightful result giving full meaning to the foregoing remarks, will divest them of every tittle of exaggeration; and the horrible attempts at assassination, in which even Jurymen have been included, will establish them in naked truth.

Another argument, exclusive of the pregnant mass of evidence already before Parliament, would justify a resolute appeal for further and competent security in supplementary laws. This argument is founded on the sense of danger, and the demand for protection so unequivocally expressed by our Legislators individually, in behalf of themselves and their fellow-countrymen; swelling a preponderating majority in favour of legislative interference, which the divisions on the Address may be taxed to detail.

JULIUS.

## LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

December 11, 1819.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my last letter but one to you, I promised to review your arguments in behalf of "Parliamentary Inquiry into the Events at Manchester on the 16<sup>th</sup> of August." Unlike the generality of promises, this promise was made under an idea of greater responsibility than the event declares it to have incurred. I find I gave you too much credit for consistency, by anticipating something in the shape of argument to justify the motion you have just degraded with your support; and which proved a twin abortion with the rejected amendment of the Address. I shall keep strictly to the letter of my promise, since should I attempt to follow the *ignis fatuus* of illimitable, unconscionable, and groundless assertion, I might speedily be embogged in the same "slough of despond" with yourselves.

In the letter just alluded to, I attempted to display to you the dangerous consequences of

instituting the inquiry you urged; in this, I undertake to examine the grounds on which you would have us concede, that the request was warranted. It may be necessary to restate; that the interference you have now twice demanded is extraordinary, and would tend to proclaim the regular Courts of Judicature incompetent, in cases where the acknowledgment of their supremacy is of vital importance to themselves, and consequently to that Constitution of which they form the first and foremost bulwarks. To justify, therefore, a proceeding which would involve such extraordinary effects, I expected some equally extraordinary reasons. What was my surprise, then, in wading through both series of your declamations, on the same subject, to be able to sort out but two specific attempts to render a reason for a specific request. The first presents us with an assumptive picture of magisterial despotism in the following pathetic query:—"How are the poor sufferers to obtain redress against a body of Magistrates?" The second, by implicating the Government in the transactions of those Magistrates, on account of the thanks bestowed upon them, would involve the necessity that both the Government and the Magistrates should be

examined at the bar of Parliament. Surely the Government could never sit as a jury on conduct to which they made themselves a party by public thanks. If justice demanded an appeal to a certain tribunal, and certain members of that tribunal had identified themselves with those whose conduct was to be scrutinized; those members, instead of sitting as scrutators, should await their award among the scrutinized; otherwise the first grand principle of justice would be violated in packing a jury who had previously declared their sentiments as to the verdict they should give; and the monstrous anomaly be realized, of men sitting in judgment upon transactions which, if pronounced illegal, must implicate a portion of the jury in crime, and consequently involve in it the sentence that should prescribe its punishment. In urging, therefore, the latter of these two reasons for Parliamentary inquiry, you forgot the very foundation on which you built it, viz. the equal implication of Government with the Magistrates they protected by their thanks.

If, gentlemen, you would avoid the imputation of villainous intent, on what possible

pretext will you justify the sketching out for a Wooler's, or a Sherwin's filling up, such a colossal outline of deformity as the query above recited pourtrays? You draw the chains, they will supply the wearers. You insinuate that redress cannot be obtained from either our Magistracy or our Ministry; the people's worst enemies will stimulate the delusion with the infernal blood-whoop of Liberty and Equality. Thus, gentlemen, with two solitary, untenable, self-conflicting arguments, you illuminate your diatribes in behalf of an extra-judicial inquiry, which, as mere speculators in opposition, you of consequence support.

What then, it may be asked, does the mass of your declamation go to prove? Not like you, gentlemen, guiltless of telling the truth, I am impelled to protest it simply suggests the reverse of your demand. You appeal for an extraordinary interference, and support your appeal with arguments which best confirm its impropriety, by involving the best reasons for preferring an ordinary one. In the blindness of your obstinacy, you seem to have no idea of the mischief of suspending, *ad libitum*, the ordinary course of justice, thereby

to deprive it of that certainty and respectability which alone shall assure to it authority and obedience. You are the men that mistake the shout of the rabble for the voice of the people, and but for the Bible would affirm that Aaron's Golden Calf was molten at the command of God, because the Israelites were unanimous in demanding it of their weak High Priest. The assumption, that misrule must be the cause of the existing rebellious ferment, has not half so much ground to stand upon as the supposed conclusion in the case of the *unanimous* Israelites. After this explicit detail of your syllogistic resources, and the admirable manner you make use of them, I have little need to soothe the three-headed Cerberus, your faction, with a sugared cake, and therefore, defying its barking, I shall proceed to flog it soundly whenever it may repeat them. Gentlemen, disappointment awaits you, whether amendment do or not; and wishing that the former may produce the latter, I am,

JULIUS.

## LETTER VI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

December 20, 1819.

SIR,

It is equally matter of consolation and thanksgiving to every true Briton, that England, in her hour of trouble, has the rallying point of National Religion and National Prejudices to collect together, and merge private interest for public salvation. This is the cause, that instead of being distracted with a thousand gradations of party, from Loyalists down to the maniacs of Radical Reform, he who is not in the lists of the latter, has no resource but to join the ranks of the former.

Till, sir, our talent apostatizes from its veneration of the days of old—till, equally deluded and degenerate, it become the mime of the arch-infidels of France, *we never can be undone*. It is a disgrace to a man, who has enjoyed the advantages of English education, to be unable to appreciate the foregoing axiom. The talent of England has rallied in beautiful and august



array around the throne and the altar, and yet there are some among us who persist in looking through a medium of despair—who, because a battle is to be fought, are blinded by their fears from seeing the preponderance of resource that ensures victory. England has but one cabal to crush, and is unanimous as to the means of its extinction. France is cursed even now with five or six prominent factions recruiting their exhausted powers for future struggles. The wrongs these parties have done one another have sown interminable hatred between them. The interests they espouse must ever clash—the materials of which they are composed can never amalgamate; their silence is the sullenness of exhaustion, it is the stillness of the volcano after its fiery vomit. Unity is the parent of stability—it is the focus of prosperity. France has removed “her old land-mark,” she has no rallying cry that can unite her factions for *internal* exertion. The altar and the throne are objects she has not unlearned to abominate. She might endure them in her helplessness, and tolerate them in her exhaustion, but they are not the magic sounds that could marshal a Buonapartist and a Royalist in hearty union against Jacobin sacrilege. No, the former would stand

aloof from pure hatred to the latter, should he abstain from his *trade* of blood in not making common cause against him. Such is France, worried by factions that have done away all her ancient bonds of union—Jacobins battling in her Parliament for the admission of Regicides, while the supporters of Legitimacy are compelled to resort to quinquennial renewals of Parliament, as its only security against being revoted to the gibbet or the guillotine. The infancy of a State is strength compared with that period which succeeds the bankruptcy of its public credit, its public treasure, and its hereditated property.

I have been led to these remarks by the perusal of as able and consolatory an essay upon the present crisis, as could do credit to British sense and British literature. This production is entitled "The Warder," and appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for the present month. By the attached "No. 1." I am happy to perceive that the Warder is determined not to desert his post; and if individual applause can stimulate and confirm his noble resolution, I would here add my mite to that which preceded it in the valuable Journal

through which I address the public. I know of no writing so certain to reanimate confidence among the better classes of society, and point out the groundlessness of any fears that may be entertained for the speedy triumph of the great and good cause of religion and social order. To take my text from the *Warder*, "we should be troubled, but not terrified, at the aspect of this trying time;" we should be troubled for the poor deluded victims that common safety must sacrifice on the altar of justice. A struggle may come ere the dupes of designing men can be undeluded; but dread of the contest should not incapacitate us for appreciating our immense, our magnificent superiority. Nothing but cowardice or incaution can injure us; vigilance is all that is necessary, that surprise and ambuscade may not fight the battles of the factious. We must be on the alert, and so distribute means of defence as to ensure victory at all points at the first onset. A solitary instance of successful surprise would do more to dishearten and paralyze the loyal, than three defeats in expected and foreseen combat. The success of the Paisley rebels in preventing many of the constables from joining their main body, by stoning them on their approach to it,

I have little doubt has suggested to all local authorities throughout the disturbed districts, the most safe and effectual plans for embodying with certainty, at the shortest notice, every species of power which may be at their disposal. To wedge the tiger's jaws in the very act of grasping, we must cast into them the cable with its choaking bait. To render innoxious the Boa of Radical Revolution, we must not only noose, but strangle it with the patent tie of new laws. Those laws will fall lamentably short of their intent, if not carried into instant, vigorous, and unopposable execution. Nothing would ripen audacity to a head more irresistibly than to betray to the rebel a fear of imposing the restraints expressly provided against him.

From all that has been said, it will plainly appear that *nothing but timidity*, or that more execrable spirit of degenerate selfishness which would desert its post, and carry away its arms in the hour of danger, can render our situation perilous. After the musters that loyalty has made from one end of the kingdom to the other, after the exertions that our national intelligence has put forth in unanimous opposition to the

doctrines of the disaffected, it is worse than pusillanimous to be afraid. The Constitution cannot ever be in jeopardy till the guides and guardians of public opinion abjure their allegiance to it, and break the covenant of their ancestry. Though atheism might shoot up like Jonas' gourd on the hot-bed of bigotry, on the wholesome soil of liberty and tolerance it can but linger in stunted dwarfishness to wither bough by bough. Till atheism become endemic amongst us, as in France on the eve of her age of blood, in the very nature of things we cannot be moved; and never can it become endemic here till the same causes be in operation as propagated it in France; till genius and wealth, in horrid combination, pledge themselves to the work of pollution, and *succeed* in contaminating not merely the off-scourings of society, but those who are wont to be its stay and its pride. This is but an unadorned picture of the process of prostitution that demoralized our sister empire, and till equal effects be produced amongst us, till we too be demoralized, we cannot incur those extraordinary penalties which expiated a nation's criminality in a deluge of blood.

That man must be little read in history, he must lack common sense, who would compare England in her present state, to France on the verge of her revolution. France was as gunpowder to the spark; England is as water to the flame. England, in fact, is the engine which has been working on the moral conflagration for twenty years. She has reduced it to smoulder, and if persevering in her exertions, will speedily and finally extinguish it. To conclude, I would earnestly recommend to the loyal unshaken confidence and strictest unanimity; and with a pitying smile for the timid, would blast the runagate and deserter of his country's cause with the searing lightning of his country's curse,

**JULIUS,**

## LETTER VII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OLD TIMES.

*December 24, 1819.*

SIR,

NOT to take pains to be honest is to be a rogue; compared with such a rogue the bold and bare-faced robber is an honourable man. To exemplify my position, I am attracted towards your conduct as, most strikingly in point; and subjoin it, as I found it, a practical and prosing commentary on the text above-cited. The popularity which you force us to consider imaginary, by the infinite pains you take to prove it real, even at your own interested valuation, will be no bar to my animadversions. The pilotless proselytes of Joanna Southcot may support your depravity, and the school of Jeremy Bentham add a cipher to your order-book; but what will this prove? That the dupes of delusion love delusion still; and that the closing of one of their emporiums of falsehood causes a diversion in favour of another.

The tripod of a gypsey-tent astounds bumpkin credulity; and your tripod dilates the jaws of its audience in the by-lanes of Cockneyism, and on the commons of Radical Reform. An exile from your former friends, you consult the numerical weathercock, and since it continues nearly in the same quarter, affect equal importance as the harlequin of a Radical idolatry, as when undetected masquerader to a reputable auditory. Take warning, sir, from the fate of the transatlantic resurrection-man. This apostate once wore a mask, and grovelling for gain, hung out the ensigns of loyalty over the altar of filthy lucre. He, sir, possesses talents far superior to your own, yet, by abuse, their fruits have become the offal on which sacrilege and treason now batten and bloat. The jackal of the degenerate Whigs, you skulk, nosing in advance, and unable to wind game, make false points, if but a mouse stir or a mole-hill tumble. Think not, that I shall become the copyist of your absurdities, by making this Letter the reflection of abuse without justification, and argument on assumption! still less, that in cudgelling you, I am espousing the cause of Party against Constitutional Opposition. No: such Opposition disclaims you; it



has long discarded you as its very worst enemy, as one whose wretched advocacy would assure to it ruin in lieu of protection. None more than myself would deplore the chance that should put in fetters manly and enlightened Opposition ; I cherish it as the amulet against despotism ; such a counterpoise to encroachment should be protected in extraordinary privilege, but it must use its powers with a reserve, and a discretion, that shall entitle them to dignity and veneration. When opposition becomes indiscriminate, when it turns promiscuous prostitute, and courts alliance with hireling resource or ignorant frowardness, then is it degenerate and detestable. This is the opposition that has long degraded your Paper, and ejected it from families and societies where it was once a daily guest. My bill of indictment runs thus, that you, the Editor of the self-christened " Leading Journal of Europe," have grossly exaggerated on the one hand, and garbled on the other, the events of the last five or six months—that you have coined direct falsehoods, and suppressed direct truths—that the base coin you uttered you refused to call in—that numberless predictions on which you staked your credit, have again and again declared it forfeit by their utter

falsification—and that, taken collectively, the contents of your columns, together with your particular lucubrations on them for the time already mentioned, present us with a budget of blunders, contradictory statements, and falsehoods that have done incalculable mischief in tending to foment discord and promote disunion, when common policy pointed out unanimity as almost the *dernier resort* of our assailed and endangered Constitution. Before passing sentence on you, I promise to establish every count in this impeachment, and shall then dismiss you as sore as a baited bull, for future sport, either in case of contempt of Court, or on exhibiting a still untamed and unmitigated ferocity.

Dwarfs in the natural, as well as the moral world, are addicted to strut; and a consciousness of their weakness will often mingle cruelty with their pride. This accounts for the worse than feminine vindictiveness with which you spat in the face of a brother editor a few weeks back; like a coward child, you evince your impotence by making hideous faces. When public alarm began to deprecate the designs of the Radicals, you presumed to rebuke with

prophetic ridicule that cautious vigilance, which events have now proved the sole preserver of our peace. The record of your folly runs thus:—"Let those who fear, then, show us *some* ground for their apprehension, and we will acquiesce in surrendering to them our liberties—support the necessity of suspending the Constitution, and of substituting a Government by bayonet and secret imprisonment, in place of that which our brave ancestors handed down to us."—Exclusive of the under-handed malignity of making the vehicle of your affected confidence the engine of elaborate defamation, you imitate the liar's expedient of swearing by all that is self-anathematizing; to procure that belief such a mode of proceeding discloses you are neither accustomed nor entitled to command. Little Moses, the usurer, in the School for Scandal, when passing a bouncing lie, exhibits the force of habit in the epilogue—"I will take my oath of it." The voice of Parliament and the people has shewn just cause for fear, and you now quietly slink in to the general expression, vainly hoping that confusion and forgetfulness may leave no chance of a demand for the fulfilment of your promise. You are in the state of Black-leg, who takes any debt because he can.

pay none ; and for the possibility of winning, runs the hazard of being horsewhipped. As both "those who fear," and those to whom "fear" is by no means familiar, have shewn some ground for apprehension, I not merely restrict you to utter no syllable against the measures of Government ; but, unaccustomed to take a composition for debts of honour, I insist on it that you make good your engagement, by furnishing us with diatribes on " the necessity of substituting a government by bayonet and secret imprisonment," for that which has just exhibited a *practical* jealousy of military interference, by protecting to us a peaceable mode of interchanging our thoughts in public, without terror of exposure to outrageous insult and personal peril.

To track your dirty progress, we next find you carousing over the deleterious sophistications of such reptiles as a brace of rebel attorneys and a spawn of Radical correspondents. The Manchester transactions afford you a pretext for launching forth more boldly than before, and reserving a corner to extract the essential venom of their details, you offer the rest of your paper as a *carte blanche* for the filling

up of lying fools and perjured pettifoggers. Yes, sir, the Jacobin Mendicants usurped the insinulative authority of the Catholic Priesthood, and with jesuitical sophistry, stupified and disciplined their dupes into the perjuries they wished to palm on the public. The disappearance of a tobacco-stealer, and a runaway son, furnished inexhaustible topics for all the malignant "mendacity of hints;" and a babe accidentally killed, as its mother's affidavit explains, suggests to the abandoned, blood-thirsty pimps of Revolution, that fabrication of infants sabred at the breast, which polluted your columns, in common with those of the most execrable portion of the licentious press. Do not the affidavits of Joel Browne, Joseph Browne, and Ann Fildes, ring shame in your ears? Yet these distinct refutations of accumulated falsehood you suppress; your exclusive readers are not to be undeceived, that you may basely conceal your own disgrace at the expence of others' delusion.

Manchester is the shoal on which you have struck; yet, while on the reef yourself, you have the effrontery to offer us pilotage. With respect to this unfortunate spot, were I to

christen your Paper "The Liars' Repository," I should not violate truth. Swords sharpened for the premeditated purpose of carving up the people by thousands! Magisterial manufacturers avenging old and harboured quarrels with their servants, by military execution! Babes sabred in their mothers' arms, &c. &c. &c. plunge your disciples "'mid horror's pith," and raise an insurrection in the blood from which you seem to contemplate some sinister advantage by fomenting it in the very face of the evidence, which proves it born of baseless fabrications.

The Polyglot of universal lying, I would advise you to dedicate your Paper to the father of falsehood. It would be a rare catechismal primer for the young Apollyons who may be in training for proselyting this nether world. Whether the troop which is to relieve those at present on duty amongst us, will arrive here before you run "the liar's gauntlet" below, I know not; but be assured, as you are a special delinquent, a special muster will be arranged for your reception. Recollect too, that below you cannot pad your poor back with "a wet edition of any day's Paper," like a dunce who

accounters himself in copy-books in-prospect of a strapping.

Proceeding at a headlong pace in audacity, no sooner has the Throne addressed the Legislature on its extraordinary summoning, than you strain your Liliputian squeak, to depict in fearful analysis "the alarming Speech." The Continental Jacobins are not only indebted to you for the detection of the hidden meanings of this alarming speech, which certainly none but yourself could have discovered, but they owe you gratitude for the compliment you pay them, by condescending to describe your own discoveries as the *primo visu* reflections of foreign sagacity.

Your next plunge in the slough of deceit, is when you advocate the suggestion that privilege should irrecoverably degrade itself by granting an extraordinary and illimitable audience to factious demagogues, who, not content with insulting the Seat of Judgment, sought an opportunity for bearding the Parliament. To punish contempt of itself, is the self-protective right of every court of judicature; for a higher to interfere in the functions of a lower tribunal,

a declaration of its incompetency or corruption, and consequently an abridgment of its necessary authority and power.

You next announce the budget of Restrictive Bills by a concession in acknowledgment of their unexpected lenity. This is merely a *ruse de guerre* to bespatter friend Tierney with a portion of praise, and to affect confidence in the secrets of the Cabinet, by representing Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues on the curb-bit of the more temperate of their party. Unfortunately for both himself and you, Mr. Tierney's declaration of his utter ignorance of the provisions of the bills, and your attributing their leaven of mildness to him, are co-eval. To be consistent with yourself, however, you find out that the bills, individually, are vicious infringements of the Constitution; extinguishers upon liberty, and the like.

Of the fatal operation of the Seditious Meetings' Bill you put forth the following predictions:—"They," namely, Parliament and the Throne, "must consider all addresses in future as the declarations of Lords Lieutenant, Sheriffs, and Magistrates." But what have you done



with the *seven householders*? Oh, you have only made away with them, that they might not appear in evidence against your most stirring, rallying cry of opposition, “ Britons may never meet again as their ancestors have met.” To rouse resistance by the rattling of chains, you assure us “ that we may assemble under authority—with permission—by the rule, and by the measure—by the tale or by the chain.” The bare possibility of a meeting’s non-concurrence in the sentiments of a convening Lord Lieutenant, Sheriff, or Magistrate, unaccompanied by a riot or a got-up illegality and consequent dispersion, seems never to have entered your head. The necessity imposed on a Magistrate of appointing a meeting at the request of any seven householders, was too palpable a refutation of your arguments to be recorded by their side. When the Burnley rebels, who met in arms, and whose chiefs are at present under arrest for high treason, dispersed without attempting what they knew themselves unequal to attain, you affect to draw the conclusion, that interferences with such “ vapourish discontent” can alone cause disaster—you very conveniently forget, that rashness itself would scarcely engage without a chance of success, and that

quiet dispersion may be the signal for more still preparation.

Lastly, you mutilate poor Tacitus, and billet him among such a set of misrepresentations, that no one can recognize him in the company you have forced him to keep: your sponge allowing of no possible abuse of liberty, very suitably wipes out "*illud ex libertate vitium*," before "*quod non simul*," &c. together with the silence commanded by the priests, "*quibus et coercendi jus est*." The exclusive prominence and precedence of age, nobility, fame, and eloquence, would not tally with the doctrine that would defend itinerant vagabonds in concentrating and haranguing the physical force of immense districts. No; Watson and the pedlar Wooler, according to the suppressed passages, are no fit candidates for notoriety, and have no right whatever to convene popular assemblies. To forge a precedent for the exercise of the sovereign, that is the people's will, you convert "*turba*" into "*turbæ*," thus substituting "when the people please," for "when the assembly is large enough." By some unaccountable oversight, the precedent "*armati*," which might have fairly been used, was not

admitted into your elegant extract. Such, sir, is the argumentative and *classical* fervour with which you oppose the bill to prevent simultaneous risings and itinerating mobs.

Finding it in vain to warn us that the Libels' Bill will knock all liberty of discussion on the head, and consign the press to the clutches of the "low, vile, profligate and desperate," you betake yourself to lying by innuendo, and as a stumbling-block in the way of all the bills together, throw out a mystic hint, "that a measure is in agitation, which may be spoken of before *many days* are over our heads, that, more than any other, would call for severe remarks, and which is the supposed cause for the precipitance with which certain measures are hurried through Parliament."—This, however, will not do; and friend Hobhouse, not yet shouldered into power by public deference to the "Times'" opinion, now enjoys that Newgate distinction, which you shew yourself so careless of meriting, though so cautious of incurring. You extenuate his crime at the price of the character of the tribunal he insults, and thus purloin a share of the filthy fame you have not daring enough to earn. "The House will, however, in its proceedings,

recollect, that every man in the country now knows how it is constituted. A man who calls another thief is not so criminal as he who stabs him, and is known and seen to stab him."—What is this but daring Parliament to exert its privileges? Force! brute force! is the cry; resist the arm of the law! And this call of blood is re-echoed by you with every exasperating and aggravating addition.

The degenerate Whigs have made pretty free use of one sentiment of yours, which has gouted numberless poor wretches to the very borders of insanity and fanaticism. "If," say you, "the *common enemy*, the present Administration, were overthrown!" The common enemy! This is sounding the tocsin for the union and communion of all parties against it; it is branding as unworthy of respect and obedience that power on which our all depends. The simple political error of attempting to new organize and remodel the *corps politique*, to undergo the delays of disbanding, and trust the inexperience of raw troops when the enemy is at the gates, had stamped the Whigs of the present day as shallow, untrustworthy politicians. What accumulative disgrace, then, is sufficient for

them, when we discover that they have encouraged the enemy in his attack, that they might take advantage of the confusion—that they have called in foreign aid, to attempt the ejection of their opponents—that they have been traitors and dastards!

Do you think, too, that in coining, and giving currency to nick-names and by-words, you are not aiding the proscribers of their kind in their plans of blood? In confirming the delusion that spies are iniquitously employed by Government, you strengthen the hauds of a Wooler, or a Sherwin, or a Wroe who deliberately advertises for a British Brutus, and in cold blood singles out the victims for his knife. What more rankles in a fanatic's breast, than a pithy epithet of detestation attached to the object it is his *creed* to abhor? If you are unwilling to share the guilt of what blood may be shed, look to it that you nevermore put it in the power of the preachers of assassination to quote and misquote you, as an authority that Government foment disturbance to answer its own despotic ends. If the apostles of massacre can bring your authority to support the general principle, it is enough;

they will mature an indiscriminate loathing of spies into a settled purpose against *the* spies—the marked men.

To epitomize, sir, the deductions to be drawn from the mass of evidence brought against you in this letter, I shall briefly protest, that your Paper has proved the Radicals' best text-book. Of what benefit are isolated paragraphs against Radical delusion, if the culler of poisons can select the passages of his search? will he neutralize it by administering the neighbouring antidote? That I am not not solitary in my ideas of your degradation, I would appeal to the advertised resolutions of numberless meetings in town and country, which we in vain look for in your Journal. I would appeal to the sentences of expulsion on record against your Paper, upon the prints of the last few months; I would appeal to the disgust of families and individuals; and, supported by such a superabundance of proof, proceed to pass the sentence upon you which the laws of common sense and equity prescribe—it is, that your Paper be banished all families and societies that have the least regard

for truth or respect for their own characters ;  
and that the misnomer your vanity attached to  
it be corrected by a slight addition, which shall  
truly and laconically describe it—" *The Mis-  
leading Journal of Europe.*"

JULIUS.

## LETTER VIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

*December 25, 1819.*

SIR,

THE Bill, to the consideration of which I shall devote this Letter, is that for preventing Seditious Meetings.

Lord Castlereagh, by modifying some clauses and supplying others, before going into a committee upon this Bill, has so completely overthrown the objections on which the opposition to it was founded, that, in the debates which succeeded the amendments he proposed, I can discover no argument against it plausible enough to require refutation. To reason and to rant are two different things. The hysteric fits of Sir F. Burdett, and the tantarums of Mr. Lambton, engross time and space without arresting attention, and are worthy accompaniments to the eruptions of the harmless volcaniloes, Colonel Davies, Mr. Denman, and Douglas Kinnaird, the Judas jokes of Mr. Brougham, or the stormings of Sir Robert Wilson. The



pantaloons of a radical hustings, this latter gentleman is a beacon over the shoals of Universal Suffrage, and as such, a salutary appurtenance to a deliberative assembly. His supporters in the House are on a par with those out of it, and a Hunt and a Hutchinson equally defame with their applause. With such off-scourings of the Westminster Rump the dialect of Billingsgate is the only accredited weapon; and not being trained to wield it, I shall leave them unmolested to break the hearts of Market-garden women or Borough fish-fags.

To return to the Seditious Meetings Bill: I would be explicit, even to tautology, in the detail of its well-known provisions, as the Times-serving and the Jacobin press have of late made it a rule to seize on and exhibit that part of a whole, which, represented by itself as a whole, presents us with an object utterly mutilated and misproportioned. With this view, in their late lucubrations, they take no notice of the last and most important of the five ways and means *protected* to Englishmen of exercising their inviolate rights of Petition and Public Meeting. Not only have Lords Lieutenant, the majority of Grand Juries, High Sheriffs, or any five

Magistrates, the power of calling and convening assemblies, but any seven Household-ers also, on merely demanding the time and place for meeting of a Magistrate, who is bound, without the possibility of a refusal, to name both, within a certain number of days of the application. Who, but a man interested in simultaneous risings, with suitable vantage grounds, dare hazard an objection to this small reserve of control by which the Magistrate is authorised to appoint the day and the place where a public meeting shall be held? This fifth resource, which protects the vital principle of our right of public meeting, which, in comparison with the other four, is the Magna Charta against party purpose—this resource is entirely overlooked by the plotters of mischief, in order to gratify their followers with outcries against despots and subverters of the Constitution.

A certain Whig Lord, *in opposition* even to his own authority, in which the germs of this bill are developed, where protesting that, "holding sacred, as he does, the right of public meeting to petition or discuss grievances, he must declare, that nothing can be more mis-

chievous than large masses of population moving on already agitated districts," now gives a practical lie to his theory, and, with a feeble whoop for power, scales the ladder of Radical annoyance, to be knocked on the head with his own argument. The present bill is nothing more than his theory adapted to practice—it is the remedy he suggests in the very declaration of the disease.

No one, a single remove from idiotcy, can assent to the predictions of half-witted men, who would have us believe that "this bill will reduce all public meetings to mere vestry rooms," or that "Addresses in future to Parliament or the Throne must be considered as the Addresses of Lords Lieutenant, Grand Juries, Sheriffs, or Magistrates." Supposing, however, this latter monstrous misrepresentation were true, common sense would again step in to point out members of Grand Juries, Sheriffs, and Magistrates, independent of the Crown, and most of them zealous to convey the voice of the people to Parliament and the Throne. I never heard of a vestry-room that could accommodate 19,000 parishioners, and yet seven householders, by this bill, are permitted to muster 19,900

individuals, if their parish contain as many, and they should all choose to attend.

To ascertain the salutary results that may be anticipated from this bill, let any man try it by the touchstone of reason. To do this, he need but ask himself, Shall I be able, if it pass into a law, to express my opinion in public? His answer will be the bill's best eulogy. Yes, I shall not only be able to express my opinion in public, but have a far better chance than heretofore of a hearing: instead too of being deterred from appearing among my fellow parishioners at local meetings, from respect to my character, and fear for my person, I may now go and add the weight of the former to their resolutions, in consistency with safety to the latter. The proposed limitation of popular meetings, by excluding orators who usurp others' birthrights, and mobs at whose head it is infamous to be seen, will restore the respectable to their post, and lend their authority to guide and guard public opinion.

Another most constitutional effect of this limitation will put to shame the calumnies of the degenerate Whigs, who accuse Govern-

ment of labouring to introduce a military despotism. This effect, in contributing to render public meetings more controllable by the civil power, will tend to diminish the necessity of military interference. The opponents of Government, when it suits their purpose, affect boundless humanity in the cry of "Prevention is better than cure." To themselves they would monopolize the credit of prospective compassion; will they now, then, support a bill which must contribute to dispense with that interference they so often profess to abhor? Not they, forsooth; yet these are the men who have the effrontery to stand forth in their prominence of inability, as candidates for the reins of the Empire—men unable or unwilling to hail a principle they profess to adore, awaiting development in the operation of a measure they most strenuously oppose.

To proceed: Let us examine the necessary results of the amendment they patched up to localize the bill they so unsuccessfully decried. Make the bill local, and from an extirpator it will become a propagator of contagion. Sedulous and serious in their designs as the Jacobins evince themselves, I

defy refutation when I assert, that by moving upon places exempt from the operation of the bill, because but partially infected, they would propagate the moral plague till it tainted every hamlet in the kingdom. Did distress alone predispose to infection, it might be otherwise; but lamentable experience teaches that human depravity is eager to inhale the first breath of the mental blight. A local bill, therefore, would be a weapon in the hands of the enemy it was intended to combat.

The clause which, in making it a misdemeanor for strangers to attend any meeting, is improved and made explicit by the addition of the words "knowingly and purposely for objects contrary to law;" gives ample protection to those who, through ignorance or accident, may be present; and, in fact, points its operation, as exclusively intended, against itinerant orators and their strolling banditti,

The clause which gives every man who has a right to attend any meeting, the optional power of a special constable in that meeting, is another most constitutional provision. This clause is a further unanswerable contradiction to those

who accuse Government of wishing and attempting to rule by the sword. Disaffected fellow-parishioners can no longer bring down military execution on their own heads and those of others, by cutting off and waylaying the supplies of the civil power, and stoning those who venture to come forward to be sworn in as special constables. The mere right of attending any public meeting now constitutes the possessor of that right a special constable, wherever that right may be exercised.

Their opposition to this bill has so heightened my contempt for the intellect of the degenerate Whigs, that I would much sooner see an honest farmer, with an ordinary degree of sagacity, at the helm of Government, than such shallow, shuffling, self-contradicting politicians. With these ideas, I am not at all surprised to see a mischievous Baronet thrust forward to defend the harmlessness of inflammatory symbols and mottos—those hieroglyphs of assassination and massacre—those tongues whose treason is as audible as it is unbridled, and which, in dumb shew, hold up to imitation the bloody tragedy of the French Revolution.

Though the Marquis of Lansdown can conceive a jury of Englishmen diverted from the due performance of their duty into an unequal distribution of that justice which it is their pride and their glory to render impartial, yet I am bold to vindicate them by declaring, that neither "the station," nor though he please to add "the character" of any delinquent he may choose to applaud, would put a *veto* on his exportation from the land, should he dare consummate a crime worthy of such a reward. "Liberty or death" is a Briton's creed; but when we see it profaned by association with "bloody daggers," "death's heads and bones," and blasphemous appropriations of Scripture to bid even the beggar strip the shirt off his back to procure implements of massacre, then no mischievous Baronet shall wheedle us into a belief that their original and genuine meanings are not perverted for the most terrific purposes. The foregoing sentence shall be his gibbet, and on it shall posterity behold the character of one of the chief disturbers of his day, in hideous and everlasting exposure.

JULIUS.



## LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

*December 27, 1819.*

SIR,

As a preface to the discussion of the last of the five bills now pending in Parliament, I think I cannot do better than register two opinions respecting its results, as diametrically opposite to each other as opinions can well be. That learned law-officer, the Solicitor General, distinctly asserts, that the effect of the Seditious and Blasphemous Libels Bill will answer the intent for which it was framed, viz. to banish from the press that low, illegitimate brood, which has polluted its privileges, and thereby endangered its liberty. The Times-serving Journal protests, that should this bill pass into law, "it will drive away all men of liberal habits and education from the press, and leave, as its exclusive supporters, the low, the vile, the profligate, and the desperate." My object in putting this contrast of prediction upon record is, to attach lasting disgrace to that infa-

mous getter-up of misrepresentation and falsehood, whose fabrications are allowed to continue their dirty delusions, for want of that permanent and referable exposure from which oblivion has hitherto protected them. Never did the editor of any Journal flounder into such an exquisite dilemma as the half-witted combatant of the Solicitor General. The bill he deprecates will shortly become a law, when, to be consistent with himself, he must either desist from "picking up a scanty, precarious livelihood," by coining libels and lies for infuriate Radicals, or still keep his mint open, having placarded over its entrance, "For the low, the vile, the profligate, and the desperate; The road to Banishment." What a pretty tripod must that be, which shall render a response that must either impose eternal silence on itself, or brand its every subsequent oracle as vile and unworthy of belief!

The first clause of the bill at present under consideration, is that which subjects all writings on Church or State, of less than two sheets, to the regular newspaper duty. I was more astonished at the extravagantly absurd allegation of Earl Grey, as to the intended ope-

ration of this clause, than at all the newspaper nonsense which has been vented against the whole five bills together. His lordship stated, on the Monday subsequent to the opening of this session, that "it was evidently a measure to enhance the price of knowledge, and thereby stint the education of the poor;" and he follows on to declare, "that, taken altogether, the restraints were such as the most arbitrary Ministers, in the most despotic reigns, never had the hardihood to propose for the sanction of Parliament." His lordship should have taken pains to be informed that the poor do not derive the benefit of education, but, on the contrary, learn only its abuse from polemical pamphlets. But he may reply, "This stamp will affect cheap and useful publications." I would return, Will it affect spelling-books, grammars, dictionaries, speakers, Bibles, Prayer-books, and the innumerable host of cheapened publications, which are more than sufficient to educate and enlighten the whole labouring population of England? The provisions of the bill put it out of his power to negative my question. Now, as the inlets of sedition which have hitherto supplied such numbers, are to be further dammed up, the streams of knowledge will in conse-

quence be more universally, cheaply, and purely distributed. But allowing, for argument's sake, that the price of knowledge might be enhanced by this bill, I would demand who will be affected by the rise?—who pays for the education of the poor?—who provides that none need be ignorant but those who are determined to remain so? But one answer can be found—the British public. And will the British public, from the most magnificent exertions in the cause of enlightening, I do not say its fellow-countrymen, but its fellow-creatures; will it suddenly become paralyzed in its energies, and stint the poor of that education it has hitherto so indefatigably promoted?

The consideration of his Lordship's grounds of objection to the bill, compels me to class him among that genus of advocates who invariably are of the greatest use to the cause they oppose. Had his Lordship endeavoured to elicit such a defensive exposition of the benefits to be anticipated from the bill, as should frank it through Parliament—had he wished to arouse injured generosity into such a vindictory appeal to its labours as should make ingratitude grow sick of its crime—had he wished the poor

of England to loathe themselves as the most brutal abusers of a liberality, which can only be described by attaching to it the epithet, British, unless they should exhibit under their distresses a tithe part of that patience which their betters have cultivated in persevering struggles to relieve and ameliorate their condition ;—had he wished to array such an unanswerable host of arguments in favour of the bill, he could have effected his purpose by no other means than those which in this instance have rendered his opposition at the same time ridiculous and ineffectual.

The Whig oracles know their own interests too well to raise any other than a feeble outcry against the stamp which they foresee will protect them from future undersellers. They prove themselves capable of pandering to depraved public appetite; and secretly gloat upon that transfer of Radical readers which they hope will be exclusively secured to them by the prohibitory nature of the new duty.

A Peer, whose career this session has been notorious for shallow, sophisticated argument, outruns Earl Grey, by asserting that, " to pass

such a law as the present would be regarded as an evident disposition to trample down literature." He at the same time sees no necessity for the bill, since an antidote exists, annually, in 500,000 Religious Tracts. Does he, however, recollect that the existence of an antidote is no surety for its being administered?—that many a patient will not be cured, and that a person infected with Jacobin Reform-doctrines turns from religious tracts with all the abhorrence that any one possessed by hydrophobia flies from the sight of water? Tracts may render one not yet infected less susceptible of contagion;—they may form the library of the honest poor man; but where Jacobinism has taken root, tracts will not be admitted. The number of tracts distributed is no proof of their remedial success. By these remarks I would be understood to enforce, that the existence of an antidote, especially if the poison it is to counteract creates a determination to reject it, can be no plea against taking severe but certain means to prevent exposure to infection. We had far better ward off a dangerous disease by strict regimen, than allow it to overtake us, because the Pharmacopœia prescribes a medicine by which it may be finally eradicated.

Before closing my remarks on Religious Tracts, I would vindicate myself from the possible imputation of undervaluing their effects, by most earnestly pressing upon the consideration of the Legislature a clause, which would afford it a noble opportunity of paying a national tribute of protection to morality and religion. This clause would provide, "That all tracts published by the Religious Tract Society shall be exempt from stamp duty." Some may suppose they will be exempt by their very nature, but this is not the case; as any writings under two sheets on Church or State, religion or politics, are liable to the operation of the bill—and exemption in favour of good tracts could never be effected without a previous censorship on their contents; but an exemption in favour of a Society constituted for the sole purpose of disseminating religion and counteracting infidelity, would be a noble reward for its past services, and a glorious stimulus to its future exertions. It would be the "*monumentum ære perennius*" of national applause!

Passing over the hawkers' clause, without which whole impressions of seditious and blasphemous libels might be worked off by private

or other presses, and propagated throughout the country, I shall now turn my attention to the clause which provides, that publishers of such works as come within the cognizance of the proposed Act shall give security to pay any fine to which they may subject themselves by libels of either a seditious or blasphemous nature.—This I conceive a most salutary provision, since, by dragging forth the real authors of sedition and blasphemy to their reward, it will knock on the head that system of hirelingship which might otherwise enable them to spread their doctrines with impunity through a thousand channels. These Principals of conspiracy, unless within reach of detection by the clue which the securities' clause will put into our hands, might baffle the whole intent of the bill. I will explain. Supposing, in the *esprit du corps* that signalizes the Jacobin almost as much as the Jesuit proselyte-makers, our whole crew of incendiary writers should agree upon simultaneous efforts of their press, which should send forth at different periods fifty or sixty various productions, the profits of whose sale should form an hireling's indemnity fund, can we suppose that by the time whatever prosecutions might be filed should have closed, there would be



an unsold or undistributed copy to be found? And can we further suppose that such a sale would not be sufficient to pay any fines that might be incurred, and remunerate with interest those few out of the fifty or sixty hirelings who might be doomed to imprisonment? To render of non-effect the banishment clause, it would merely be necessary to hire recruits to supply the places of those who might chance to be convicted, while the other hirelings would continue at their post, till the ban of conviction presented as alternatives the risk of banishment or the security of retreat. It is absurd to imagine, that if the present race of seditious writers were extinguished, their place could be easily or instantly supplied. But very few in an age will be found at once able and willing to attempt the disorganization of established opinion, and civil order.

By the foregoing remarks it will be seen that the securities' clause, by insuring the detection of those who may be at once "able and willing," will either peremptorily arrest their endeavours, or rid us of the delinquents on the repetition of their crime. The cause of the plague must be eradicated—the prime agents of treason must themselves be silenced.—As long as they can

blow through another's trumpet we shall have no peace. They will remain among us, and find hundreds willing to hire out the horns themselves are unable to wind.

I was quite diverted with the amiably modest salvo of the *Morning Chronicle*, which, beneath the mask of conscientious scruples, betrays a woful apprehension of the impracticability of procuring securities for its good behaviour. This Paper professes a generous horror at the idea of asking a friend to run the risk of paying for any delinquencies of which it may be guilty. As I have stated, this is nothing else than a salvo in case of failure in procuring such an unexpected and undeserved benefactor.

The "*monstrum horrendum*," the securities clause, may be, I trust it will be, an imprimatur on the labours of a more notorious jackal of the Jacobin faction. The editor thus alluded to, is eternally starting prey for Radicals and Revolutionists, and in attaching the nickname "imprimatur" to this clause in its general results, instead of honestly pointing out the very bad and very few who will know it in a harassing and prohibitory character, gives a pretty warn-

ing to all who might have been inclined to risk their money on such an uncertainty as his moderation and good faith. It is sagacious indeed to preface a petition with a lie ; especially when its success depends upon confidence in the petitioner's *habits of veracity*.

As to the clause providing banishment for a second conviction, I pronounce it as necessary as the one just discussed ; and in spite of Protests that misrepresent both its intent and its effects, should vote it into law. The Judges' discretion would surely make a distinction between the inadvertent, as the protest specifies, and the hardened audacious libeller ; nor would juries belie their consciences by false pity to the latter, or fear of abused discretion towards the former. It is absurd to suppose the case of a man banished for an inadvertent libel. Judges and juries will shew a better knowledge of the intent of this clause than *interested* protesters ; and while they will protect the inadvertent libeller from unjust punishment, will sweep the *barefaced* defyer of law from the land he pollutes. It may be necessary to undeceive some people by informing them, that personal libels against any British subject, however high his

rank or station, are not cognizable by this bill.

Having thus, to the best of my abilities, discussed a measure, which, instead of destroying the Liberty of the Press, will form, I trust, a fence around it—which will prune off the rotten boughs of abused privilege, to prevent the canker's eating to the heart's core; I shall, in conclusion, observe, that the opponents of this bill neither know their best interests, nor their worst danger. To abuse the Government for neglect of prosecution, and yet hail a verdict for the guilty with contributions and applause, was left for the contradictory policy of the degenerate Whigs of 1819. Satire and scorn, however, shall drug them through life with a cud of gall, and history hand them down to posterity in eternal pillory.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

*December 28, 1819.*

SIR,

YOUR ideas and my own perfectly coincide, as to the inferences to be drawn from the outrageous conduct of the mob assembled round the Spanish Ambassador's house on the night of his late ball. That conduct, sir, is one of the signs of the times which will go down to posterity with the revolutionary exhibitions of the North.

It is in vain that the seditious press would throw a veil over rebellion and treason, by designating a mob of three or four thousand incendiaries as a gang of pickpockets ; but allowing this to be the fact, pickpockets and raggamuffins are the main body of the bandits of revolution. This age has to thank the factious press for the information, that nothing but a gang of thieves rendered military interference necessary to prevent a set of human brutes from overpowering the police, breaking in upon an as-

semblage of the first nobility in the kingdom, and from violating the sacred person of England's Majesty. This "breaking in" is not a speculation upon supposition, but the record of a murderous attempt, solely frustrated by the prompt assistance of the civil and military power.

Our pickpockets, sir, are politicians; they are the disciples of Wooler, Sherwin, and another seditious wretch, who, not content with advocating the cause of public plunder and bloodshed, would transplant the stiletto from the soil of its nativity; who, before God and his country, advertises for assassins, in the name of patriotism and justice. Surely, sir, such a villain-demoniac could be most summarily dealt with for that publication, in which he exclaims, "And will no noble-minded Brutus," &c. Our laws cannot be so defective, that a man may, with impunity, point out any of his fellow-men for the bullet or the blade of the muffled murderer. To prejudice a promoter, a preacher of assassination, is but to swear the peace against one who has threatened our life.

But to return to the mob in Portland-place : Its conduct was the natural offspring of the doctrines of liberty and equality that have lately been propagated with such alarming assiduity. The celebration of a festivity among the high classes of society, is sufficient to collect a mob of Guy Fawkeses, panting for nothing but wholesale devastation and massacre ! Was ever yet such a body of mere thieves concentrated in one of the finest streets of the Metropolis, as should venture to commit burglary in the face of an extraordinary police ? No. The disciples of " Down with the Throne and the Altar," were the only desperadoes who would dare break in upon such an assembly as that which was collected at the Spanish Ambassador's. The yells and the blasphemies they uttered were horridly significant of their wishes and their disappointment. The politician, as you very properly remark, should take this event into his calculation. It is a malignant feature of demoralization among the lower orders ; it is a practical proof that Jacobinism has been to a certain extent successful, in converting some of our fellow-countrymen into the veriest tools of its bloodiest purposes.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

*December 31, 1819.*

SIR,

A FATUITY of accompanying falsification, as you very humourously exemplified in yesterday's Paper, seems to haunt the predictions of the "poor Whigs" and their unfortunate press. Scarcely had half a dozen hours elapsed from the penning of a dolorous paragraph on our inextricable financial embarrassments, before its editor found himself CHRONICLED for a false prophet by the cheering communication of our Minister of Finance.

Our croakers in the House had just got into second wind, while battling the Seditious Meetings' Bill in their Irish ring, when news arrived that Mayo and Roscommon were in an alarming state of barely-repressed insurrection; that strangers appeared in these quarters, swearing in the inhabitants as insurgents; and that a Sheriff, with a party of twelve dragoons, in attempting to execute some duty imposed on



him by his station, was attacked by an outrageous rabble, part of it armed with muskets and other weapons of offence, who fired sundry shots, and on whom a fire was consequently and necessarily returned. In addition to this, a Catholic Clergyman, for discharging his duty as a Magistrate on a previous riot, is obliged to fly his country residence from intimations of revenge among his parishioners; and as a casting vote in favour of extending the bill to Erin's Isle, a deputation of indigenous Radicals wait on the Magistrates of a town named Carlow, requesting to know, "whether, in case Mr. Hunt should go thither and preside at a public meeting, the Magistrates would interfere to disperse it by force." The lofty soul of the Orator, Champion, Martyr, and Hero, must, I conceive, feel non-describably indignant at the *sans ceremonie* rejoinder of the audacious Magistrates, who, with all due gravity, gave notice "that they knew nothing of Mr. Hunt—(is it possible?)—except from having read in the newspapers, that an Itinerant of that name, sometimes styled Esquire, had collected together several riotous assemblages of the populace in different parts of England; but that if he, or any other person, should come to Carlow and

attempt to act in that manner, they should perform their duty by setting his squireship in the stocks for a vagrant!" Is such contumely to be borne?—Forbid it, Chivalry! Forbid it, illustrious Brewer! Go, in spite of their teeth, and give "powder and shot Watson" the lie, who in his last letter upbraids you as a coward, afraid to hazard "a perforated skin," and in its precursor broadly hints that you are a spy, because you dared not take advantage of popular feeling on your triumphal entry into London from Manchester. "If *Mister* Hunt had not sufficient wisdom or judgment, or had *secret reasons* for not taking advantage of the popular feelings at the time of his liberation from prison, to bring the cause of Reform to a close, which I shall ever maintain it was then in his power to have done—if," &c. Poor pickstraw! if St. Luke shield thee not from Newgate, I fear that instead of abolishing the public debt, thou wilt shortly add an item of *one shilling*\* to its already enormous amount.

To return to the false prophets: While the news of a second brutal riot at Paisley, in which a rescue was effected for a Radical, and the

\* Jack Ketch's fee.

Magistrates, Sheriff-substitute, Constables, and Soldiery, were defied and assaulted, was in the mail-bag, on its rout to the Metropolis; J. P. Grant, Esq. gets up in his place in the House of Commons, and asserts that there exists no necessity for the immense military force concentrated in Paisley and its neighbourhood.

While these Balaks of Radicalism are thus crying "Peace! peace! when there is no peace," we are doomed to witness outlawry, and even excommunication, resorted to, as the sole effective supporters of justice in part of the empire; and a man of property, by the operation of the former extreme punishment, deservedly hunted, with a fellow-culprit, from his native land, and his property consigned by escheat to the Crown.

In vain does Cobbett, to whose principle and honesty America and Sir F. Burdett bear such *overwhelming* testimony, turn bully to Jacobinism;—in vain would the Cuckoo of agrarian equality and happiness, John Cam Hobhouse, attempt to expel the representatives of the people from their post, by his tautology of scurrility and slang;—in vain does his brother jail-

bird, Doctor Watson, beak the wires of his cage, and try to win sympathy by his melancholy ditty ;—in vain does the chief palanquin-bearer of the Goddess of Reason, Richard Car-lile, *demand* better allowance than jail-fare ;—in vain does some wretch, who vilifies the title of Dissenter, run through all the doublings of sophistry, and enter with polluted feet the sanctuary of Scripture, to purloin its doctrines in promoting a cry for a subscription in behalf of a profligate, who gained his bread by declaring the Bible to be a string of absurdities and lies ;—in vain does the Morning Chronicle find a *corner* for such an infamous correspondent ;—in vain, in fact, does Radicalism exhibit all the transformations of a Proteus, and all the black and white changes of aameleon—Loyalty is too lynx-eyed to be deceived—it can neither be decoyed nor seduced from its stern and strict sentry. To the eyes of Argus, British patriotism unites the inexhaustibility of “ the everlasting fire of the ancients,” and will ever come out of the furnace of trouble like molten gold purified from its alloy of dross.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

January 1, 1820.

SIR,

THE "Misleading Journal of Europe" having exhibited its usual feline ferocity in an unusual degree since the baiting I so lately bestowed upon it, I proceed forthwith to put in execution my "conditional" threat. Don Quixote the Second, like his crack-brained prototype, seems determined to

"Run a muck, and tilt with all he meets."

Not content with charging a windmill for a giant, *alias* a paragraph of the Courier's for a production of Mr. Canning's, he turns upon poor Sancho, *alias* The Morning Chronicle, and belabours his unfortunate back, for *presuming* to pass an opinion upon the correctness of some of his misconceptions. Let me, however, humbly suggest to this hot-headed knight-errant, that all Sanchos are not equally obsequious, and ready to submit the nudity of their seats of honour to the butt-end of his baton. To speak plainly, The Times-server finds himself

so woefully beset, that, like an infuriated bull, he not only runs at his baiters, but attempts to gore a brother bull that unfortunately happens to cross his path.

This degraded writer, not sufficiently warned by an official Parliamentary reprimand in a preceding Session, still renders himself obnoxious to the severest of all censure ; and although the nation, in its representatives, crowd the arena of his pillory, not a voice is raised, not a word is ventured, either in commiseration of his disgrace, or arraignment of the justice of his punishment. The collective intelligence of the Empire has excommunicated the plagiarist of Cowdroy's Gazette and the Manchester Observer. I am borne out by facts in insisting, that this man writes for a very different class of readers than once were misled, by his masked and cautious conduct, to tender him their support.

It is a practical axiom, that as the praise of some men damns, so, on the contrary, their abuse canonizes. How diverting it is to picture this little jackanapes of an Editor fuming about his room in all the rage of impotent malice,

and, after an hour's concoction of the prime essence of his malignity, vomiting its cataract of lava in the following Byronic abruptness :—  
 “ To be sure ! we shall be obliged to make an example of this Right honourable George Canning,” &c. Hey-day ! here is “ plural unit” importance !—here is “ strutting about like a crow in a gutter !” The admirers of the new Pantomime at Covent-garden Theatre will have a rare treat this season, by detecting, in the character of the Knight of La Mancha and the Rueful Countenance, the fac-simile, as to mental aberration, of this crazy Editor. Governor Sancho, and his paraphernalia of office, will irresistibly call to mind ‘Squire Lambton’s prospective Utopia of a Whig Dynasty in all its glory.

To bring a charge of “short-commoning” against this caterer to Radical voracity, I would ask, why, when all the diurnal and weekly prints have provided their perusers with an account of “the Liverpool Canning Club,” in its meridian of *eclat*, why should he deny his little flock so heart-stirring a bulletin of passing events ? Is it because his own aspersions would stand refuted by the side of the public

applause, the account of which he has withheld? Surely it was enough to suppress that part of his enemy's letter which rendered the rest subservient to his sinful obliquities.

The whole body of the constituents of Mr. Canning cannot, of course, compete with his abusive opponent. Oh no! the moment that they select for a joyous declaration of their satisfaction in, and reliance upon, the tried good faith of their representative, is the precise juncture to throw the gauntlet down to them, to give them the lie, and defy their united abilities and power. To challenge a superior is merely to give him an opportunity of exercising his pity, and furnish by-standers with the sport of comparing the insignificance of one party with the prowess of the other. The decreased estimation of the challenger, and the consequent exaltation of the challenged, are the necessary results. This animalcule of diurnal literature, with all the buzz of a cockchafer, unites all its impotence; it may terrify babes in science by bouncing against them, but they who have discarded the pap-boat and the coral have learnt to despise its harmless noisiness.



The charge brought against this writer, of speaking favourably of a pamphlet which menaced with assassination the illustrious individual already mentioned, can gain little additional validity from my depositions, after Parliament and the Nation have substantiated it, and the debates of the former enrolled it without even a dissentient extenuation. The Satanic wretch who penned that *conditional* proscription must needs have his retreat covered by the Times-server, while the manly object of his masked attack, for bidding him defiance in open and honourable combat, is abused for "a blood-thirsty ruffian-like fellow." Mr. Caning's challenge, to his enemy, to unmask, is stigmatised as most brutally ferocious, since a *woman* might possibly turn out to be the *conditional* waylayer! Hear the driveller's words, "and this too without knowing the *age, sex,*" &c. I would here protest, that had a woman taken up the glove, and entered the ring in the panoply of her sex, such a female would richly merit every disgrace that could possibly be heaped upon her. This remark, however, is simply appended as an answer to the monstrous supposition that is ludicrously patched up, for the sake of attaching a slander of brutality to the

challenge just noticed. To be consistent with the comparative ratio of criminality, what volumes of execration ought not the Times-server to exhaust on his protégé the threatener of assassination, if he stigmatise the proposer of honourable combat as "blood-thirsty and ruffian-like."

I have read somewhere of a noble lord's being "stereotyped in an invincible dilemma," but I think I may with more propriety declare, that a certain scribbler daily stereotypes his own shame and sin in characters as glaring as they are flagitious. Such is the notoriety of this fact, that it has long been considered disreputable to give his waste-paper house-room.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

January 5, 1820.

SIR,

THE "Misleading Journal of Europe," in winding up that six months' course of deception and fabricated falsehood, which posts it, like a drunken Helot, in disgusting and ludicrous warning, before the diurnal press, has *very consistently* asserted a fact, and given it direct contradiction, in the last paragraph of its lucubrations for the year of our Lord 1819. A boorish, Billingsgate slang, has characterized its columns ever since its apostacy; but it was reserved for the fag-end of its falsehood to sign and seal itself Liar and Fool.

On the last day of the past year it writes thus:—"The charge of assassination extends. The Morning Chronicle of yesterday charges the Courier, *as well as us*, with recommending the assassination of Buonaparte in 1811. This is amusing in the extreme; for there is no doubt whatever that the Courier did advise

assassination) at the time *with which* he is charged, by the Chronicle, *as much as* we advised it lately." What is this but an assertion that both itself and the Courier are equally guilty or innocent? If it declare itself innocent of the charge, the Courier is innocent also, *as much as* itself. Well, it goes on to support the assertions (not *the proofs*) of its innocence, put forth the previous morning; and consequently the *as much as* couples the Courier in the asserted exculpation. In the declaration, therefore, of its own guiltlessness, is involved the equal guiltlessness of the Courier. Two sentences further on, however, it avers that the Morning Chronicle is right in preferring its charge of "favouring the atrocious suggestion of assassinating Buonaparte in 1811," against the Courier; "*as much as*" now reverses the sentence of not guilty, and couples the "Misleading Journal of Europe" in the guilt of the Courier.

Is such a self-branding blunderhead as this yee-and-no amalgamater to be tolerated? Even in an emporium of perjury, liars, to succeed in any deceit, must stick to their lie—not first broach it, and finally give it flat denial. Hating

the Courier still more than the Chronicle, this sorry editor assents to the latter's accusation of the former, at the very moment that accusation was withdrawn, with expressions of regret, and confessions that "the mistake of our correspondent evidently occasioned it." The prosecutor drops his suit upon invalidating evidence, which he acknowledges to be unanswerable; and a by-stander, wishing to re-embroil the defendant with the plaintiff, that is, in this case to avenge himself on his greater enemy by means of his lesser, malignantly declares the self-proposed nonsuit invalid.

They who read no other Journal but the Misleading one, cannot meet with an *exposure* of the gross falsehood of its fabrications, but they *must* surely discover when yes and no are forced into coalition, and logic violated in its simplest principles. They must see the suspicious irritation with which their idol defends himself; they must perceive the vulgarity and personality of his scurrilous abuse; and they must, in consequence, be much worse than himself; if they continue to give him their countenance and support. To expect truth of such a reprobate is to ask righteousness of the Devil.

Having shewn how neatly the Times-serving Editor closed the operations of one campaign, with a proclamation of his own want of ability and veracity, I may be justified in expecting no better tactics in the conduct of another ; and taxing the past for a prophecy of the future, pronounce, that as badness cannot remain stationary, the " Misleading Journal of Europe " will shortly become intolerable even to its present deluded readers.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

*January 12, 1820.*

SIR,

WITH heartfelt pleasure I this morning read, in your valuable Paper, a copious extract from the second of those Essays which have appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, under the title of "The Warder." That such masterly productions should create the sensation they have, is but natural and just. Their loyalty and their independent spirit give them peculiar interest at the present moment; and the deep reasoning they contain has succeeded in quelling the false fears of many, who suffered imagination to master judgment, and to paint the state of their country in colours which might appal the stoutest heart.

In a former Letter, I avowed my conviction that we had nothing to be afraid of but our own fears—that "vigilance was all that was necessary to prevent surprise and ambuscade from fighting the battles of the factious." With

what redoubled confidence may I now repeat these assurances! Since I first ventured them, the prospect in our political firmament has daily brightened—Parliament has answered the call of the people; it has extended its wings over them for protection; twopenny blasphemy and sedition have been suppressed; itinerating orators and their strolling banditti have been exterminated; the apostles of assassination have been gagged; the bloody emblems of anarchy have been proscribed; delegates have been seized over their maps of insurrection; and Radicalism, which is a synonym with Jacobinism, in the fullest acceptation of the word, has been stunned and astounded in mid career.

In cheering, however, the faint-hearted, we must not be supposed to decry that vigilance which has chiefly put it in our power to assure them their alarms are unfounded; much yet remains to be guarded against, much to be consummated. Places, professedly hired for religious worship, are yet open to demagogues, who hold up the names of Cobbett, Woaler, and Hunt, as worthy of admiration,—where one of our venerable Archbishops was vilified by being compared with some hireling pugilist of black-



beg notoriety ; and, "the year 1822, when the night and day are equal," prophesied as the time when the sword should go through the land, and smite those we are wont to regard as its chiefest stay and its noblest boast. Such places and such scenes may not be numerous, but that they exist the authentic detail above given indisputably proves. The orgies just described were celebrated in a sty of sedition, ostentatiously denominated a chapel, which still exists in a certain part of Lambeth. Surely the Magistracy could take away the licence of a religious house, the moment it is converted into a revolutionary Forum.

But to return to the exhilarating part of our prospect ; within the last six weeks commerce has considerably improved, and continues to give steady promise of a gradual recovery. The moral stamina of the people has been tried, and found worthy, in the most stupendous and unanimous efforts, both of individual and combined magnificence, to arrest the torrent of insidelity. Never since the world began was such an array of talent marshalled and marched in a given time against the inroads of blasphemy and atheism.

Charity, too, which in England is endowed with an ubiquity of active operation, has redoubled its kindly exertions; and whether in Manchester, forgetting and forgiving the savage outrages it has encountered; or in the Metropolis, or at Liverpool, or in Scotland, or in every hamlet and village near which wealth resides, it has equally and ardently toiled to alleviate the wants and distresses of suffering humanity. The prayers of grateful poverty will ever prevail against the machinations of ferocious discontent; and while England is the land of philanthropy, she will continue the pride and prop of the nations. Whatever a gloomy, groundless despair may forebode, I hail in the overflowings of national beneficence the surest pledge of national stability; I call it national, since it characterises not only British philanthropy thro' every gradation of individuality, but because its rays are concentrated and condensed in the Representative Assembly of the Nation; because Royalty is both its exemplar and patron, and because the powers that be, are daily labouring to make its influence commensurate with the extensiveness of its commiseration.

With such a glorious view of the development of our moral energies, the trepidations of fear, or the forebodings of a morbid melancholy, are at hopeless variance. Our intelligence has embodied in defence of our laws and our religion; it is hourly combating sedition and infidelity, and by its repeated triumphs has paralysed and crippled that levelling system which it will, I trust, finally and for ever banish from the earth.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

January 22, 1820.

SIR,

MR. Cobbett has asked the public for 5000*l*.  
 On my honour he has!—The Edinburgh Review has taken Mr. Lambton under its wing, and he peeps forth between its feathers with all the simplicity of a callow chick.—The Morning Chronicle has discovered that “in the old world all is *rottenness, apathy, and discontent*, while in the new, freedom of a rational kind flourishes and extends.”—The *accouchement* of Margery, my coachman’s wife, took place last night, about ten minutes before eleven o’clock. All this is news; all is equally momentous.

I should strongly recommend to this resurrection man, turned beggar, a few decay ducks to aid and hasten the spirit of contribution. They might be such as Sir F. Biddett, a few patriots

at New York, Mr. Hone, Lord Sefton, the Marquis of Tavistock, John Cam Hobhouse, Anonymous, the Blackburn Female Reformers, Doctor Watson, Mr. Hunt, the Black Dwarf, Mr. Sherwin, Mr. Wroe, the Felons in Newgate, the Convicts on board the hulks, &cs. &cs. The king of body-snatchers particularly requests that no one presume to ask him a syllable about the disposal of the money, either now or hereafter. Most thinking people, "raise me 5000*l.* by the third week in February," but ask not, hope not to know how I apply it.

You, Mr. Editor, will join me in assuring him, that no one will take such a liberty as ever *hereafter* to ask so honest a creature what he has done with subscription-monies—whether the 5000*l.* be to purchase seats in Parliament for a brace of demoniacs, to erect a Mausoleum to Tom Paine's skeleton, or for any other equally laudable purpose; he may rest assured there will be no scrutinizing of his appropriation of patriotic two-pences, or larger sums, "to be sent, post paid." Most thinking people, I have no more to say to you on this subject, only recollect William Cobbett has asked; you are to give:

bear in mind the Scripture precept, and remember, all payments are to be made before the third week in February. My son John and family are in health.

To pass on to the second piece of news, respecting Mr. Lambton, I must apprise you and your readers, that the Rev. H. Philpott, Prebendary of Durham, *presumed* a short time back, to address a letter to the Electors of Durham, in which he further and more unpardonably presumed to accuse Mr. Lambton of cherishing "a morbid avidity of distinction." The Northern junto take umbrage at this, and retort, in defence of their *protégé*, that "the Reverend Dignitary is a *foul-mouthed* Parson," of "insolent and coarse language," a "wrangling Pamphleteer," a "froward Priest," "indulging his overweening self-conceit with puffs of his own abilities," a "petulant sneerer," without candour or independence of spirit.

It is an anomaly in literature, worthy of the tribunal at which a modern Judge Jeffries presides, to make an accusation a counterpart of the crime it arraigns. To convict of "coarse

and insolent language," in language far more coarse and insolent, is part of the wretched policy of the Edinburgh Reviewers. This pedant inquisition, exercising all the despotism of bigotry, arrogates all the infallibility of the pontificate; and Popedom never fulminated more furious, vindictive banns, than this would-be exorciser of loyalty and religion. The excommunication of the former power, however, differed from that of the latter, in generally effecting the tremendous purpose for which it was wielded, while the interdict of disaffection is often the best panegyric on genuine patriotism. Though the literary Chum of Sir Richard Phillips, and the Drover of the Black Dwarf, the Medusa, the Times-server, &c. &c. the Edinburgh Review has not proselyted free-thinking with any success,—and Buonaparte is in St. Helena—Anarchy at the Devil—the Whigs in the dumps—and Mr. Lambton's crew in a dwindling minority, in spite of all the agonies of the Boreal satellites of faction and innovation. It will not be long ere the talented and the truly religious shall strengthen their coalition, and crusade against "the Infidels," to their utter extermination.

"To acquiesce in the discovery of transatlantic perfection, just trumpeted forth by the Morning Chronicle, Cobbett's "takers away only according to custom," *anglice*, thieves; Fearon's Sketches, and Morris Birkbeck's out-peeping Truths, must be carefully kept from sight: Quincey Adams' Letter must be declared a vile forgery, and thousands of starving, or *bought and sold* emigrants, be represented as happy rovers in a newly-discovered clime of liberty and love. Gertrude of Wyoming must be the Peri-model of female loveliness, and the fabulous fields of Elysium present to the mental vision a panoramic Paradise, abounding with these fairy prospects. In this land of promise saucy servants are to be hailed as the centinels of freedom—passing the bound of one state into that of another, to expiate "taking away" a horse, or "taking away" a life, the acmé of jurisprudence; the infallible *preventive* of crime;—want of a national religion, the cement of the social fabric; the rallying point of union and communion of interest;—a passing licentious press, the magnetic needle of regenerated republicanism; Lawyer pre-eminence, and Judges whose incomes depend on fees of office, the bonds of amity, the born foes of litigation;



an executive that may well be likened to an ass with hobbles on, the asserter of national glory, the load-stone of state ability, a Hercules against mutineering intelligence, an alkali to the acidity of rebellious wit, the philosopher's stone of universal contentment, the wheel-barrow of territorial aggrandizement, the pilot of maritime ascendancy, the every thing and any thing to insatiable vanity;—treating fellow-men of colour with all the contumely of contempt, whetting their knives for allied buccaneering; for unanimous assistance in the grand scheme of converting the world into an American dependency;—a pauper Aristocracy, the best pledge for Fabrician incorruptibility in the state, the surest guarantee of property. With these kaleidoscopic views of the policy of America, it would be insane to doubt the inestimable advantages of migration to the scene they beautify and adjust into harmony. Could I, however, so see order in disorder, and harmony in confusion, I should find it an Egyptian task to reconcile myself to become a limb chopped off from the tree of my ancestry, nor, till it were completed, could I hasten to expatriate myself, soul and body, and be transplanted in the newly-discovered garden of Eden.

The pith and marrow of these matter-of-fact remarks are intended for the poor deluded creatures who may be on the point of suffering themselves to be wheedled into banishment to enrich a few rascally transport owners. They have examples to forewarn them, that all who bind themselves for a term of years to these brutal carriers, in consideration of their passage, are sold by them as soon as they set foot on the soil of *exclusive freedom*. As to runaway traitors, and other rogues, great or little, the surest way to retard American prosperity is by conniving at their escape across the Atlantic. The policy which should turn the tide of emigration in a reverse direction from western allurements, need certainly not meddle with the common sewer that continues to disburden its foulness where it for ages has been wont.

Some good souls in this country have, in their weakness, fallen into the American snare of terror, because unable to laugh at its hobgoblin bait of prediction. Because they have been haunted with a hue and cry of danger, in good sooth what must they do but strain their eyes till they fancy it before them. Till the

Exchequer of the United States command a little more than four or five millions sterling per annum—till democracy cease to split and subdivide interests—till “the Union” be an union in fact, not merely in word—till power to make fit such centre in some focus of absorbing influence—till a national religion be acknowledged and promulgated—till the Cabinets of Europe declare war against Kingly Government, and abet democracy in its intermediate efforts to prostrate their own power and prosperity—till Englishmen turn cowards, and Americans become any thing but what they are;—till this concurrence of circumstances put them on something approaching to an equal political footing with ourselves, we have as much cause to fear their impotent bellowings as to dread the outrageous denunciations of strait-waistcoated insanity.

A vain self-conceit is the ladder to Quixotism, and often to madness. Let Transatlantic Nationality beware how it tilt with the whole earth; it cannot but be worsted; and if improper aggrandizement be its object, it will speedily prove the Old World none other than a hornet's nest. It never can fight for conquest

against selected foes; such an attempt would arouse unanimous indignance, and precipitate it into condign destruction.

Having expatiated at such length on my three first topics of news, I have only room to bulletin "all as well as can be expected," with reference to the last; and am, as usual,

JULIUS.

## LETTER XVI.

TO THE EXETER JURY,  
THAT CONVICTED JAMES TUCKER OF PUBLISH-  
ING A BLASPHEMOUS LIBEL.

*January 22, 1820.*

GENTLEMEN,

You have just convicted James Tucker, of your city, of publishing a Blasphemous Libel, contained in a parody on the Church of England Catechism; you have likewise convicted him of a Seditious Libel, contained in the same parody; but with your latter verdict my remarks have no concern.

Gentlemen, by the first verdict you have rendered your country a most signal service; in the name of that country I stand forth to return you its most grateful acknowledgments. You have given us a practical consolation in our distress, and taught us that the triumph of traitors shall not last.

When the Middlesex verdict of acquittal restored the villain to his work-shop, and enabled him to extend fourfold his limits of operation—when the titled and distinguished turned almo-

ners to atheism, and paved the way into the temple of lucre through violation of the laws, then, gentlemen, the people were appalled; they shuddered at acquittals which made emulous blasphemy the surest passport to extraordinary reward, and dreaded convictions perverted from their natural purposes to become the title-deeds of munificent remuneration. I scruple not to avow that the Juries which acquitted Hone, did more to paralyze public confidence in the almost immaculate infallibility of trial by Jury, than could ever have been effected by all the efforts of despotic packing. Their motives I have no right to arraign;—error might have influenced their fiat, but events have proved it was woful error indeed. Not only did that fiat advertise and promote the sale of *blasphemy* and *sedition*, but it rendered outraged justice unwilling to apply for redress where alone it can be found, for fear of further and more ruinous repulse. This is not a theoretic surmise, but a lamentable fact, that Parliament deplored, and for which it was compelled to legislate.

I call the parodies, under discussion, *blasphemous*, because you, gentlemen, on your oath—

because twelve sworn men of Warwick—because our greatest law officers—because our best divines—because common sense and reason, denounce them as calculated to bring our holy Religion, and its divine Original, into utter contempt. I call them *sedition*, because even the Ultra Whigs allowed them to be so, in the Upper House—because part of the wretched faction that rewarded their profane author stood forth in Parliament to assert, that on an indictment embodying such a charge, a verdict of guilty would have been returned; and because they are calculated to eradicate every particle of respect for our venerable “King, and all that are put in authority under him.”

It is curious to observe the compound of apology and accusation that the pride of a Bedford, or the perversity of an Erskine, mix up, in attempting to convert these proscribed productions, and the circumstances connected with an unsuccessful attack upon them, to the purposes of party. Their sedition first justifies a verdict of acquittal, inasmuch as sedition is not blasphemy: here their sedition is allowed, that it

may be brought forward as proof in support of an accusation of ill-conducted prosecution. But they contribute to the subscription in behalf of the acquitted; unless, therefore, they plead guilty to the charge of knowingly encouraging, promoting, and pensioning sedition, they are in their old dilemma—compelled to assert and deny the same thing in the same breath. The object of this contradictory artifice is to shift the responsibility of the hideous effects produced by promoting competition in crime, from those who did not scruple to portion profligacy, to the better men who fain had awarded it condign punishment.

Gentlemen, your verdict is at issue with that which acquitted Mr. Hone. As the subject either decided upon is precisely the same, of consequence, one judgment must be correct, the other incorrect. Could the publisher of a tissue of blasphemy persuade a Metropolis to subscribe certificates of his religious zeal, you have set an example how little such testimony is to be regarded by the side of the invalidating facts of continuous bad conduct. Were the assertions of a culprit or his friends to have any weight with a jury, what blasphemer would not



follow the example of James Tuckey, and declare himself "a warm friend to religion?" Could appeals to pity cheat justice of her due, a "large," a "dependent family," or a "state of crippleness," would become indemnity from retributive justice, and consequently embolden trespass upon the rights and privileges of society from those who have the greatest inducements to wish them inviolate. It would be inverting the purposes of all the ties that link us to social life, if those very ties should be suffered to treble the difficulty of conviction, or mitigate the penalty of transgression. In this case a father would have greater temptation to be a rogue than a single man, since he would be far less likely to suffer the reward of his crimes. This, without removing the incentive of pinching necessity, would abolish the wholesome fear of ruining his family in making himself the victim of public justice. If, again, dotage and decrepitude are allowed to become a panoply from harm, they will speedily be converted into weapons of offence. Juries should bear one maxim ever in mind, that when justice is defrauded of its due, the commonweal must infallibly suffer. Can we be at a loss for instances to exemplify this position, while the

acquittals of Hone make us sensible of it in their fearful effects?

In bringing the verdicts of Guilty and Not Guilty, returned upon one and the same transaction, to overthrow the doctrine of "Jury infallibility," I would by no means be understood as wishing to disparage the general, the *almost* uniform, purity of trial by Jury. My object is, to wrest from the hands of party purpose a doctrine which, though often dispensed with when in opposition to its views, is sometimes enlisted to impart a character of incontrovertibility to its dogmatical assumptions. When Hone was acquitted, the factious chuckled at the idea, that by well-wielded plausibility they could persuade the nation that all was right, because regulated by the fiat of a Jury; they struggled to enlist our glorious prejudices in behalf of Jury supremacy on the side of sedition and blasphemy: they attempted to confound supremacy with perfection, and thus juggle us out of our senses to view blasphemous parodies as neither criminal nor dangerous. They well knew, if they could thus blind us to the true nature and effect of such primers of treason, they might catechize with success the Jacobin

creed of Liberty and Equality, and consummate their hopes in the imitative orgies of a new reign of anarchy and terror.

From this summary of design, it is cheering to turn to the counteraction of its malignant progress. From the moment the sense of the nation was shocked by the acquittal of Hene, it firmly, and without ceasing, continued to deplore that never-anticipated event, and deprecate the effects it foresaw as inseparable from such a fatal error. The reputable portion of the press reflected the general feeling of alarm, and private life participated in a vague disquietude and uneasiness that is scarcely to be defined. Many an old man shook his head, and thousands prematurely predicted inevitable revolution. The conviction of Carlike did something, to re-animate confidence, though it was far from reassuring many, who attributed it to the obligation of precedent, and the barefaced impudence of the deluded wretch himself, both previous to and upon his trial. In this opinion, I certainly cannot agree; as I believe from my heart that a conscientious abhorrence of blasphemy procured his verdict of condemnation. Parliament met just in time to snatch us from im-

pending destruction ; it legislated wisely and boldly ; it resuscitated confidence in an unprecedented degree ; but still it did not banish all fear and uneasiness. It yet remained to be proved, whether there were resolution to administer the laws ; whether anonymous intimidation could deter from duty ; and whether attempts at assassination, directed against jurymen and all the civil authorities, might not have staggered the determined, and paralyzed the loyal. The proof we so anxiously expected has not been wanting. Chester has nobly supplied it ; and Exeter has invested it with a character peculiarly calculated to restore public confidence.

As it is impossible for the self-same writings to be both blasphemous and not blasphemous, it follows of necessity that of the two parties that espoused these directly opposite opinions, one must be in error. It is incumbent on me, therefore, in declaring for one side, to give the reasons of my election : this I can do by merely repeating what I have already urged in defence of your verdict. Blasphemy, gentlemen, according to the allowed interpretation, is " the

act of speaking or writing reproachfully of the Divine Being or his Holy Ordinances." Give this definition to a poor, illiterate man, read Hone's Parodies to him, and then ask him whether or not they are blasphemous. Common sense would be sufficient to reply, "If the definition of blasphemy you have given me be correct, they are blasphemous throughout, they are a tissue of continuous blasphemy." Thank Heaven, we are not compelled to suppose cases, however clear, to support our argument. The Nation has distinctly and unequivocally branded Hone's diabolical Parodies as both blasphemous and seditious; that charge was repeated against them in Parliament, not only by the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, but by many distinguished individual Members, who, in conjunction with the Law Officers of the Crown, deplored the acquittal of their publisher; and finally, to consummate the whole, you, gentlemen, on your oath, in your capacity of a Jury pronounce them to be libels of the character so universally attributed to them. These are the authorities that defend me in the opinion I first formed of the publications in question; without such support, common sense, of its own unbi-

assed decision, gave a verdict against them ; with it, I am bold to put that verdict upon record in the face of the world.

But, gentlemen, we have an authority opposed to us : a dotard and a greenhorn shake their escutcheons in our defiance. To be overwhelmed with execrations for making a *parade* in behalf of a libeller by trade, roused the latter to a sense of shame just sufficient to compel a haughty attempt at justificatory explanation. But Pride is a bungling apologist, and the dotard was compelled to cover his comrade's retreat with a joint assumption that the "*parodies* were not blasphemous." As a preface to your verdict, gentlemen, this assumption cuts an awkward figure ; as an excuse for misplaced patronage, it leaves sedition alone as its magnet of attraction.

The anomaly which *established* a charge of misdemeanor in one Court, and *refuted* the same charge in another, will have its use. It will read a lesson to Juries to consult *solely* the innate principles of truth and justice, and not suffer themselves to be wheedled into erroneous

conclusions by the quirk and chicanery of a cunning counsel. They will have the warning example of a judgment in opposition to the expectations and prayers of the people, converted into a by-word for lamentation and reproach ; and they will see it contravened and nullified, as to its purity and justice, by a directly opposite judgment. As the press is the most efficient engine of disaffection, it is evident that the chief guardians of social order are our Juries. If, therefore, they allow blasphemy and sedition to do their work of demoralization, we shall infallibly be reduced, ere long, to make choice between the alternatives of civil anarchy, or military despotism.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XVII.

TO J. G. LAMBTON, ESQ. M. P.

*March 2, 1820.*

SIR,

You have given notice of a bill you purpose introducing into Parliament the ensuing session, one of the grand features of which is the substitution of Triennial for Septennial renewals of Parliament. Oh, sir! if you only knew how you are laughed at, you would take my advice, by burning the draft of your bill, and holding your tongue for three times three years.

Between you and I and the post, I must tell you, for I do not approve of a joke's being carried too far, I heard it hinted, that a large paper pig-tail is in actual preparation to be appended, by a dexterous wag, to the collar of your coat, on the day set apart by you for courting the popularity of a defeat in Parliament. The length of your destiny is exactly three feet; it is split in sections, each three inches broad; at



devices, with subscript mottoes. The first is a monkey raking chesnuts out of a fire, with the velvet paw of a squealing grimalkin; its motto—"Whiggism at mischief:" the second, a man walking on his head; motto—"Topsy-turvy:" the third, Tantalus, with a stiff neck, up to his chin in a tureen of *MOCK-turtle* soup; motto—" *Sic in æternum.*" Now, mark my words, and if you are not saluted with a roar of laughter when, with the gravity of a Triumvir, you get up to advocate Triennial Parliaments, then you need not call to mind the information I have been at such pains to furnish you with.

If, sir, I only found cause to pity you, I should content myself with attempting to ridicule you out of your errors; but, observing that you just possess sense enough to be dexterous in mischief, I am reduced to the necessity of reading you a serious lecture on your political perversity. In commencement, I would ask you, "Prithee, good sir, do you imagine yourself a Whig?" Methinks I hear you rejoin an indignant "Undoubtedly." With equal indignance had Martin Von Butchell, of wife-pickling renown, asserted the genuineness of his

diploma, and protested he was incapable of conceiving the effrontery of a person who could dispute his right to the title of Doctor. Who dare doubt that the patron, founder, and tutelar deity of Septenniality, the illustrious Whig, the mighty Devonshire, since his canonization, has turned renegade to his own peculiar cause? Who? None but the "Priestly," and other libellers, that have the consummate assurance to canvass your conduct. With what satisfaction must the Whig majorities that condemned Trienniality to eternal chains, hover over the pious labours of their political progeny, with Mister Lambton at its head!

What a pity that the Heathen Mythology is exploded! but for this deplorable event I could tender the magnanimous Lambtonians a suggestion of profiting by the example of the Roman Numa, and thus give them to experience the benefits of keeping a second goddess Egéria. I have it now—I have it. Though the dead may be somewhat less agreeable correspondents than a lovely blooming goddess, especially when "the very witching time of night" is set apart for the *tete-à-tete* interview, still, if they will serve our purpose, the dead must do.

Suppose, then, Mr. Lambton condescends to take my advice, and prefaces the speech by which he is to introduce his bill with the following depositions :—

“ Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the corrupt House of Commons, during my late most alarming illness, which, as that paragon of purity, morality, and truth, the Morning Chronicle, most justly surmises, was brought on by my unparalleled exertions in behalf of expiring liberty, and which was subsequent to my being drawn by my constituents to the home of my ancestry—to the addresses of thousands of the most respectable inhabitants of the county of Durham and other adjacent districts—to, to, to—but I must not weary you with a detail of the honours bestowed upon me. During that universally-deplored public calamity, viz. my late most alarming illness, I was one night ruminating on the vast importance of my situation in life—’twas the dead of night, and my rush-light had mysteriously gone out—when lo ! ‘ *horresco referens* !’ a vision stood before me, which at first curdled my blood, and made my hair stand on end. I shall never forget how Lady Lambton snored, and persisted in sleep-

ing despite of all my efforts to awaken her. Well, Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the corrupt House of Commons, I soon shook off all fear, and boldly looking up, descried three figures in grave habiliments, the foremost of whom held a scroll, to which he pointed with his bony finger. I looked and read—‘Recantation of error, or Whiggism and Trienniality.’ The ghost then addressed me as follows: I know not whether I ought to trumpet forth my own praises; but let that pass, I owe it to the people to give a faithful recital;—‘Mighty and illustrious Lambton, you behold before you the once great Duke of Devonshire; he who brought forward and carried the famous Septennial Bill: from the silence of the tomb is he deputed, with two brother spirits, one from each of his then majorities, to cancel and declare null his own favourite act and deed; as a triumvirate are we sent to give a practical complement and sanction to the every Three Years’ Renewal Bill, which you are pledged to introduce. Go on, great man, and prosper. Be assured of our aid.’ With these words the vision disappeared, and I was left in sleepless agitation to ponder over its purport. The result of my me-

ditations was, a resolute determination to stake life, health, and property, for the glory of re-introducing Triennial Parliaments."

Are you not overwhelmed with gratitude, sir, for this invaluable hint? You may now oppose this ghostly recantation to those memorable words in which the Whig Duke and Leader declared, "that Triennial Parliaments served to keep up party distinctions, to raise and foment feuds in private families, to produce ruinous expences, and to give occasion to the cabals and intrigues of foreign princes; that it became the wisdom of that august assembly to apply a proper remedy to an evil which might be attended with the most dangerous consequences, *especially in the temper of the nation, as the spirit of rebellion still remained unsubdued.*"

Thus spake a Peer of the realm in 1716, immediately after the accession of George the First. For this Nobleman's regenerated sentiments, however, we must consult his winding-sheet declaration, and at this momentous crisis believe him bringing up his rank and file of Whig ghosts in offensive array against Toryism and Septenniality.

And now, Mr. Lambton, let me plead, in solemn sadness, for your companions in arms on the Borough foundation: your zeal for the distinction of Scavenger-General seems to have blinded you to the consequences inseparable from an instalment to that projected office---would you besom poor Brougham, *inter multos alios*, to the dust-hole of Reform? God forbid I should impute such a design to you; but, I conjecture, the ensuing General Election will accumulate proofs that, unless Parliamentary patronage survive your uncivil assault, Mr. This and Mr. That will no longer join the phalanx of "All the Talents" to "give and get inestimable praises:" as when, by accident or improvidence, the gas lights of some magnificent street suddenly, and at the same instant, go out, converting brightness and brilliancy into murkiness and gloom; so, should Mr. Lambton triumph in the passing of his bill, would the gas lights of Opposition give a whiff, and expire. Then, lack-a-day, for old England! so long preserved by their counsels, because never followed; and their prophecies, because never fulfilled.

From the opening remarks of this Letter, you will perceive that it was commenced previously to the death of our late venerable and revered Sovereign. Since that melancholy but expected event, circumstances are considerably changed, and election to a seat in the New Parliament must be antecedent to the introduction of your ill-advised bill. If, sir, the bustle of electioneering business leave you a moment for sober reflection, take to your thoughts one fearful text, and try the volumes it speaks by the test of common sense. Go view, sir, the hopes of France, blasted by the knife of a political assassin—go, hear his remorseless reason for abstaining from actual regicide to consummate a blow which circumstances made still more fatal to royalty—go, see the life's blood of the devoted victim spouting over the person of his pregnant princess; and then, sir, ask your conscience leave to select the present awful crisis wherein to make the experiment of marshallling the Whigs of England on the side of innovation and change. The pupil and pedant fanatics of Germany, with Sandt at their head, may furnish episodes to your commentary; and the late numerous, though, thank heaven, unsuccessful attempts at assassination among our-

selves, with the truly horrible state of Ireland, form its appalling supplement.

In God's name, sir, open your eyes before it is too late; nor continue to lend yourself to a discontent which in many ways only a leader to burst forth into brutal outrage. "The signs of the times" are far more alarming than during the whole period of the past war. The prospect of one supreme tyrant is a thousand times preferable to the prospect of an innumerable horde of petty despots, playing the game for power, with drawn daggers, and every species of wholesale and retail murders and confiscations.

England must declare against innovation; she must continue to lend her aid and advice to her distracted rival; France must be emboldened to legislate for the preservation of social order. Her present code is inimical to its very existence in many of its chiefest points. Should she relapse into anarchy, woe be to England! We must protect France in a monarchical form of government for our own sakes; and should you, sir, persist in sounding the tocsin to muster the Whigs on the side of dangerous and unreasonable experiment, in your utter



confusion must the Democrats and Regicides of France feel the hopelessness of all attempts to perpetuate their Election Law in its present antimonarchical state,—a state of all others best calculated to assist them in their diabolical project of again hunting legitimate authority from their unhappy land.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XVIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

March 4, 1820.

SIR,

THOUGH I have before addressed you on the most momentous and alarming topics, I never took up my pen under such an accumulated and incapacitating load of horror as at the present moment. "The signs of the times" are appalling beyond all former precedent. They continue to multiply upon us in aggravated terrors. Scarcely had an awful, because little expected, visitation of Providence, carried off, in the prime of life, the healthiest of our Princes, when his royal and revered Parent exchanged ten years' mental blindness for the bliss beyond comprehension of recognizing, as ushering herald to his God and his eternal beatitude, a sainted Son. Ere the grave had opened its mouth to swallow the victims of mortality, the loyal stood palpitating with anxiety for the life of our present illustrious Sovereign. These afflictions, however sore, addressed themselves to our feelings rather than our fears, till imme-

diately ensuing events converted them into links of that chain of alarming retrospect which seems to involve evil bodings as to coming days.

The Jacobin faction, throughout the European community, has taken assassination into regular pay. A miraculous interposition of Providence, not an absence of diabolical intent, substitutes at this moment the corpse of a poor, meritorious, and brave peace officer, for a hecatomb of nobler victims. Had not the designs of that den of damnable assassins in Cato-street been providentially discovered, and frustrated, on Wednesday night, the plotted massacre in Grosvenor-square would have been but the prelude to attack on many, many other quarters. In the paralysis of its terror, the Metropolis would have witnessed riot for a time outrageous in triumph; and the assassin remnant that escaped from one scene of slaughter would have rendezvoused in blood at another. Darkness and simultaneous surprise would have distracted as it would have petrified resistance, and thereby fought on the side of wholesale assassins and banded regicides.

The accursed Louvel had no sooner sacrificed the Duke de Berri on the altar of Jacobinism, that the Huntite banditti hailed the co-operation of continental panic, to embolden indigenous stilettoing and indiscriminate marauding. Hitherto the plot of that Jesuit tool, Guy Fawkes, stood alone in infernal solitariness; now, alas! must history couple to its execrable notoriety, the Satanic conspiracy of Thistlewood, the murderer! and his gang of assassin thieves. The levellers of social order are in active communication all over the world, and the desperate success of any particular corps is the understood watchword for a confident movement of the main body.

Thus, the moment France was cut off from the probability of an hereditary succession in the direct line, to her throne, by the butchery of a Bourbon before the face of his pregnant princess, on the instant did a junto of demons, amongst ourselves, vow the extermination by bullet and blade of the collective Cabinet Ministry of England.

The frustration of the many attempts at assassination that have lately terrified us by their

alien hideousness, must not blind us to the awful fact of the growing prevalence of an hitherto un-English state of demoralised feeling ; we must keep in mind that *unsuccessful*, not *unharboured* blood-thirstiness, alone preserves us from having to add to the Jacobin assassin-Triumvirate, *Sandt*, *Louvel*, and *Thistlewood*, the entire conspiracy which the latter wretched, desperado was on the point of leading forth to commence the work of death ; together with the wretches that wounded Birch the constable, of Stockport ; that fired at Nadin ; that stabbed one of the watch and ward men in Manchester ; that sought the lives of two jurymen at Shields, &c. Each individual that aided and abetted at the latter scenes, or was engaged to aid and abet at the just frustrated massacre, was a convert to the horrible doctrine of assassination ; looking, then, as is absolutely necessary to guide us in the adoption of precautionary measures, at the quantum of individual intent, not merely at a solitary instance of consummated crime, what a horde of assassins are yet prowling at large amongst us, cursing every moment that balks them of blood. In this view of our state, it were criminal in the loyal to be foolhardy, or to subject a whole community to the

debilitating, unmanning horrors, of contemplating the frightful fate of negligent rashness, or unwarranted self-exposure.

What a character would the English get among the nations, had merely the quantum of bloody intent been followed with success, which during the last twelve months found opportunities to attempt its remorseless purpose. Had Birch, had Nadin, had the two jurymen at Shields, had the watch and ward patrol, had the other objects mentioned in all the papers, as fired at through the windows of their houses, or from behind hedges, or on the public roads—had all these marked but missed individuals, who before the bar of God must stand as accusers against the miscreants whose crime will there be denounced none other than assassination—had they, I say, been registered in the catalogue of unfortunate murdered, England must have become the by-word of the earth. We must look to it in right earnest that this become not the lamentable fact. The terrors of the law must arrest the career of sedition. Justice must relentlessly exact her utmost due. Mercy at the present moment to traitors, were cruelty to millions. The traitors of old were aspirants,

to an usurpation of the kingly authority : the traitors of this age are traitors to all authority whatever ; a grovelling, bestial set of incarnate demons, each battling to be independent of and on a footing with his fellow-savage.

Such is the Radical crew to whose raving deliriums the factious Journals, and the factious orators, both in and out of Parliament, have administered incessant stimuli—to whom the Times-serving Journal points out the present Administration as “ the *common enemy*,”—by whom such an authority is bandied about in eternal repetition of excitement, till it drive insane enthusiasm to whet its dagger, to rough-japan its pike-head, to load its grenade, to charge its musket, to wield its cutlass, to murder its opponent, to lose its head, and to at-taint its posterity for ever. These are the effects of Times-serving perfidy, and party-countenance of it. These are the effects of Whig compacts with the polluted companions of traitors and assassins. These are the effects of joining cause with the apostles of blood on that stepping-stone to a scaffold, a Radical hustings.

In vain would a factious old dotard disclaim all participation in the guilt of latterly matured treason ; in vain would his worthy son, by a repetition of his crime, crutch the defence of his father ; in vain would men, who have been within a hair's breadth of the gallows, assure us of their harmless dispositions ; in vain would the degenerate Whigs and their abandoned press wash their hands of the criminality which they have sunned into vigour ; Englishmen are too discerning not to detect, and too honest not to expose the originating causes of national mischief. The sting that infuses the poison creates the madness that developes itself in actual outrage.

As M. de Cazes was accused before the Representative Assembly of France of being the murderer of the Duke de Berri ; so, before the people of England, before God, and the whole world, do I accuse the degenerate Whigs, who for twenty years past have been pointing the finger of scorn at their opponents ; who have sunk manly opposition in an ambition which knows no artifice too mean for adoption, no reptile too base to coalesce with ; who, in damned chorus at Norfolk, chanted the theory



of assassination, to go forth among thousands known to be privately, and industriously, arming for revolutionary carnage; who had scarcely closed their orgies with "Fall, tyrants, fall," as the burden of their song, when a plot was discovered to be in agitation to cut off the whole of his Majesty's Ministers; who in Parliament suffered one of their more ruffianly comrades to declare, that "Ministers should be impeached; who, in every and any way, have encouraged the rabble to speak evil and think evil of the powers that be: Them, I repeat, do I accuse of the plotted assassination of the English Ministry, of the murder of Smithers, and of the present dreadful state of disaffection and treasonable design. Know they not the gigantic tree, whose "least of all seeds" they cast into the ground? The viper they have warmed in their bosom will speedily repay their folly! I fear not to predict that things are coming to a crisis throughout the European world, and anarchy will revive amid the wreck of social order, unless legitimate authority draw the sword of extermination upon its antisocial conspirings. Let the degenerate Whigs beware; they shall not escape—no, not the gallows, dare they consummate a crime to which

some of them have ventured very near approaches. They have ever rallied to the exculpation of state delinquency ; let them look to it that they become not the culprit for whom they have so often been counsel.

The approaching General Election, as you, sir, very justly observe, “ submits the destinies of Britain to the choice of her people, and no patriot can give his vote to a factious contemner of authority and notorious vilifier of his Sovereign. No Christian can give his vote to any known friend of the seditious and atheistical, without taking upon his immortal part a full share of the heavy responsibility of these blood-stained days.” No man who wishes for peace can justify himself in giving his vote to the promoters of disturbance. Let me tell the degenerate Whigs, they have good reason to be down-hearted : their cause is rapidly declining. This truth they will learn too late on electioneering hustings, and amid the damning coolness of canvass receptions.

Let the Electors of the United Kingdom duly weigh the momentous trust that is reposed in their hands ; let them thoroughly sift the con-

duct of the Candidates that present themselves to their notice ; and, in God's name, let them give us a Representative Assembly, which, with an enlightened, temperate, and truly independent Opposition, shall not unite a democrat, detestable, foul-mouthed faction. This they will never accomplish, if, without studying all sides of the question, they sell themselves to the exclusive politics of Times-serving Journals, that have retrograded in respectability so irrecoverably, as to be accounted nothing less than the manuals of Radicalism, and the textbooks of the apostles of fanaticism, disaffection, and bloodshed.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XIX.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

*March 8, 1830.*

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

A DISPENSATION of Providence, which may truly be said to have made our hearts the houses of mourning, has again put into your hands the destinies of this mighty Empire. England's Patriarch is now pleading her cause in the bosom of his Father and his God.

In the desolation of our grief we have been performing the melancholy duty of devising a memento of its object; and a Church and a Temple, a Pillar, and a Mausoleum, have by turns presented themselves to our imagination as fit records of national respect to Sovereign goodness. The franchise which you enjoy puts it in your power to rear the only monument truly worthy to canonize pre-eminent and unparalleled greatness. To you we look, with anxious hope, for a senate in which, as in a

mighty mirror, we may see reflected the image of magnificent virtue and princely worth. Such a Senate will be a monument more lasting than brass ; it will be an imperishable as an appropriate tribute of veneration for the memory of our departed King. You have now an opportunity of pruning away the rotten branches of the great representative tree.

Manly independence consists not in scurrilous personal abuse, in braggart hectoring, in playing the bully to Radical Reform ; but in a sober, dignified, yet determined opposition to whatever measures it may deem really incompatible with the common welfare. The regular hacks of declamation are a disgrace to their constituents, and a curse to society. To them, and their servile minions, the factious writers, is the gallows indebted for the victims of delusion. To them Cato-street owes its infernal fame ; against them stand recorded the crimes for which they have succeeded in providing such ready tools. Will you, then, replace these known and abhorred demagogues in a post where they can do, as they have done, extraordinary mischief?

The stake in your hands, gentlemen, is none other than the internal tranquillity of your native land. This cannot remain unimpaired, if you suffer overt sedition to pervade the country, issuing from such a well-head as the Representative Assembly of the Nation. If you forbid the tributary streams of disaffection to be fed from that quarter, they will speedily dwindle into their original nothingness.

Having just finished perusing a brace of Radical manifestoes in the canvassing line, you will excuse my expressing surprise at the unexampled insolence of the once great political tinker, in presuming to repeat his attempt to monopolize the Representation of the City of Westminster. It would be an indelible blot, an infamy never to be erased, should Westminster suffer itself to be dictated to in the manner that is attempted.

Conceive, gentlemen, the seat of Government, Royalty, and the Representative Assembly, unable to return even a respectable Whig to Parliament! Conceive, gentlemen, the hardy impudence of a man who, in an address

to any body of electors, extended to the length of a sermon, consumes half of its limits in dictating to them the choice of the fellow-candidate of his own pushing forward. Conceive the admirable qualifications of this said Candidate, marching from Newgate to the Election Hustings, reeking with the midway orgies of that chosen tabernacle of disaffection, the Crown and Anchor Tavern. Conceive the claims that man has upon one particular set of Electors, who had the audacity to meditate violence upon the suffrages of the united body, by chiding the rabble with catechistical earnestness, for not "going down to the House, pulling the Members out by the ears, and throwing the key of it into the Thames."—Egad, gentlemen, conceive the *classical* creature! conceive John Cam Hobhouse lugging by one ear, and some ragged brother Radical by the other, the unfortunate Castlereagh, Canning, or Vansittart, along the floor of St. Stephen's Chapel—conceive three or four hundred members of the Commons House of Parliament, at a signal given by this "Jack the Giant Killer," surprised in full debate, unceremoniously seized by the ears, and dragged into the street like so

many pigs to a slaughter-house—conceive, if it be conceivable, any of “those blackguards that walk up and down Westminster Hall in their long robes and white wigs,” forbearing to kick John Cam Hobhouse out of their houses, should he have the face—the effrontery, to canvass their support—conceive, finally, one of “those red guards, a degree only better than the *ne plus ultra* of villainy, the blackguards,” who has not a cat-o’-nine-tails ready to answer any solicitation from this bearding puppy, or his Coalition-Committee.

To return from this picturesque digression, I must protest, that not only do the interests of our own country depend upon the voice of its electing classes, but by close and inseparable implication, the quiet and prosperity of the world.

Gentlemen, Electors of the United Kingdom! it is in your power to concentrate an Assembly of Regicides and Republicans—you may vote anarchy from hell, and import despotism when tired of licence—you may arrest the career of the arts and sciences, and become



collectively the *Ergastulus* of our Temple of Liberty: that you will not be, is no proof that you cannot be, what I have described. To avoid the most distant approach to any thing of the kind, it is imperative upon you to weigh well the charge entrusted to your keeping: the Nation calls upon you, nay, it beseeches you not to reinvest with Senatorial authority, those who have so lately and so grossly abused its privileges and powers. Such authority must no longer set its seal upon disaffection, or abet sedition in searching the remotest corners of the land. A second Thistlewood must not be enabled, with some shew of good seeming, to corroborate his assurances to a credulous, ignorant, and blood-guilty conspiracy, that support will abound to its devilish enterprises, by pointing out half-treasonable Parliamentary harangues, defying to their very face "the Powers that be."

To prevent such a repetition of enormities—to save your country, and vindicate her already aspersed name, is the duty that now devolves upon you; as you shall answer for it at the bar of Heaven, so discharge it with conscientious

rectitude, that you may ever have to bless the day which put a power into your hands, you were preserved in using to its best and properest advantage.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XX.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART.

March 2, 1820.

SIR,

I WISH you joy of your pupil and protégé, the Radical Poet. Had all preceptors such a precocity of genius to deal with, the pruning-knife would supplant the water-pot, and the emulation of ripening proficiency put the pedagogue in peril of a rival in each nursling of his talents.

John Cam Hobhouse, sir, is a prodigy of—of any thing you wish him to be. He and you, sir, are a “*par simile fratrum*”—only, like a dutiful younger brother, he follows your steps, at a respectful distance, with subdued but eager imitation: as the Tower alone could bid your Sun halt in its meridian, so Newgate alone could stay your satellite-Comet in its fiery eccentricities. No doubt, should the Tower have to witness the setting of the former, Newgate will have the secondary satisfaction of beholding the exit of the latter.

How truly laudable it is of you to superintend the political "coming out" of so deserving a character as John Cam Hobhouse! I trust you will be equally *interested* in his "going out," and then the tale of "the Radical Brothers," will form a compact episode in the page of history, complete, according to the rhetoric of Aristotle, with a beginning, a middle, and an end; yea, that end of all ends—an untimely end.

I have often wondered, that, in your superlative wisdom, you never thought fit to quote the ancient classics to *your* worthy Electors of Westminster. Mr. Brougham, I imagine, could not refuse to rummage over the scholiasts and the English writers of the old school, for a delectus of opinions and examples in vindication of the liberty to be adopted, after formally declaring in Parliament, that "he had rather become the victim of Anarchy than outlive the Constitution." To save you and him trouble, I warn you not to meddle with Sir William Temple, who holds "that confusion and popular tumults have worse effects upon common safety than the rankest tyranny."

If, as I suspect, John Cam Hobhouse is a species of obliged retainer to your cause, you have now a fine opportunity of harnessing him, its eternal yoke-mate; the turnspit on whom the drudgery of the roast shall solely and sorely devolve.

I entertain a hope, that it will little suit the palate of the Electors of Westminster to be represented, in Parliament or *out*, as a huge knot of Radicals. What other opinion would the country, would the world, form of them, should their representatives be *selected* from the ranks of the turbulent? In that case, their city would be branded as a nest of hornets--a hive of malcontents! In that case, it would be high time for the Royal and the Noble to strike their tents among them, and seek some securer spot whereon to repitch them. Exclusive of the danger, it would be madness to suffer their fees to fatten on their bounty and forage on their rights. One half of the Electors of Westminster owe their livelihood and comforts to the patronage of the great; and can they disclaim all reciprocity of obligation? They cannot, sir, unless your sophistry succeed in hardening their hearts, and making them callous to shame;

unless you can hoodwink them when you put them in leading-strings, or deprave them so far as to be fearless of trusting them with a full view of their own slavery.

Do you presume it shall be said, *Nutrit*—  
 “He nodded!” and A.L.L. Westminster rejoined,  
 “His pleasure be done!” Have you the conceit to calculate that your fustian proclamation will be answered with a passive *Amen*? It is needful, sir, you undeceive yourself. Growing hoary in infamy, have a care how you continue hardened in crime. Times, I fear, are impending, when neutrality must be a non-existence. My deductions are not the result of contracted reasoning. I look not at the state of your injured country only, but at the phases of our great moral hemisphere. Your declarations at that house of ominous resort, the Crown and Anchor Tavern, must have endeared you still more inseparably to the good cause of Radical Reform—on those boards, where last Thursday you held forth wretched America as a golden example of the blessings of “*Universal Suffrage*!” Thistlewood once walked without the clank of chains, a prospective assassin!—on these boards, his fellow cut-throat, young

Watson, has left the print of his feet ;--on those boards the arch apostate Cobbett has repeatedly shewn the cloven hoof ;--on those boards every thing traitorous and blood-thirsty has consorted, either in special conclave, or open orgies ;--and on those boards Sir F. Burdett avowed himself the champion of *Universal Suffrage*, and of the interests of John Cam Hobhouse.

You, who, not content with canvassing for yourself, make demands for your foster-child--you, who for years have pandered to rabble-appetite ; who thus grovelling, have branded yourself the satrap of a power which the veriest courtiers of despotism spurn ! You ! who, and what are you ? You are " Sir Francis Burdett ! " that is enough--history will know you by that title ; I need not rake for an epithet of deeper designation.

Had you one grain of common sense, would you risk your own success by coming forward in the disgusting language of dictatorial ill-breeding, to force a man upon the choice of your friends, who posts from Newgate to assure them, he will recommit the crime for which he

was there justly and deservedly incarcerated; who, if he be true to his own professions, has already prefaced a second engagement in gaol, by declaring he "WILL continue to write and speak libels upon the House of Commons;" who, in *reprobation* of a conspiracy to assassinate the entire Cabinet Ministry of England, denounces the intended victim "a knot of adventurers---of apostates, whose only claim to respect was the experience *they* had in the arts of corruption;"--who, A BEGGING for a seat in Parliament, tells the people "Parliament is little better than an IMPOSTURE---a NUISANCE;" that "it did nothing but abridge the rights and privileges of Englishmen;" that "the country has been blessed with a succession of bad Parliaments since the Revolution, whose ONLY object has been to cheat the people out of that liberty they had been thought to have gained by the Revolution." What a never exhaustible mine of rights and privileges we Englishmen must possess, if, after the evil working of a century and a half, whose ONLY object has been to plunder its treasures, we yet retain sufficient liberty to allow such inflammatory falsehoods to go unchastised--by the bow-string or the cross!



Have the candour, Sir Francis, to propound this important question, on the nomination of yourself and John Cam Hobhouse :---Do you, Electors of Westminster, wish to possess two sitting Members in the House of Commons? or, will you be contented to see one of them half his time in Newgate or the Tower, unable to guard your interests or consult your desires? Give me leave to detail the consequences of either choice. To be certain and secure of the fulfilment of the former wish, you must discard Sir F. Burdett and his political godchild from your most distant thoughts; to ensure the latter, elect them---elect them without scruple or consideration, and one of the twain will soon realize your expectation, by degrading from a seat in the Senate to a seat in jail.

If, gentlemen, you would have me give you credit for a spark of discernment, can I conceive it possible, should you intend to be ~~SERVED~~ in Parliament, that you will depùte a man there, whose wits are so shallow as to permit him to blazon, on the face of a canvassing address, an intemperance of speech, which, were the House sitting, would return him to

the place whence he had but a few hours been liberated.

You may bristle up, Sir Francis, if you please. Would to God your hair stood on end at the conviction of the mischief you have done in the world! If, Sir Francis, to be never mentioned by the good or great without contempt and execration, or by the deluded, ignorant, and abandoned, but with extravagant panegyric, be creditable to a man, then are you the most respectable character living.

I have heard it hinted, that a celebrated biographer is compiling a work for the public, to be entitled "*The lives of the Disturbers*," and among the names enrolled are reported to be most prominent, those of Jack Cade and Lord George Gordon, Wat Tyler and Wilkes, Hunt and John Cam Hobhouse, Thistlewood and Sir Francis Burdett. To this production, your expanded professions at the factious meeting of Thursday last will add one grand and instructive feature. It will put upon record your final fall into the hideous doctrine of Universal Suffrage. Oh, glorious night! that achieved the conquest of your reluctance, and hailed you

**Champion of Mob Election!** Let the ladies of the fish-mart deck themselves with garlands---let the damsels of St. Giles's dance for joy---let the stewards pour forth their tens of thousands---let the *Lo Pizans* reign triumphant! Sir Francis is fallen! the mighty---the obstinate! Henceforth be he called the Radical of Radicals---the Patron Saint of Mobs and Misrule! Oh, Sir Francis! it is a sorry consolation for the sacrifice of principle, to receive no return but the yell of inebriated and deluded enthusiasm; to be huzzaed by pickpockets, and paraded about by beggars and blackguards. Already are your wings clipped; a British jury bows not down to the idol of the mob, as the verdict against you a few days since, in behalf of my Lord Castlereagh, will prove; neither does a Scotch Pannel bend the knee to the Host that the populace would fain carry in procession to the Temple of Revolution.

It is reported, and to report alone must honest men trust for its truth, that "there is honour among thieves." This may be true, but that honour exists among Radicals experience positively denies. Have a care, then, Sir Francis, how you adopt a disciple who dare

profane his country's glory. Such a two-legged brute may lack opportunity—he cannot lack depravity—to prove the paricidal *Judas* of your interests and your fame. Trust not the kiss of a scorner. Delilah toyed till Sampson slept. Dare your tail-pinned satellite brave the just indignation of the medalled veteran, by volleying forth an anathema on the glories of Waterloo from the Hustings of Covent-garden? Will he there dare accuse the scarred soldier of having been the hired tool of national, wholesale, remorseless murder? Will he there venture to outrage the people of England by plundering them of their laurels? Not he! that were more than yourself dare attempt. Yet this, and more than this, has he done with demon malignity, in writings which, from time to time, he has retailed forth to libel his native land.

Mark my words, Sir Francis—you will probably sit for Westminster in the coming Parliament; but if its existence be prolonged beyond three or four years, you sit not, I trust, in its successor. The presentiment that finds utterance by my pen is ineradicable—a future election for Westminster may defeat the avowed Champion of Uni-

versal Suffrage; the promoter of universal outrage; and the would-be monopolist of the Representation of a mighty city—one vast incorporate portion of the Metropolis of Great Britain. Not vain-boaster enough to imitate the violent and vulgar Cobbett, by threatening you with a post-obit stake through your body, and cross-road burial; I with confidence promise to strip you of your borrowed plumes, and exhibit you the naked Daw that nature fashioned you. Tautology and mannerism are the characteristics of your pen and your speech. These, though glaring defects of your inventive powers, nevertheless serve your purpose. By the repetition of their drilling, you have besotted weak minds, till you kidnapped them to the service of wicked ones. You are a special example of the sad results of the collision of gigantic ambition with pigmy genius.

In common life specimens are too plentiful of rakes, who, unable to figure among their equals to the extent of their vain wishes, purchase the captaincy of a gang of coachmen and jockeys, training-grooms and black-legs. In public life the like rakes are to be met with, wallowing only in a more extended sphere of degradation.

You, Sir Francis, are the political rake, holding the dearly-purchased captaincy of the mob. You have degraded from your station, while your right-hand men have somewhat risen above theirs. Weoler, Cobbett, Carlile, and Hone, are, in political life, what "Black Will," "Fighting Bob," "Bagle Billy," and others of nick-name notoriety, are in the ring or on the road.

Allow me to pourtray your claims to consideration in the words of the celebrated Rector of Washington, the Rev. John Davidson, who declares, "Nothing can be more easy than to give to prevailing excitement an impulse in one direction, by goading its violence; but there is neither wisdom in doing what is so unsafe, nor magnanimity in doing what is so easy." Without wisdom or magnanimity, what is a public character? He is a curse to the land that harbours him.

Sir Francis, I must draw to a conclusion, and shall therefore repeat, that we will no longer suffer you to be the eye-sore of our civil quiet; that, if my voice can be of any avail, you *shall not* dictate to the Electors of West-

minster whatever Candidate suits your pleasure, purpose, or family connexions; that a man who canvasses, with an assurance on the tip of his tongue, that, should he be elected, he shall then "speak more libels than he can write on the House of Commons," is little likely to be at his post, but far more certain of consuming the time of his constituents in jail; that your final lapse into the doctrine of Universal Suffrage has pinned you in infamy; that the language you suffered John Cam Hobhouse to hold respecting the late horrid plot, which strange language has excited very strange surmises in many people's minds, will stamp you for ever the twin objects of execration and abhorrence—the avowed advocates of practical outrage. Think not to marshal the rehearsal of a civil tragedy, yet remain snug behind the scenes when it is publicly acted. Think not purgatory accessible to a Methuselah in crime. As you can never make reparation to your injured country for the wrongs you have done her, look to it, while you have yet time, how you may best expiate your atrocious and accumulated misdoings.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XXI.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CASILEREAGH.

March 13, 1820.

MY LORD,

THE subject on which I am going to address your Lordship has already been urged upon your attention; and your time is too valuable, in my estimation, to justify any intrusion of mine upon its limits, did I merely repeat what had before claimed your consideration.

My Lord, the Duc de Cazes ought never to be received at our Court, and in our Country, as the Representative of Louis XVIII. In *duty* to ourselves, and in *decency* to the rightful Sovereign of France, we should forbid his *dismissed* Minister our land, as long as he would come amongst us in an official capacity. Is not an Ambassador, my Lord, the Representative of his Monarch? Shall we, then, allow evil or precipitate counsels to send us an exile from power as the Representative of Supreme



Authority?—a professed infidel, to personate the Head of the Holy Roman Catholic Church? a man not merely unvindicated of a formal charge of murder by implication, but actually sacrificed to the public indignation that re-echoed that charge as the delegate of kingly justice, mercy, and truth?

Did the advisers of the Crown of France consider what a flattering miniature of its possessor they were sending us in the Duc de Cazes? If their *Royal* Master were an infidel and a *regicide*, we might trace some similitude to him in the portrait they would now put us off with as his. It would still remain a question whether we should hang up in the Cabinet of our Court so revolting a specimen of every thing anti-British and anti-social. It were derogatory to the high dignity of any Sovereign to be represented by a servant in disgrace;—it were an insult to any country to make it a spot of convenience whereunto to transport a delinquency too powerful to be chastised or even neglected; yet too dangerous or too hated to be harboured!

Exclusive of these momentous considerations, an Atheist is a character with which we should shun all intercourse whatever! What, then, should be our conduct towards a patron of Atheists? an arch Atheist? an apostle of Scepticism, with letters of introduction to the first ranks of our society? The purity of our Court, my Lord, is the guarantee of our national pre-eminence. Are we tired of our moral grandeur? Do we wish to teach the violent passions of human nature that retributive justice is a mere priestly bugbear, and, of consequence, that unbounded licentiousness is the wisdom of life? Do we wish to prostitute our wives, and bastardize our blood? If so, let us hasten to bid De Cazes welcome! let us acknowledge ourselves his hopeful pupils, and, banishing shame for a coward, and religion for a lie, let us wallow in the abominations of universal debauchery.

I have seen it asked, how could we return the compliment bestowed upon us in the appointment of the Duc de Cazes? For my part I know not: to elicit any thing like a definite answer to such a query, we must take into

consideration the respective states of the English and French Courts. From this view of the subject we shall learn the utter impracticability of requiting the favour intended us. Our Court has its purity, its honour, its all to lose! God forefend it from such a loss! The law will shortly rid us of our last crop of assassins, and the only exportable return, therefore, in exchange for so surpassing a present as a Court Atheist, and dismissed Minister, seems to be the aggregate host of factious orators and journalists, that may be emphatically denominated the drill serjeants of Revolution and Massacre. Were the French in need of a special libertine to write pollution into vogue, we could spare our modern Priapus, Mister Little, of dissolute memory and unsuccessful labours. England, my Lord, shall neither become the state-prison, nor the Botany Bay of France.

Trusting, my Lord, that your voice will be lifted against such an outrage to national feeling as the late appointment of the Duc de Cazes, and that, by stepping forward at once, you will avert additional calamity from your own country, and, saving the Kingly Authority

of France from a deeply derogatory action, read its evil advisers and evil wishers a practical lesson, to their utter confusion and everlasting overthrow,

I am, with great respect,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

**JULIUS.**

when that dancing bear comes mincing and mincing to you, with the violated contents of a private letter? Shall it be said, that the vindication of its character in one part of the Metropolis was the signal for its total depravation in the other? When the City of London grows more loyal, shall the City of Westminster grow more vicious? Will you, gentlemen, put yourselves on a level with the 261 infidels of Coventry, who have voted for atheism and professed knavery? or with the 141 devotees of Preston, who had fain erect the idol of intemperance in the Temple of St. Stephen?

I allow that John Com. Hobhouse has a greater claim to the title of M. P., as far as mere birth goes, than the itinerant orator, Hunt; or Cobbett, the importer of the skeleton of Tom Paine, turncoat and drill-serjeant, tergiversator, general cheat, *from family motives*; baggar by habit, and every thing that is bad and abandoned, by inclination. That such wretches should dare shew their faces among any body of Electors is enough to drive the loyal to desperation, and make the patriotic countenance measure too summary to be legal.

Gentlemen, it is shocking, it is reprehensible to behold the insolence of such a mob of beggars and blackguards standing, with even a distant chance of success, for open Boroughs; or veterans in disaffection polluting the Hustings of Westminster with electoral coalitions. It appears to me that you are not fully aware of the extended claims of your ancient track and his dearly beloved god-child. Remember, when you vote for either of the twins, you advocate "Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments," and "Radical Reform." Radical Reform is the exact object that, in despite of its sanguinary association with the Cato-street conspiracy, murder, and treason, Sir P. Dardett ventured to pronounce on your Hustings of Westminster the sole consummation to be sought or accepted. But two or three days previous, the Crown and Another organ elicited his distinct defence of the doctrine of "Universal Suffrage." The tale of Liberty and Equality is certainly very much in harmony with the attempted monopoly of the representation of your good city of Westminster.

Gentlemen, it must not be! You must rescue your character from irretrievable ruin.

Coalition ! Coalition ! is a by-word of scorn when wielded against Ministerial Candidates ; yet Coalition in Westminster is the order of the day—a Coalition extended to canvassing-calls and addresses ; to the haranguing of the hustings, and the placarding of the streets. This Coalition, gentlemen, might be tolerable, did it not betray itself in supercilious sauciness, in imperious dictation, in arrogant advice !—did it not unbare the fact, that Sir F. Bardett wishes to have you all under his thumb, and to bequeath your servility as an heir-loom to his political progeny. What an episode for the details of our history, such a legacy as the following—“ And furthermore, I give and bequeath to John Cam Hobhouse, and such of his heirs male as shall tread in the steps of their father, the representation of the City of Westminster, to be by them enjoyed on conditions, first, that they abjure all desire for or connivance at civil quiet ; second, that they do every thing in their power to ingratiate themselves with the Mob ; third, that they fail not to touch the utmost verge of Petty Treason, and once at least in their lives-time procure themselves a seat in Newgate or the Tower ; and,” &c. &c.

Gentlemen, gentlemen! look to it ere it be too late. You must not be imposed upon. Save yourselves from the gulph, if it be only by a midway bough! Let no one persuade You that a factious Dunmvirate would represent your City. Think not to see Members at their post who are pledged to libellous intemperance; nor hope to behold the privileges of Parliament, those counterpoises to the prerogatives of the Crown, defended by men who audaciously dispute its power to censure for contempt, or punish for breach of those very privileges themselves.

JULIUS.



## LETTER XXIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

March 28, 1820.

SIR,

THE canaille of Covent-garden have just discovered fresh cause to continue to the Dagon of their idolatry, the homage of their devotion. That balant \* tribe, in its supreme wisdom, has already pronounced convicted criminality the surest passport to its fraternal embrace. In its filthy hug new riot a pair truly worthy of such a patron.

Scarcely has John Cam Hobhouse taken an affectionate leave of the Turnkey of Newgate, when Sir Francis Burdett receives a letter dismissory to the Marshal of the King's Bench Prison. Put it on record, sir, and see how it will look as a *lusus historiæ*, that "the Dictator of the representation of Westminster had but just nominated himself and John Cam Hobhouse, whom, he must beg leave to observe,

\* Alluding to the bleatings with which the Radicals serenaded Mr. Lamb and his party, during the progress of the election,

he could most particularly recommend to the choice of the Electors, since he had but two or three days been liberated from Newgate, when, previous to their decision, himself, is found "Guilty" of a misdemeanour, which must consign him to the immurement of a gaol.

At the commencement of the polling I warned the Electors against returning Sir R. B. Bardett and his party retainers, if they entertained the most distant wish of possessing two sitting Representatives; and three days previous to its close, their chosen Baronet is left for judgment by the verdict of a Jury.

A pretty condition has Westminster reduced itself to, when none but culprits can obtain a hearing on its hustings, or solicit its support without danger of violent death by the unnatural hands of a demon-rabble. A goodly insult has it offered to the people of England, by sending into their representative body a man, shall I call him? who plainly and positively recommended its unceremonious dispersion by physical force. If the mere name of a Gregoire excited a thrill of contagious horror in the Parliament of France, what must be the electric

shock that shall pervade the Senate of Great Britain; when the Profaner of its privileges, the Catechist of its forcible overthrow, the profligate, pledged to re-libel it to its very face! shall muster assurance enough to meet its obvious indignation? Alone and unsupported must he now brook the sovereign contempt of the eye, the curled scorn of the lip, the terrible rebuke of anxiously studied segregation from his person and his cause. In the leash of his master he might have found the courage of a lap-dog; but like that pigmy pet, if he bark unprotected, it will be with his tail between his legs, under the full waddle of retreat.

John Gam Hobbouse will meet a different auditory within the walls of St. Stephen's to the congregation of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, or of Covent-garden Market. If in the former place the very Jaggerment whom he serves has invariably betrayed an impediment in his speech, what will be the case there with the little dwarf Bramin, of yesterday-initiation? What, though on the bustings John Gam Hobbouse, intemperately express his forbearance of being intemperate, thereby inflam-

ing the populace with explicit and well understood insinuations, that the conviction of their idol gives just cause and provocation for mob resentment, will he find his metonymic oratory of service in the Senate? Will he there breach points of interrogation for direct stimulants to treason? 'Twere a pusillanimous assembly that could allow him such unavenged licence of his tongue—'twere a culpable, a ruinous etiquette that would beg him a hearing in a company he had foredoomed to summary execution, without Judge or Jury. On such presumptuous disturbers the finger of scorn should for ever be fixed. They should be beset with the inseparable hauntings of universal contempt. If the blustering Waithman, now the wincing victim of his own folly, was "always coughed down" in the House of Commons for his violence and vulgarity, surely the mischievous Collegian, the more furious coxcomb, will receive a like reward for his petulance and perversity.

As I am writing, I hear the election of Sir Francis Burdett and his political foster-foundation announced. Whether the return of the High Bailiff, that went to declare Sir Francis Burdett as "*duly* elected," be justifiable in law,

I know not; but to me it seems monstrous, that an individual, found "Guilty" by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen, of being, according to the wording of the indictment, "a malicious, *seditions*, and ill-disposed person," and of "*unlawfully* and maliciously devising and intending to raise and excite discontent, disaffection, and *sedition* among the liege subjects of our Lord the present King; and particularly amongst the soldiers of our said Lord the King," to me, I say, it appears monstrous, that such *unexpiated*, and legally ascertained guilt, should not *on the instant* disqualify from all eligibility to represent any body of electors in the Senate of Great Britain. If *such* guilt does not at present disqualify for canvassing the investiture of Senatorial *Authority*, surely no time should be lost in legislating for its non-admissibility into the sanctuary of Legislation. Should any thing judicially declared *unlawful* be admitted into the assembly whence *law* emanates? It may be a more complicated question, whether the peculiar sort of guilt under discussion should disrobe and divest of already-conferred elevation to the office of legislator, than the simple query, whether such guilt should not incapacitate from becoming or *continuing*, pre-

vions to its *legal expiation*, a candidate for that important, that momentous trust?

It is needless to quote precedents of expulsion from the Commons House of Parliament, while the case of Lord Cochrane is fresh in our memories, or the early history of our late venerable King's reign familiar to our recollection. That a Cochrane were less dangerous in Parliament than a Burdett there cannot exist a doubt. That a Wilkes was what a Burdett is, we know to our cost. To indemnify ourselves for our loss, we should make lawful reprisal of the authority of our enemy. By so salutary a retribution, we should not only eject this enemy from a post of special annoyance, but might occupy the position with an *ally of prevailing importance*.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

May 23, 1820.

SIR,

THE glorious Decade of the Regency seems destined to be succeeded by a reign, if not its equal in tremendous vicissitude, at least its superior in magnificent achievement—our fourth George, from the Throne, has bestowed his first smile upon meritorious worth, and regally pronounced perverted genius no passport to kingly favour. This circumstance alone would justify our recording as auspicious the commencement of the new reign. Thank God, sir, this memorable circumstance is but a single star of our pleiades of good omen; amid all the gloom of a great civil struggle, the brightness that cannot fail to dispel its rules palpably the ascendant.

The political matters of fact of the last month will descend to posterity as the proudest mementoes of the age in which we live. Never

at any period since "Trial by Jury" has been the stipulation of our allegiance—never has that grand perfection of justice been more sacredly guarded. The trial of Mr. Hunt at York is a precedent of almost unattainable impartiality, in judicial proceedings. Pending that trial, the reports of its progress gave the Radical a confidence he undisguisedly evinced, that the result would be favourable to his heart's worst wishes. The *Io Pæans* of rebellion were in full rehearsal, when the bringers of *evil tidings* announced the triumph of truth.

The conviction of a burlesque on Baronetcy was expected in sulkily helplessness—but the overthrow of the Champion of Liberty, the orator whose eloquence was to have been the passing dirge of Justice—his overthrow was the overthrow of thousands. With his hearts sunk, and menaces grew silent; the monster at his whetstone dropped the half-sharpened dagger at the conviction of *Henry Hunt*; and the tool of his excitement unscrewed the pike-head, and threw away the musquet.

I have no hesitation in declaring, that all the numerous verdicts for the Crown that of late



have asserted the majesty of law, including the convictions of high treason, have not done half so much for the real interests of social quiet, as the radically never-dreamt-of conviction of "the Lord of the Manor of Glastonbury," who never (on the solemnity of an oath) allowed his servant to dine at the same table with himself. I may be singular in my opinion, and if so, shall persist in believing it is singularly correct.

I allow that faction was momentarily diverted from its bitter and already-recurring ruminations on the fate of Orator Hunt, by the interlude of the Alderman in distress. Matthew Wood may eevil at an audit, or bustle at a charity, and enjoy a reputation for "figures" and philanthropy; but if he violate human feelings; and insult a brother magistrate in the performance of his duty, he must be content to undergo the ordeal of a scrutiny that may rob him of the little he so wrongly attempts to enlarge.

The ludicrous spectacle this vain-boaster afforded in the House of Commons a few nights since will not soon be forgotten; such a torrent of ridicule as was showered upon him would have

overwhelmed any thing but impenetrable dullness. Genius would have sunk into never-conquerable diffidence, under such a reception as finds the worthy Alderman this day none the worse and none the wiser. Not even the broad hints which his own party multiplied upon his ear, that his silence would be a boon and a blessing to it, had any effect. What a nuisance is a bad advocate! Mr. Brougham, I venture to say, muttered this sentiment ten times over on his homeward route on the ever-memorable night of the Alderman's begging "leave to withdraw his motion!" Any one but the incorrigible Alderman would, from such a rebuff as he has experienced, learn that there is an essential difference between an instigator and an observer of bad or traitorous proceedings!

I conceive, too, he would not only promise impunity to any contrite or coward conspirator, who should apprize him of a plot against his own invaluable life; but, furthermore, would send him back among his old associates to obtain all the details of their plans, in order to be on his guard against their diabolical designs. Again: I really am inclined to think he would have common sense enough to await a maturity of

proofs against the conspiring gang, that its escape from merited punishment might not be the incitement to further and more cautious plotting. There is a degree of guilt which must be suffered to commit itself beyond escape, as mere frustration of its purpose is its best and most combustible fuel.

The very respectable deponing correspondents of Alderman Wood, who have *only* been guilty of misprision of treason, would, no doubt, be exceedingly gratified to do such a service to their cause, as to put it beyond the reach of the hazard of failing hearts or compunctious consciences. This they would accomplish, could they force the preserved to break their faith with the instrument (however abandoned) of their preservation; and thus seduce them to punish those whom they promised to pardon. Then farewell to that grand preventive of *conspiring crime*, the mutual fear of betrayal: who, once immersed in a plot, would ever disclose it, with the example before his eyes of a brother informer, to whom impunity had been the consideration guaranteed for disclosure, receiving punishment in its stead? No: the plot might succeed, and he triumph; but

disclose it, and he sacrifices his only chance of safety to the bad faith of betraying power. Assassins must be haunted with the fear of fellow treachery. A deserting conspirator must ever be conscious he can stipulate for a free pardon by a disclosure of a brother's movements; he must know the national faith will see him inviolate.

Bad men and cunning! we loyal are too deep for you. We will not, we do not, instigate to crime; but we ever shall make its disclosure worth the while of cowardice and compunction; for our own sakes, for the sake of our children's children, for the sake of our King and Constitution, we will not suffer a rebel remnant to appease the manes of their less lucky brethren, by the blood of that or these instruments which preserved us from becoming the victims of their multiplied machinations.

Had the Cato-street gang had no Edwards among them, many that have deposed against him would by this time, most probably, have writhed under the bullet or blade of the loyal and the patriotic. Had the Ministry been massacred, those now *only* guilty of misprision

of treason would have been in the ranks of insurrection; and insurrection, for a short space triumphant, would in a shorter have been extinguished in blood.

Alderman Wood would shew much greater sense in bidding his deposing friends go down on their knees to Edwards, and thank him for saving them from the fate I have just described, than by blundering against one of the best bulwarks a State possesses to protect it from the machinations of dark and desperate intrigue. Does the worthy Alderman suppose that Edwards seduced the *innocent* Thistlewood or Ings, or any of the other three desperadoes that were executed with them, from the paths of loyalty?—He knows better; he knows they were old and hardened villains; and he ought to thank God as he has been honoured with their acquaintance, he has yet been miraculously preserved from their end.

JULIUS.

END OF VOL. I.

*From the author*

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**The Letters of Julius.**

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THE  
**LETTERS**

OF

**JULIUS.**

**VOL. II.**

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**FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CÆLUM.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN ushering the Second Volume of my Letters into public notice, I consider it incumbent on me to furnish it with such prefatory remarks as, to the best of my judgment, shall most aptly bear upon its particular contents.

The twofold question of fact and legislation which, in its various ramifications, forms the subject-matter of this volume, is one of those which, though, from their very nature, they can seldom be anticipated, are, in their right or erroneous interpretation, of most vital conse-

quence to the welfare of the State. Like the sacred standard of the Mussulman, they can prove the most irresistible to rally the population *en masse*; and in a perverted view of their merits, are calculated to promote the directest and most irreparable breaches of the Constitution. This belief I shall never forego, so long as the monstrous attempt to separate the Divorce clause from the Bill for degrading her late Majesty holds a place in my memory. My rooted conviction is, that it could not have entered into the heart of man to conceive a scheme more fraught with all that was unchristian, anomalous, and cruel. I should consider any Sovereign most unconstitutionally and wantonly outraged, to whom, as I have elsewhere described it, his graceless subjects should "have bound the dead carcase of kindred Royalty." I should consider a King, who has so many claims on his people's admiration and love as George the Fourth, in

such a predicament, the victim of an ingratitude too base to be paralleled.

The imperturbable obtuseness of some men, and their indefatigable perseverance in ignorance, are enough to wear out the patience of a stoic. One would scarcely credit, that men had been found amongst us to advocate the rejection of the Divorce clause, who at the same time publicly allowed that the late investigation was instituted on behalf of the Nation; and who never dreamt of protesting against the statute that makes adultery in a Queen Consort a capital crime. If they recognized a great necessity of the public peace and honour, with what justice would they have withheld relief on considerations of a purely private nature? What sort of idiocy could instigate men to imagine that a CRIMINAL charge either might or ought to be set aside by a recriminatory defence? I hold that true religion knows

“Ego M—— cognominatus M. filius M. delib. in cogitatione animæ meæ, nemine me cogente, et dimisi et liberavi et repudiavi te tibi, te uxorem meam N—— quæ fuisti uxor mea antehac, et nunc liberavi et dimisi et repudiavi te tibi, ut sis tui juris, et domina animæ tuæ, adabeundum, ut ducaris abs quolibet viro quem volueris. Et ecce permissa et unicuique viro, et hic esto tibi a me libellus repudii et epistola dimissoria et instrumentum libertatis juxta legem Mosis et Israelis.”

The putting away which an instrument of this kind authorised, was the only putting away which could bring down on the husband's head the guilt of his wife's adultery; and that adultery would consist in nothing short of marrying again.

Had the text not been too explicit to allow of misconstruction, who would

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have had the hardihood to maintain, that our Saviour could preach a doctrine so fatal to virtue, as one which should inculcate that a separation "*a thoro*" was a sufficient cause of, and excuse for, a wife's incontinence? The supposition is absolutely profane.

In the Sermon on the Mount, the right of putting away is distinctly recognized in the event of incontinence; and as distinctly restricted to that peculiar and solitary case; since every breaking of the *vinculum matrimonii*, SAVING for the cause of fornication, was contrary to the divine will. The essence of a bill of divorce among the Jews consisted in rendering the parties as free to marry again as before they met; and that, moreover, without any reason being assigned, or any cause existing for the divorce, but mutual dislike, or more wanton caprice.

This body of argument, however, I conceive to bear exclusively on the question whether, if in ORDINARY life a separation had taken place between two parties, the wife's subsequent incontinence should entitle the husband to a divorce; and I have only to point to the New Testament for an answer in the affirmative. Were the answer, however, in the negative, still its meaning and intention would by no means affect the extraordinary case of a Plaintiff that represented the interests and tranquillity of an Empire.

Thus it is evident that those who argued against the Divorce clause, not only went to work on a fatal assumption, but drew conclusions from that assumption which were not deducible from it. They assumed that the King had put away his wife, and consequently caused her to commit adultery: a reference to St. Matthew renders the fact in-

disputable, that the King did not put away his wife, and therefore could not cause her to commit adultery. Audaciously taking for granted, however, that her husband, and not her own criminal lusts, had plunged the Queen into CRIME, they insisted, under the inspiration of the profoundest ignorance, that the King had forfeited all claim to a divorce : but the fact is, that the law that makes a certain species of adultery capitally criminal, is null and of non-effect, and the wisdom that foresaw the want of it, folly; if such a forfeit can attach to such a Plaintiff. The whole tenor of civil and religious policy is opposed to the sacrilegious conceit of suffering infamy and prostitution to remain wedded either to the Nation, or to the individual whom it hath pleased Providence to place at its head.

I challenge the world, then, to prove that there either existed, or was pro-



duced, one rational objection to the Divorce clause in the late Bill; and I flatter myself I have demonstrated, beyond the possibility of refutation, that without it the said Bill would have been a mere abortion---an anomalous scheme for the speedy degrading of the kingly authority and office; the establishing of a fatally pernicious precedent; and the immediate or contingent endangering of the public morals, tranquillity, and honour.

Had not the partizans of her late Majesty carried the admonition "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," to the extreme "*de vivis nil nisi malum*," they might have saved themselves from the odium of disturbing the ashes of the dead; but in making the funeral oration a libel, they accelerated the slow march of historic truth, and compelled the living to vindicate themselves to the discredit of the deceased. As I have elsewhere re-

marked, "with the details of the life and character of the late Queen must be interwoven a portion of the biography of the most prominent public characters of the day ; if, therefore, we tolerate the licentious, or more appropriately speaking, the lying portion of the press in its attempt to convert the feelings of forgiveness naturally entertained towards the departed into a weapon of offence, the posthumous praise of the dead will become the unjust scandal of the living; and when this age shall have passed away, the page of history will do cruel injury to the memories of some of the best of men, and the noblest of patriots." From such a consummation of injustice it behoves us more especially to protect our King; and it should be a matter of thanksgiving with us, that our gratitude is in debt, all that our pride could desire. But a few weeks have elapsed since his Majesty presented fresh claims to our admiration and love, by contributing

the sum of 30,000*l.* a year from his private purse, to alleviate the distresses of the country. The Civil List having been settled for life, the idea of this sacrifice was the last that any party in the State could have dreamt of entertaining: it originated, as Lord Liverpool declared, in the mind of our illustrious Sovereign himself.

When I not merely see so ennobling an action passed over without acknowledgment by a "leading Journal" of the day, but observe a beggarly hue and cry about sundry pounds, shillings, and pence\* (which were appropriated by right, and to the very best purpose).

\* Alluding to a leading article of the "Misleading Journal," in which, by fractionising the sum appropriated out of the Droits of the Admiralty to defray the expence of the King's visit to Ireland, it is maliciously attempted to rob his Majesty of the merit which attaches to the exercise of the magnanimous self-denial above spoken of.

raised to depreciate so princely and so patriotic a gift, I feel a loathing, that passeth utterance, of the miserable worms who can be guilty of such incomparable meannesses. I trust that the tone of good old English feeling is not so impaired, nor the good old English spirit grown so dunghill, as to leave unvisited with the most exemplary chastisement the vulgar, and preposterous insolence of the dingy plebeians that for some time past, like dogs returning to their vomit, have wallowed in nothing but noon-day lies, and incorrigible treasons. Of these reprobates it has been aptly remarked, that "they only maintain the consistency of their nature when they assail the honourable and the virtuous; and in proportion as they are mild and gentle when speaking of a felon, we find them bitter and malignant when discussing the imputed misconduct of some distinguished individual."

The sallies of outrageous depravity which signalized the defence that these unconscionable miscreants set up in behalf of the Queen, bespoke a ruffian abandonment only compatible with doings of the most diabolical turpitude : but the sordidness of their views, thank God, was too infinite for concealment ; and, to the shame of human nature, it laid bare the workings of its own system,—a system of transcendant and surpassing iniquity. It positively makes the heart ache to think of profligates daily posted at their desks, to string together at a sitting more lies than would choak an ordinary utterer. The unpardonable atrocity of their transgression will be still more apparent, when it is recollected that these falsehoods which, for filthy lucre's sake, are thus remorselessly propagated, are all directed to the devilish end of exasperating the worst passions of human nature, and bringing down

upon the Nation the horrible curse of civil confusion and bloodshed.

It seems to me, that the public have little suspicion how comprehensively systematic are the proceedings of the enemies of social order. Even Parliament, when insulted by them to its face, does not appear to have suspected design, or to have appreciated the insolence as the sober offspring of calculated results. The fact nevertheless is, that the right of petition is now frequently perverted to the purpose of holding such language to Parliament as shall be best calculated to bring it into contempt; and petitions are sent in to the "honourable House," whose reception would astonish no parties so much as the petitioners themselves. To reject, then, a petition which is presented for rejection, is to grant its authors their heart's desire: the insult becomes notorious, the popular effect follows. Rejection is at

times to the petitioner, what transportation is at times to the thief.

The contrivance against which I now lift a warning voice is a crying evil; and were not the designs of the disaffected unblushingly avowed, its very ingenuity would betray the existence of a matured and well-digested plan for procuring the disorganization of social order. Parliament owes it, therefore, to the Nation, to visit with the uttermost severity, not only the incendiaries who conspire to convert a most invaluable right into a mean of mischief; but those of its own members, without whose infamous co-operation all their conspirings must necessarily fail of their object. There never was presented in set terms to Parliament, a more deliberate piece of downright abuse, than that which Mr. Lambton, a short time since, had the effrontery to announce to "the honour-

able House"\* from Paisley; and I hesitate not to avow, that the privileges of Parliament were in no manner protected by its rejection, but, on the contrary, exposed to future infringement of a far more emboldened sort.

As every right is subject to abuse, no right should be so undefined as to make it difficult to decide where abuse begins; neither should any man consider himself so free from imputation as to be entitled to treat every slander with the silence of contempt. An indiscriminating adoption of this practice has deteriorated many in the opinion of the world, and impaired reputations that would otherwise have remained unimpeachable. Forbearance,

\* The studiously ironical way in which this term was used by the Paisley Radicals was so inimitably taunting, as to leave far behind all mortal conceptions of the insolence that may be tolerated to proceed out of the mouths of the most insignificant reptiles that ever polluted the face of God's good earth.



to be truly magnanimous must be especially provident; otherwise lenity may operate as a premium on evil-doing, and forgiveness of injuries provoke greater injustice. I consider forbearance ill exercised, and contempt misapplied, to have engendered much of that disrespect with which "the King, and all that are put in authority under him," are continually treated.

I am well aware that it is the sign of weakness and symptom of fear to be cautious overmuch; but before precaution be stigmatised as excessive, effects should be seen in their causes, and the least of all seeds ascertained not to contain the germ of the greatest of trees. There is often a nice distinction between those occasions on which an array of strength is an indication of imbecility; and those when the very principle on which power is a deposit for the preservation of the social compact, demands

of all that are in authority an exhibition or an application of their resources. The task of deciding between what are trifles really, and what are only so to the superficial observer, is more difficult than is generally allowed; and to its ill performance at one time, and the difficulty of convincing others it is well performed at another, half the social mischiefs that accrue are to be attributed.

Whoever studies the constitution of society amongst us, cannot be ignorant of the overwhelming mass of moral and physical energies that are opposed to revolutionary changes: but strength is no certain guarantee against assault; nor, ununited to vigilance, can it long protect itself from insidiousness and surprise. The very persuasion that our foundation is on a rock, is one cause of anxiety to me. I am anxious that we should set a guard over the confidence such a belief inspires, to save us from

falling into that negligent state of security which, rendering the fortress more pregnable, shall at the same time invite the attack. We should not only know, too, our naturally weak points, but those points which it is essential to the enemy's progress that he should divest of their strength. With the balance of the Constitution so equally adjusted as in this country, the Roman rallying cry should be our every day motto, and "*Videre ne quid detrimenti res publica caperet*" our constant occupation.

Before taking leave of my readers, I consider it due to myself, and the professions I make, to record my most unqualified protest against the giving up of the late Bill of Pains and Penalties, after it had been solemnly and deliberately resolved to send it down to the Lower House. If this unaccountable step was adopted on a miscalculation of support, the subsequent unprecedented divisions

in the Commons, on the Liturgy question, and others, most directly involving the character and claims of the late Queen, will shew what a wofully egregious miscalculation it was. To argue that THE EXCESS OF THE MAJORITY over the minority did not authorise the sending down of the Bill to the other House, is to argue against the only principle on which national decisions can be come to. The surrender of this bill, while it has no precedent to justify it, has precedents of the most vital importance to stamp it as unwarrantable and absurd. The long-contested question of the "original contract" was carried in the House of Peers by a majority which only exceeded the minority by seven; and the party in the same House which voted William King, were but two more in number than those opposed to them. Thus THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION was founded on an excess of a majority more than two thirds less than one which was considered insufficient to

entitle the Legislature to prescribe a punishment for a culprit who stood convicted by the first judicial tribunal in the realm.

When the Bill was carried, the verdict of "Guilty" was entire and complete; and while the Peers, as judges, recorded this verdict, as legislators they called on the Commons to co-operate in providing a law that should reach the crime of the convict. Had the Commons been permitted to answer this call, and, in compliance with it, had passed the Bill; since they are not possessed of the judicial character, *they* would have returned no verdict, but, like any body of men who might have chosen to publish an opinion on the subject, would have expressed their belief that the Queen was guilty: they would have co-operated with the Lords on the strength of that belief; while the Lords would have required that co-operation on the strength of their own verdict.

The giving up, therefore, of the late Bill, as has been satisfactorily elucidated, involved the most unprecedented and extraordinary use of power: its immediate bad consequences were the administering of a tonic and a stimulus to the disaffected, and the depressing of the spirit and confidence of the loyal. What its remote effects, as an evil precedent, may prove, I cannot pretend to divine; but in such a speculation, I am sorry to say, my fears would decidedly outweigh my hopes.

Of myself, in conclusion, I would remark, that I have endeavoured in all my writings to seek truth and keep it; that I know no party but my Country; and am content with no suffrage but that of my own conscience; that I have spoken vehemently in behalf of my King, because I believe him to be cruelly slandered; and that I have been wroth in behalf of my Country, because I see at

tempts reiterated to make it the by-word of the nations, and as the region where no wholesome thing flourisheth.

JULIUS.

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P. S. Mr. Colburn would do well to pick a little more carefully the condemned cargo he monthly sends to some journeyman quill-driver for the benefit of no reading, and three lines of criticism per volume. Every author of sense would be thankful for just and gentlemanly censure; but no author of spirit will brook the impertinence of remarks which betray, on the very face of them, a total ignorance of the contents and style of the work on which they are made. Neither the public, nor those who seek its patronage, are done justice to, when two or three dips into sundry parts of a publication, where the leaves

happen to be cut, constitute the whole of the critic's intercourse with it. No critic is exempt from criticism; and when slovenliness or conceit mark his dealings, it goeth hard with the victims of his stupidity, if the hour arrive not, when he shall exclaim, "Woe is me, in that I have knocked my head against a wall!"

Mr. C. will recognize an additional inducement to put implicit trust in this notable scribe of his, when he shall be apprized that, so far as politics are concerned, JULIUS is a sturdy fellow-labourer in the same good work to which his Journal takes every opportunity of crying "God's speed!" The critical world stands in great need of reformation: our literary censors must not only mend their manners, but give better samples of discriminatory talents than for some time past have been put up to sale. The nursing fathers of Genius will be re-



**XXX**

**POSTSCRIPT.**

minded of their duty with a vengeance,  
if they presume to neglect it, to hold up  
the trains of a pack of mercenary book-  
sellers, or subsidizing authors.

**APRIL, 1822.**

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# ERRATUM.

Page 95, *for* Most loyal and obedient Servant,  
*read* Most loyal and obedient Subject.

# LETTERS OF JULIUS.

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## LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

June 9, 1820.

SIR,

A SOLEMN subject is before the British Nation ;—a subject which involves the question, whether or not the Queen of that nation has been guilty of a crime, for which the forfeiture of her regal dignities would be but a minor portion of its legal expiation.

A question, sir, is very often, by necessary implication, a partial conclusion. This position will be exemplified in the present case. That a King of England, in the existing state of English—nay, of civilized society—should venture to arraign his Consort of a death-worthy crime, must be convincing proof, to all who know the British people, that himself is fully



persuaded he can establish, beyond the possibility of dispute, his awful accusation. That fifteen men, of the first rank and education, should; in deliberate council, give unanimous advice, that such accusation be brought before the Great Inquest of the Nation, and should thereby place themselves in the critical situation of responsible prosecutors, is still more convincing proof that some serious—most serious grounds, must exist to command their unanimity, and authorize their proceedings.

That man offers an insult to the British character, who supposes that a British King and Cabinet dare venture to palm on the first and freest nation in the world, a baseless fabric of complotted, perjured, profligate accusation,—accusation, too, rendered trebly mean and iniquitous by being levelled against a woman! and not only a woman, but a Queen! and not only a Queen, but the mother of one whom the world adored while living, and know not how to cease deploring now that she is dead!

It is truly lamentable—it is frightful, to observe the hideous sophistry with which the tools of faction appeal to the passions of the igno-

rant, and with which they appease the misgivings, or prompt the insanity, of the deliberately disaffected. A special prompter of popular excitement is at this moment agonizing to excite civil broils, with all their attendant excesses and bloodshed. Disclaiming to prejudice the momentous question pending before the tribunal of England's justice, he brands "the *enemies*" of the Queen as "guilty of such a complication of gross, pandering wickedness and treachery as was never before brought to light." Professing to abstain from influencing the public mind one way or the other, he panegerises the object of his own interested discussions as "heroic! magnanimous! brave!" "too old," forsooth (when that will serve his purpose,) "for impure desire;" yet any thing but old or uninteresting in his Romance of a journey that the legal adviser of her Majesty, the friend of the people, the inflexible Brougham, denounced, as undertaken unhappily for the country,—unhappily for Parliament,—unhappily for Government,—and unhappily for his illustrious Client!

Surely the question is no ways prejudged by the assertion, that "the Government offered her

Majesty a *bribe* of 50,000*l.* a-year not to come over and face trial;—aye, and that it would have doubled that bribe to secure its wishes.” She—heroic woman! made “the Ministers *flee* to the Cabinet, and forsake their public duty.” Thus is recorded the performance of the most arduous duty they ever had to encounter—thus are they thanked!

“Disembarkations have taken place on the British coast producing civil war, &c.; yet of the three most important upon historical record, no one of them excited such sensations as the landing of our heroic Caroline at Dover.” Can we not read as we go? Can we not see the meaning,—the studied, explicit, prominent meaning of such a sentence as the foregoing? Even the madman who has drawn his royal Mistress into a dilemma equally appalling to the country and herself,—even he, of many deeds and little wit, cannot fail of seeing the sense.—I repeat it, the studiedly explicit sense, of this abominable provocation to intestine confusion.

Because the Queen “dismisses Bergami with a *snap of her finger*,” on setting out for

England, we are besought to conclude that she cares nought whatever for him. Our common sense suggests, that if she cared the least for herself, she would have been very foolish to have brought him to England, unless he could assist to prove her innocence. If she is innocent, he should have come with her: his dismissal seems to indicate fear on his part, or distrust on hers.

Some have suggested, that if the Government supposed the Queen to be guilty, it was infamous to offer her 50,000*l.* a-year; if it did not, it was still more infamous to attempt to prevent her coming to claim her just and unalienable rights. I would ask, is not civil quiet, is not public tranquillity worth 50,000*l.* a-year? Is not the least degree of degradation (compatible with the common interest) with which royal misconduct can be visited, preferable to feeding the democratical furor of the age with spectacle of cashiered, dishonoured, despised dignities?

The riotous conduct of the rabble that paraded the streets yesterday evening may explain to the cost of some the just feeling

which caused all lovers of social order to regret the accession of any cause of renewed excitement to the half-smothered ferocity of a set of men amongst us, who needed the example of executions for high treason, and imprisonments out of number, to check in any degree their undisguised and diabolical conspirings.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER II.

TO THE SAME

June 25, 1820.

SIR,

WITH grief, with astonishment, and with horror, did I last night learn that the Queen had rejected the mild, respectful, yet earnest admonition, of nearly 400 members of the British Senate!

I had imagined, sir, that I should not again have had to open my lips on this painful subject. But once I have discussed it, or rather a branch of it. Then I merely retorted on the factious their accusation, that "the *enemies* of the Queen prejudged the question at issue;" pointing out in that very accusation the proof of their own prematurity of decision. Then I appealed to the common sense of the people of England, whether it could for a moment conceive a largely constituent portion of the British Nation base enough, or blind enough, to suffer a woman, and that woman the first in the kingdom, and the mother of the world's adoration, to go to trial on a baseless fabric of

complotted, perjured, profligate accusation. The sending down of the green bag is equivalent to the finding of a true bill by a grand jury. The finding of a grand jury merely puts a person on their trial, where they are allowed that defence which in many instances explains and establishes their innocence.

Let it be remembered, that the green bag could not go into Parliament without the sanction of the Cabinet Council, and that on its contents, and the legal necessity of submitting them to the cognizance of Parliament, the first law authorities in the land have been consulted. By the delicate and considerate proceeding of appointing a Secret Committee, the Queen, should she be finally sent to trial, will in fact have had the equivalent benefit of two grand jury bills; the first, found by the entire Cabinet Council of England, and its legal advisers: the second, by a Secret Committee of the House of Lords.

They who would serve the purposes of faction, by exasperating the worst passions of brute ignorance, advise bringing the conduct of the Queen before Committees of the whole

Houses, that, through the filthy channel of demagogue dishonesty, they might steal many marches of popular excitement, before, in the nature of the case, any vindictory plea could be put in to neutralize its mischievous effects. They know, too, the possibility of the bills being ignored; and in the true spirit of regicidal ferocity, dread missing the opportunity of making degraded Royalty a thorn of their own planting, and for their own purpose, in the side of allied Royalty. No! England will give the Queen the possible benefit of an Ignoramus, which may keep from the public gaze and gape charges which, even though refuted, or not enough in proof positive to be substantiated, would, in their nauseating explicitness, operate with many, very many, to the prejudice of her character and claims.

How ill-advised must the Queen have been to incorporate, in her first message to Parliament, the very essence of that stimulatory sophistry, which an execrable faction had already disseminated as its philippic to blundering enthusiasm and maniac disaffection. In that message, to the joy of malicious prompting, she deprecates the only course consistent



with respect to the dignity of the Crown, and which would multiply obstacles in the way of disgrace attaching to herself: there she literally re-echoes the hideous misrepresentation that a Secret Committee would be “a *secret tribunal*, that would dispose of her case without herself being heard, or her accusers confronted.” Every man of common information must allow, that such Committees are *no tribunals*, but merely and essentially grand juries; and that not till these grand juries found a true bill, would any indictment go before any *tribunal* whatsoever: and again, that then, and surely not till then, when defence may, according to law, succeed impeachment, would ample means be afforded for cross-examining and confronting the witnesses for the prosecution, or deposing on oath against their conduct and characters.

In a foregoing sentence I have endeavoured to shew the dangerous tendency of conceding the demand for Committees of the whole Houses: another feature of this demand remains to be noticed, viz. its anomalous absurdity. A Committee, for instance, of the whole House of Lords, compelled to come to some

decision, would gravely decide, that the matter should or should not return before itself for trial.

The ill-advised proceeding I have just been exposing was not considered bare-faced enough to injure the cause of the Queen. Having seduced her to treat Parliament and the people as devoid of common sense and discrimination, some fatal adviser has compelled her to astonish the country by a refusal as universally unexpected as sorely and seriously deplored.

The time is come to speak out. Apart from the question of innocence or guilt on a certain charge, the Queen's conduct, since her landing, is obnoxious to the severest animadversion. Did she labour under no cloud of suspicion;—had not her conduct, years ago, been reported by the four Commissioners, amongst whom was my Lord Erskine, to have been marked with improprieties, and to require the authoritative reprimand of the late King;—had she not consented to go abroad, and officially recognized a principle of separation from her Husband;—had not prevalent report given her an ill notoriety;—had she not

forgotten the dignity of her rank in every step she has taken since arriving in this country ;—had she preferred the habitation that Russia's Czar deemed fit for his abode as an Emperor, before the house of a private individual whose politics are too bad for his own professed party, and whose officiousness is their worst annoyance ;—had she sent a message to Parliament that embodied an evident disclaiming of, instead of a distinct association with, the ideas and principles of the factions ;—then might the Queen, from the high ground of such positive and negative vantage, have given Parliament that denial which it as little expected as deserved.

To speak plainly, Parliament dreaded the investigation, as well for her own sake as the country's : their vote is a record time cannot efface, of the impression her conduct had made on its mind. I defy the world to prove that the stern integrity, the jealous gallantry of the British Senate, would give a mixed majority of 391 in favour of a proposition, which went to entreat their Queen to relinquish a jot or tittle of her rights or privileges, unless as a supposed alternative in the true spirit of respect for

Monarchical Government, and its necessary gradations of rank and dignity, to save her from a far greater degree of degradation. In this light will posterity construe the 391 votes of the ever-memorable morning of the 23d of June.

Had the Queen relied on the people of England she had done well ; but suffering her cause to become the cause of the rabble, and the despisers of all authority, she cannot expect concessions which would re-animate the disaffected, and re-organize the retreat of Jacobins and traitors. I blame her not for the mob which huzzas her, or the pickpockets who speculate on her appearance at her window ; but I blame her, solemnly blame her, for the paraphrase of factious sentiment with which she has just addressed Parliament, and for that fatal denial she yesterday gave to the respectful request of 391 of its most distinguished Members.

We must be firm—duty must be paramount to private considerations : from the moment of the Queen's betraying no desire to keep a dignified and scornful distance from alliance with factious outcry, from that moment was her

cause the cause of the mob—from that moment concession to her was *felt* as concession to it. Every point which kindness to the Queen, delicacy, and reverence for her high dignity, induced Parliament to adjust and modify, the seditious have seized on to misrepresent as a cause of exultation and triumph to the Queen. Let me tell the world, that history will record, and posterity analyse, not only the feeling that pervaded the British Senate on the 23d of June, but that agony of anxiety which, from the first, toiled to avert the investigation of the accusations against the Queen. Posterity, too, may be able to discriminate obstinate defiance, which is crutched by miscalculation of expected support, from the noble grandeur of dignified and conscious innocence.

JULIUS.

## LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

June 29, 1830.

SIR,

IN my letter to you of the 25th instant, I most distinctly and unequivocally explained the light in which the never-precedented majority in favour of Mr. Wilberforce's celebrated motion ought to be viewed. I there defined the feeling that produced such an extraordinary unanimity as proceeding from a conviction that an acquiescence in its request was the Queen's only alternative from far deeper degradation and disgrace.

The proceedings which have followed in close succession her authoritative rejection of the request of Parliament, by very significant implication, confirm me in my opinion. On the Saturday refusing to comply with the expressed wishes of the British Senate, the Queen sends down a petition for delay to Parliament on the Monday; and previously defying and challenging

immediate investigation of her conduct, finds an advocacy in the House moving the *sine die* adjournment of the Inquiry, on the Parliamentary plea, that this said Inquiry, which all classes {were so earnest in deprecating, could not but be "derogatory to the dignity of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the Empire."

There are cases where we have but a choice of evils; and cases, moreover, utterly beyond our own control—dilemmas in which no fault or error of our own has plunged us: that it certainly must be derogatory to the dignity of the Crown, that one, entitled to wear it, should be sent to trial on charges of the gravest nature, who can dispute? That such trial, however resulting, must, in such times as these, be injurious to the best interests of the Empire, who cannot see? But have the logicians of faction, the tools of party, forgotten the mere rules of grammar, and set aside all need or idea of the degrees of comparison? Such a course may be derogatory and injurious; its only alternative opposite *more* derogatory and *more* injurious.

I hold that it would be more derogatory to the dignity of the Crown to tell the King, by a dismissal of all inquiry, that his message *should not* be complied with, than, by complying with it, to put the Queen on her trial. I assert, that it would be more injurious to the best interests of the Empire, to administer to the intoxication and triumph of the foes of good order, than to persist in the necessary alternative of teaching them, at the cost of much civil discontent, that they cannot—they *shall not* gain a tittle from clamour without foundation, as senseless as it is brutal and ferocious.

Let it be remembered, the apostles of faction have embodied their forces in the cause of the Queen. So far she is not to blame. But let it be further scrutinized, whether she has treated their obtruded support with sovereign contempt—with marked and meaning rejection. Has she avoided, as she would avoid a serpent, the suggestions of their malicious prompting? Has she never put her own or their judgment in competition with the judgment of Parliament? The facts of the few last hours will afford satisfactory answers to these queries. Sore,



I fear, will be her chastisement for despising those who have both right and authority to advise her, and giving ear to intruders, who have neither legal claim to approach her confidentially, as Queen, nor sufficient sense to dress intrigue in a decent mask. The severest punishment that can be awarded some persons, is to grant them the requests for which they foolishly clamour.

The Queen's petition for time seems to betray some misgiving as to the propriety of the lamentably improper step she took on Saturday last. I trust in God, that from no other calculation which is prominent in the range of conjecture, she begs that delay. Apprized as she officially was, that the moment she set her foot on English ground there would be an end to all negotiation whatsoever; why, in the name of Heaven, did she not, coming in the face of that declaration to demand a trial—why did she not, I repeat it, make previous arrangement for the speedy following of the witnesses for her defence?

She came, not expecting to negotiate, but to have her case brought before the high tribu-

nal of Parliament. Did she, then, wish to be here a time previous to the possibility of her trial's coming on in that way which she insists can alone do justice to her interest? For what could she wish to be present among us that space of time? I repeat it, she was solemnly assured that proceedings would be instituted against her, forthwith, on her landing. She cannot be supposed to have foreknown the turn which the affair would take. On receiving, therefore, the official intimation of the determination of Government, she should have dispatched couriers for her witnesses the moment she resolved on revisiting England, unless she wished, as before said, to be in this country a time previous to trial.

In what an enviable situation the Queen requires Parliament to keep the Nation for no longer than the short period of six weeks! Bad as is the state of popular irritation at this moment, by that time it would be far worse—thus, further unfitted for impartial discussion, it would approach a question which had not advanced one item in elucidation during its own deterioration in every qualification necessary to set it justly and honourably at rest. Nothing is more

likely to be fatal to our peace than delay—nothing more certain than that concession any further would not only be highly degrading, but frightfully dangerous.

Too great leniency must no longer be misrepresented as the cowardice of conscious villainy; a firm hand must grapple with that body of rebel opinion which has been resuscitated among the lower orders, and, as it were, has loaded and primed the physical force of the kingdom for convenient explosion.

It is heart-sickening to see degraded party lending a helping hand to the seditious in a case and on a subject that requires so much of forbearance and delicacy. To assure the world that a judge who is about to give sentence, or a prosecutor who is about to bring forward his cause, should the one resign his seat, or the other abandon his suit, can only be justified where the former is habitually unjust, and the latter indisputably malicious; yet the constitutional Opposition (so called) without the shadow of justification, have the deliberate effrontery to bid Ministers set their sign and seal to a practical declaration of their own inability and

wickedness, and still fearfully persist in pouring oil upon the flame of villain discontent and virulent faction.

This Opposition, which, affording the Queen 120 Senators to back and bolster up her defiance, emboldened her to refuse the request of 391 of their opponents—this minim-minority, now exclaim against that investigation which they have mainly contributed to render inevitable; and again alternative salvo, would resort, not to further negotiation, or any equivalent course of proceeding, but to the offering of the grossest conceivable insult to the Royal dignity, by refusing to entertain a discussion on a Message from the Crown.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

July 8, 1890.

SIR,

THE scales of ignorance being on the eyes of the mob in all ages ; to the mob in past times, as in the present, have civil disturbers ever addressed themselves. The mere mob have just as much right, as they have capacity, to discuss the merits of any, at all intricate, question of national moment. What, in the name of common sense, have they to do with a cause which is to rest upon positive fact, and which, divested of the prominence attaching to it from the circumstances of its suitors, no more concerns them or their interests, than the case of Guthrie v. Sterne ?

The violent outcry which is fomented for the purpose of biassing the grand question of facts before the British people, is no more than an impudent assumption, grounded on no knowledge whatsoever of the possible establishment

of those facts,—that those identical, as yet unknown facts, are a budget of lies. It is a shocking feature of the times, that the ignorant and the abandoned are sedulously taught, and insanely earnest, to put their crude or wicked notions in opposition to the sense of Parliament and the people.

The assumption that the Queen is innocent because she defies and challenges accusation, is right worthy “the silly women” of both sexes. A shrewd discernment, or perhaps a communicated assurance of the temper of these troublous times, according to every present appearance, will, I conjecture, turn out to be the sandy foundation of that “dauntless demeanour” which our “silly women” have discovered, for the first time since the foundation of the world, to be the grand and ennobling characteristic of conscious innocence. With these lack-wit disseminators of disaffection the hardihood of guilt is a contradiction in terms; and venturing the chance, which involves but a small degree of additional degradation in the one event, and the possible consequences of the moral or physical exertions of enlisted faction and party in the other, a

probability worthy only the suppositions of lunacy.

If, sir, the Queen be found guilty, she will be found guilty not only of the charges, as yet *to be* exhibited against her, but she will stand convicted of paying a very pretty compliment to those weak folks who assert she is innocent, because she comes and defies them to prove her guilty. Supposing her guilt established, the action of coming here will speak thus :—" I am assured that the factious will espouse my cause, be it right or be it wrong. Now, at this moment they can muster pretty strong : party, too, will tamper in such a manner as it did a short time since, when it became like the refreshing new wine to a giant ; and finally, I am well convinced there are many soft heads, shallow, good-natured folks, whom the step will astound into a belief of my innocence, inasmuch as they have scarcely the endowment of thought, much less the faculty of reasoning : the strength of this last class of partizans will, I doubt not, equal, if not exceed, that of the first ; and the goad which the middle party will apply to both, I may rely upon it, will elicit a quantum of expressed feeling sufficient to shield me from

the extreme of justice, if not to exact new concessions for me, as I am taught to expect. Thus, at the worst, I can but return whence I come, a little more degraded, but having annoyed, if not materially injured, those I would annoy and injure ; and having converted all the fools in England into devotees of my innocence." Actions speak plainer than words ; and therefore, if the Queen be found guilty, I protest that her motives for coming amongst us will bear neither a less nor an other construction than that which I have put upon them.

Were the times tranquil, and the evil-disposed discomfited, the Queen's coming to face trial, might have a certain degree of presumptive evidence in favour of her innocence ; but nothing short of idiocy would, in the existing state of things, attach to that action the reputation of being unable to proceed from any other cause than a consciousness of injured innocence. Generous feeling and national gallantry may recommend to mercy, without making mercy a stumbling-block for the purposes of faction, in the way of stern and sterling truth.



I was shocked the other day to observe, that a member or two of the fraternity of Clerical Layman had profaned the pulpit by converting it into a rostrum for political spouting.—“My transgression is sealed up in a bag,” proved a very convenient text for misapplication to the purposes of goading on prevailing excitement; and the discovery of it was no doubt reckoned a lucky hit by the *Reverend Radical* of \* \* \* \*. Unless the man be a lunatic, in which case he is guiltless, God in his mercy pardon the poor creature!

That the apostles of dissent should begin to make use of our glorious Liturgy would give me unspeakable satisfaction; but then they must use it as a *strife of prayer*—a weapon wherewith to wrestle with their God. And now that mention is made of that noble compilation of supplication and thanksgiving, through which we agonize for the mercies of God for the future, and attempt to return thanks for his mercies through the past, I would warn religious communities from suffering themselves to be duped by the misrepresentation that the Queen, as a Member of the Church of England, considers herself aggrieved in a *religious* point of

view, by the omission of her name in full, and distinct specification, in the recognised form of prayer. Her proposal to accept an equivalent for that omission will hurl back such misrepresentation in the face of those base enough to propagate it.

That the Primate of our Church should be responsible for an act founded on no exposition of ecclesiastical law, but on an Order of Council, founded on numerous precedents, which precedents were founded on the common law of nature, that a patriarch, or father of a tribe or clan, might remember or omit, according to his own discretion, any member of his family, tribe, or clan, in his prayers to the God of his worship;—that responsibility for such an act would attach to such a person, is one of those sophisms with which shallow ignorance or party-purpose would addle the brains of the people of England.

Out of a perversion of that eternal principle of justice, which insists that "every one is to be supposed innocent till he is proved guilty," another sophism is tortured with respect to the omission of the Queen's name in the Liturgy.

This false reasoning brands the omission with the character of punishment before conviction, tending to engender prejudice against the accused.

An individual committed for trial, is considered entitled, by law and equity, to all the force of the foregoing supposition, till it be overthrown by incontestible evidence. The mere possibility that he may deserve conviction—not the establishment of his guilt—sends him to prison till that trial shall come on, on which the supposition of his innocence is to give him its utmost latitude of benefit, as long as default of evidence leaves it any ways tenable. Yet he is imprisoned on a *primâ facie* case; and in event of an acquittal, seldom has any appeal against the power that committed him—the common dictates of prudence demanding that any one subjected to very grave suspicion, *must* be forthcoming for trial; and, in consequence, not leaving it to conscious guilt, or even to nervous or negligent innocence, to get out of the way of judicial inquisition. The omission of which I am speaking is not to be compared, on the score of hardship, with this imprisonment; yet who ever had the audacity to stigmatize such incar-

eration as odious and vindictive, and calculated to bias the minds of the jury? To labour under a serious charge is that which is at all likely to have such an effect; not the conduct necessary to be pursued towards the individual obnoxious to such charge.

The Council of sixteen, which decided that the Queen's name should—not be struck out—but not inserted singly of itself in the Liturgy, had a *prima facie* case against her, so strong in their opinion, as to make it impossible for them, in any conscience or consistency, to order the insertion of that name in a manner which betokens special consideration and favour, by bestowing an honour it was at their option to confer or withhold. It is assuming that a British Parliament will decide on a *matter of facts* from preconceived prejudices, to argue that the omission of the Queen's name in the Liturgy can operate against her on her trial. Those who promulgate such doctrine, in other words assure us that we are diabolical rogues, who dare sacrifice truth, in *evidence* before the world, to our prejudices and passions.

Any one who will take the pains to weigh these arguments must discover, that unless Englishmen are unworthy themselves, and judicial proceedings a mockery, the omission of the Queen's name in the Liturgy cannot operate one tittle against her on her trial; since the question to be decided not being one of speculation or opinion, nothing but matters of fact can have any thing to do with setting it at rest.

From the Queen's petition for time to send for her witnesses,—being informed that she knows what witnesses she shall need, I am astonished, as I have already declared, that, coming where she was positively assured her presence would put an end to all negociation, she *did not*, on setting out, dispatch couriers without delay to fetch those at a distance—that *she did*, at such a crisis, dismiss some she had in her service.

JULIUS.

LETTER V.  
TO THE SAME.

July 22, 1820.

SIR,

IF the weakness of a cause is to be gathered from the wretchedness of its defence, I imagine the credit of those who prejudge the Queen both innocent and injured, will be found in an odd predicament. These illogical geniuses have of late been wasting a world of toil in elaborating deductions from palpably false premises. They find it *necessary*, I judge, to supply want of proof by impudence of assumption. I will put a specimen upon record of the nonsense for which the æra of 1820, to its shame, affords a market:—

“ *We have heard* that the letter which her Majesty’s Council addressed to the Secret Committee contained most material evidence on her behalf;”—a noble premise for the deduction which ensues, after stating that this “*packed and inquisitorial* Committee refused to receive

it."—" This, then, is a specimen of the impartiality which the Lord Chancellor declared had been solemnly covenanted between God and himself, that nor interest, nor party, nor any other inducement, should be suffered to press on him the expediency of a departure from justice." This, then, sir, is a just deduction from a " we have heard," or " we are assured." This is the sort of catchpenny nostrum which those that will not see purchase, to confirm the inveteracy of their blindness.

Setting aside the immediately *exposed falsity* of the assumption that the letter was a budget of material evidence, we must remember, that had the Secret Committee taken any notice of the communication, it would have broken its faith with that high branch of the Legislature which appointed it. From its very nature it ought not to receive, and it could not notice, any instruction, document, or other paper whatever, unless sent through the channel of that high authority which commanded it to sit *in secret*.

I am utterly astonished that her Majesty's Counsel should, through their carelessness and

inconformity, multiply occasions for the Belials of the Press to put forth, with some appearance of plausibility, their atrocious misrepresentations. I will grant that it entered not into the hearts of these gentlemen to conceive such a misuse as would be made of their letter; but I cannot acquit them of disregard to or ignorance of that scrupulous decency required by Parliamentary practice, and even due to a sense of common delicacy, with which I can conceive very few men of common intellect, and fewer of legal knowledge, unacquainted; and of which none who are wilfully regardless are any ways excusable.

Had the Lord Chancellor advised the Secret Committee to return an answer to the letter of her Majesty's Counsel, then would he have in part violated that pledge which, as a partner in taking no notice of an improperly and untimely obtruded communication, he has in part redeemed.

That men who could be guilty of lying without provocation, and perjuries without end, should libel the justice and the mercy of this great Nation, by proclaiming to the world that



its Queen is *unprotected*, is perfectly consistent; yet they well know, that but for a share of the ample protection which they enjoy in common with that "unprotected Queen," they dare not blaspheme the honour, the integrity, and the justice of the country, of which they are so utterly worthless.

I here consider law as what it is in fact, more the preventing than the repairing power of social violence. Where law is observed, man is protected. There a convicted thief, without a friend or associate in the world, is under a protection more omnipotent than armies, till the very moment he exchanges this world for another. His guilt does not expose him to any punishment which caprice or cruelty might long to impose; after its fullest establishment, therefore, he still enjoys his due portion, and a large portion it is, too, of that protection. That protection substitutes a speedy, merciful death, for the piecemeal tortures of the *holy* Inquisition. If, then, there be any law in England, England's Queen is under a protection none can wrest from her. No matter whether she has acted so as to forfeit all private friendship. Her peculiar case is a case in which such friend-

ship would be useless. The law is her best, surest, and only efficient friend.

With all the rumours afloat that have visited and astonished every country in the world, it is ridiculous to urge, that, were the Ministry on her side, she would not be exposed to prosecution. Mr. Tierney has given irrefragable proof, that, did the Ministry support her, under such a load of suspicion, the Opposition would head the People of England to demand an investigation of the charges against her. It would be treason to the abstract dignity of Royalty to act otherwise ; at least under a Constitution like ours, which recognizes a limited monarchy as our cherished, our only form of government. They, then, who "poor creature" the Queen, libel the justice of their country.

The constitutional jealousy of the British Nation is such, that never did it suffer its princes to be at the beck or under the influence of irresponsible advisers ; and a severe account has it exacted, in an instance or two, from those illegal intruders, who, in perilling the dignity of the Crown, endangered the stability of the commonwealth. The wearer of a Crown, who

gives ear to an irresponsible favourite, equally runs the risk of endangering the security of his present possession, and his right of hereditary transmission. What a pretty hostage for good advice must the character of an adviser be, who is as irresponsible as he is insignificant ! What a "sagacious" dignitary must he be who prefers such an adviser to one legally responsible, and having a character to lose, of vital consequence to his interests and his fame !

The Queen has committed outrage on the constitutional principles of the Nation, by confiding the cause of Royalty to the hands of blundering, if not vicious irresponsibility. The Nation, thus violated in its most sacred faith, has a right to rescue such cause from such hands. The ark of our devotion should not be one moment in unhallowed keeping. In a word, according to all ideas of common sense, equity, and justice, Alderman Wood is, or ought to be, liable to render a responsible account of the advice he has offered the Queen. The consequences of that advice teach us the lamentable, fatal folly, of allowing irresponsible advisers to beset the passions or prejudices of Royalty, thereby breaking down that fence the Consti-

tution has so strongly and so wisely barricaded around it, and confounding the individual with the mighty office he is commissioned to bear. The individual may learn how to be the King, the good King, from the archives of his nation's wisdom, from the revelations of his own common sense and feeling, from the traditions of history, and from the lucubrations of responsible councillors and a free press, without standing in need of one single oral irresponsible suggestion. No Ministry can shut out the people's voice from the ears of a King of England.

I will grant to the Queen's advocates that she is in a high degree unprotected: she is unprotected from bad advice: but, that following such bad advice will deprive, or has deprived, her of the protection which is the only grand and essential safeguard of individual and national liberty, I flatly deny. I do think, as I have already stated, it is due to our genuine English character, that we atone for even that want of extra protection which is certainly due to the state and station of Royalty. We should proclaim by instant reparation that the supreme dignity of our State shall be a holy of holies to

irresponsible advisers. A bye-law of protection from bad advice is an exception only practicable in the definitive case of the sharers of that supreme dignity. Human nature cannot individually be guarded against its own fallibility. Conscience and common sense are sufficient to guide the most ordinary understandings, did not depraved will sometimes smother their dictates.

O glorious day! on which a Common Hall heard its plebeian idol repeat the bann he had just put on the motions of his Queen—on which that banned and barred Queen subsequently joined her conditional threatener, in his own focus of filthy faction! Many a British heart exclaimed, “God pity thee!” on seeing the Queen in the clutches of a special promoter of City cabals, dragged with him through the streets by a furious mob.

They who take pains to misrepresent the Queen as unprotected, mostly wish her to be so. The watchword which will rally the populace they know best calculated to hold aloof the people. They know that protection originates with the people; and therefore they clamour the

*inefficient* mob together to espouse a cause from which they wish to alienate every thing that can be effectually serviceable.

To refute all the sophisms, or ridicule all the absurdities that are [retailed in defence of the Queen, or rather the cause with which she is now amalgamated, and in violation of every thing venerable in our glorious Constitution, would exhaust more time than will be sufficient to bring the momentous question before the public to a decision. A visit to a *Common Hall*! or a *City Linen-Draper's shop*! is "part of the publicity forced on the Queen by the conduct of Ministers." Unless she did so, and every now and then paraded by Carlton House with a stentorian escort of blaspheming vagabonds, what exercise could her "light and airy spirits" have, but that of "running up and down stairs?"

Foreign nations, no doubt, will be very favourably disposed towards the Queen, when they learn that her friends (so self-titled) give them the character of profligate beings, who never take an oath but to perjure themselves. In Italy, perjury is the staple commodity!—

Sweeping assumption! But the Queen has just asked time to send to Italy for the main props of her defence—O, cruel dilemma! in which she must either abandon that defence, or, according to the best logician of her party, go to market for her witnesses in an emporium of perjury!

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER VI.

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

July 27, 1820.

MADAM,

IT has required the exercise of no common forbearance to support me, hitherto, in my resolution to abstain, if possible, from addressing you personally. That forbearance, which was erewhile a duty, I now consider a crime. I held it a duty to the Constitution to evince my veneration for the dignity you share, by keeping a respectful distance from yourself. This, Madam, I *have* done, though misrepresented as prejudging your cause. This, Madam, I *can* do no longer, and I leave to your *recent* conduct the task of explaining why. If, Madam, you *will* persist in separating the *individual* from the *Queen*, common duty to ourselves must compel *us* to separate the abstract dignity from the time-being possessor. In such case, to preserve ourselves from treason to the former, we must reluctantly call to account the latter.



As long as a limited monarchy remains our constitutional form of government, the Regal Dignity must be guarded from the merest possibility of degradation. With this palpable necessity originated the practical maxim that "the King can do no wrong;" and the self-same necessity gave birth to the statute which denounces that offence as high treason, if perpetrated with a fellow-subject, by the Queen Consort, or the wife of the Heir Apparent, which, in the case of any other female in the realm, is defined as merely a civil injury.

Surely, Madam, the wisdom of our ancestors, elucidated by the experience and practice of ages, is something worth: surely it had been no concession to any party to have followed the guidance of that wisdom, and have merged the individual in the Queen: On the death of your great and good father-in-law, you exercised the unalienable right of your station, by appointing responsible advisers; and had you yielded an ear to their counsels, on English ground, at least, you would have abstained from outraging English principles and English feelings. The people of England are not wont to tolerate the idea, much less the

practice, of royal favouritism. Against its evil consequences have they fought, and against the possibilities of their recurrence have they legislated.

If, on the Lake of Como, you felt yourself at liberty to act with the independence of a private and single individual, still, Madam, returning to England as its Queen, you should have taught us to see and own you as such. Mere policy (under the circumstances of your return), independent of respect for our constitutional jealousy, should have biassed your conduct in this respect. In these democratical times, the Royal Bird, with plucked wing and miserable mien, is a spectacle devoutly to be deprecated; yet such, believe me, such was the spectacle that was lately *hailed* at a Common Hall, and a Linen-draper's counter—which was *bidden* to the windows of insignificant privacy; and paraded by the palace it once shared, to the utter violation of every feeling of delicacy and decorum.

What hostage, Madam, can an obscure Alderman give you, for the integrity—it is absurd to mention the wisdom—of his advice; and can

you trust yourself to act upon suggestions emanating from *any* party, knowing itself without character to lose, either for wisdom or virtue, and feeling itself as irresponsible as it proves itself ambitious? Will posterity credit, that a Queen of England, in the nineteenth century, rejected the guidance of her official advisers, of Statesmen and Lawyers, for the miserable, narrow-minded, shallow counsels of an individual, that every party in the State was not only ashamed to own, but compelled to deride? Posterity *must* credit it, for the fruits which evil suggestions have already matured are abundantly apparent. I will do Mr. Brougham the justice to avow, that I believe he would have sacrificed any thing rather than not have opposed, *if consulted*, your Majesty's project of witnessing the *finalé* of a turbulent Common Hall, or visiting a retailer of drapery and disaffection.

And now, Madam, having exposed the consummate impolicy—the *unconstitutional* impropriety—of your acknowledged attachment to a meanly irresponsible adviser, I shall proceed to make a few remarks on the lamentable ignorance of your true interests evinced by those more recent actions which are, I own, a suit-

able counterpart to your conduct on first returning amongst us.

The most ignorant, Madam, and the most deceived, have by this time learnt, that financial necessity never drove your Majesty to South Audley or Portman streets. Human nature is very ill pleased on discovering it has been duped to bestow its commiseration undeservedly; in proportion, then, to that quantum of pity bestowed upon you for your supposed necessitated ill lodgment, will that lodgment receive, sooner or later, unqualified disapprobation. Englishmen have no idea of granting their Princes thousands a year to be spent in a style of insignificance worthy of contempt. I have elsewhere remarked, that an English Hotel was deemed worthy to accommodate Russia's Czar. Temporary degradation was, therefore, by no means necessary to allow time for the selection of a residence suitable to the rank of your Majesty.

Presumptive evidence, at times, assumes all the weight of substantial. A series of actions, which, *individually*, allow of different constructions, or no construction at all, betray full

often, in their mere continuity, the whole aim and object, with an eye to which they were performed. Thus, your Majesty's rejection of the *responsible* advice, which had fain have taught you to appreciate something more than the mere impropriety of returning to England : thus, this first step in your present career, inexplicable of itself as to its actuating motive, is, I sorrow to say, in connection with subsequent proceeding, something like presumptive evidence, not only of the consciousness of a guilty past, but of the desire of a guilty future.

Perhaps it has occurred, or more probably been urged to you, that the latter insured, the former may go unatoned. By the supposed *contemplated* guilt, I allude to a far different—a far mere heinous species than the supposed past guilt. Your action, Madam, of selecting a man of desperate notoriety for the post of companion, favourite, and oracle ; your repeated choice of obscure residence ; your visit to a King-hating—nay, a King-insulting Common Hall, on an occasion set apart by it to give the Sovereign, and his responsible servants, the direct unequivocal lie, on a matter of facts, not one of which facts was known to it either

as to positive detail, or possible substantiation ; your outrage on decency, decorum, and every feeling of high blood and conscious innocence, by putting yourself in the way of being dragged across the path of your Sovereign—just God, Madam, these acts alone have already engendered appalling anticipations of meditated excesses !

Confining myself, Madam, to your conduct since your re-appearance amongst us, I have still heavier charges wherewith to arraign you. I have as yet only analysed that portion of your proceedings which may be called dumb show : I shall now, with regret, with shame, and with consternation, turn to that expression of your sentiments with which you have deemed it *expedient* to favour us. Your demand for the unalienable Plate of the Crown was quite in keeping with the packing it up for exportation in 1814, and an admirable contrivance to produce popular effect. Somewhat to the injury of your credit, both for prudence and plain dealing, your demand caused it to be made public, that the only reason which could be urged, and therefore *was urged*, for not allowing you to take it abroad in 1814 was this, “ it was Crown property on

loan to you, as part of the furniture of Kensington Palace." Had our late King given it to you out of his own private property, you well know that you *might*, and you have given strong proofs that you *would*, have defied the world to prevent its being transported with yourself. After the Lord Chamberlain's entry, which was sufficient to satisfy the whole British Senate;—after your former rebuff in an attempt upon that Plate, you must really excuse me from imagining that you could consider that Plate your property. Forgive me, too, for hinting that, legally debarred from making what use you *pleased* of it—of it you were resolved to make what use you could.

Again, Madam, what consistency can we discover, or rather what inconsistency can we not discover between your petition against the first reading of the Divorce Bill, which informs us that you are aware what witnesses are indispensable to your defence, by begging two months delay to procure them, and the subsequent clamour for a list of the witnesses to be produced for the prosecution? If you do know what defence you need make, as the petition states, why demand a list of witnesses? If you

do not, on what pretence, devoid of criminal design, did you beg two months delay? The goodly rabble of Dover, and the revolutionary press, have supplied proof, both speculative and practical, of the impediments a concession to your unprecedented demand would oppose to the due administration of justice.

Some few individuals, who honestly enough, perhaps, conceive themselves wiser than their King, his Council, and his Nobility, have deemed it correct and patriotic to give the lie to these three distinguished bodies; and, at issue with them on all constitutional points, have approached your Majesty, previous to trial, with assurances of their conviction of your innocence and injuries, magnanimity and conscious innocence. Nay, Madam, the common policy of the great Frederick, with whom you are wont to claim kindred, would have suggested a royal reproof to such prejudging impertinence. Royalty is surely interested in exacting respect to Royalty.—If you could save yourself from trial by pulling down the Throne, a salvation so purchased must involve your own most absolute degradation. In encouraging his subjects to prejudge their Sove-



smile every thing base and vindictive, are you aware that you, a Queen, are fostering these democratic principles which, in their maturity, would un-queen you on the scaffold, that was drunk with the blood of all your race and connections? A Parliamentary verdict in your favour were surely sufficient, and in due season, to expose the conspirings, or compel a scrutiny into the motives of your prosecutors.

Is it, Madam, to go forth from the Partner of the Throne, that Law and Equity are dead letters amongst us? Is the Queen of England to libel her country's justice, by describing herself as unprotected in persecution, the victim of a nefarious conspiracy of appalling powers and virulent malignity? Is she to appeal from the justice and humanity of the most solemn tribunal on earth to the "sympathies of the people, and the potent agency of public opinion?"

Much, Madam, has been threatened on the subject of recrimination; but for a true exposé of the unconstitutional impropriety of entrusting you with such a weapon, I refer you to that celebrated opposition Peer, my Lord Grey.

Neither he, nor any other Peer or Commoner in the land, who values the Constitution, will permit you to offer violence to it, by smuggling recrimination into any portion of your defence.

Neither, Madam, imagine, that were the Opposition at the helm of affairs, they would not "*conspire*—nefariously, foully, tyrannically *conspire*"—to bring you to account before the just and solemn tribunal of Parliament. You may not be aware, that long before your return was contemplated, the Leader of the Commons' Opposition, Mr. Tierney, declared he would not vote you a shilling till he ascertained the truth or falsehood of the very prevalent rumours affecting your character and claims. These rumours he did not accept from Ministers, a green bag, or a Secret Committee, but from mere flagrant notoriety. This Gentleman can inform your Majesty how the Nation is chief prosecutor, when its Queen Consort is put on her trial for adultery.

Could an adulterous Queen Consort have recourse to recrimination, the Nation would be

be wronged—perchance ruined. The Nation, therefore, must not be subject to nonsuit for the private character of the individual. The King must prosecute, not the *man*.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER VII.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

August 9, 1820.

MY LORD,

I HAVE done you the justice to peruse your petition to his Majesty with especial attention. With the good people of England, my Lord, I am at a loss to account for the paradoxical compound of aristocratical gravity, and democratical fanaticism, which is discoverable in this precious document: We see your family rich and exalted, and really begin to express alarm for your intellects, from observing you most directly, most influentially, assisting a party with whom titular distinction is at the head of its proscription list, and property the hintelmark for confiscation and pillage.

This party, with our degraded Queen—(permit me the epithet, my Lord, I appeal to her derogatory conduct alone since her return to England,) at its head, has *prejudged* the King and his responsible advisers “a foul conspi-

racy, a domineering tyranny; which, having persecuted an innocent female for years, has now *nearly* reached its climax of iniquity, by importing a mass of perjury from the Continent, as an infallible wherewithal to dethrone, degrade, and debase the highest subject in the realm, and thereby to shake to its base the constitutional liberty of England, and subject its people to the lash of an insolent domination."

You, my Lord, to the infinite satisfaction of the designing supporters of such language as this, have seriously advised your Sovereign and his Ministers to plead guilty to its horrible accusations. In very sagaciously demanding what paramount state necessity renders the coming trial of the Queen indispensable to the cause of justice, you seem to be ignorant that, independent of the more obvious necessity which you affect to disown, a distinct and unequivocal necessity, of another sort, has been created by the artful conduct of the Queen in turning round upon her accusers with wholesale accusation.

Do you wish, my Lord, to see a sovereign on the throne of these realms who had virtually pleaded guilty to the hideous charges above cited? What would you think of his dignity—nay, of his security—after such a confession? The English Nation might have some cause to canvass its right of resistance, did it behold its Chief Magistrate proclaiming himself “a foul, tyrannical conspirator, who for years had attempted, by persecution and perjury, to hunt out of life the sharer of his dignity and his bed.”

You will, perhaps, inquire what will be the opinion of the conduct of his Majesty and his Minister should the Queen be acquitted? I will inform your Lordship: it need not be the same as that which would ensue should they give up the prosecution already commenced. A law quibble, default of circumstantial evidence, and many other causes, may obtain—as they have obtained—verdicts of acquittal for individuals whose guilt, though not tangible, was too evident. Should a prosecutor abandon a prosecution loudly stigmatized as iniquitous, he would, to all appearance, establish not only an opinion of innocence in favour of the ac-

cused, but an acknowledgment of guilt in condemnation of himself.

Again, a train of defensive evidence, that may prove unqualified innocence of the charge, may develop the very just grounds for suspicion on which it was founded. An abandonment of an already instituted prosecution, if that prosecution be subjected to prying odium, would lead to the inference that no such justificatory grounds existed,—therefore, that foul malice was the iniquitous originator—and its glaring detection the summary terminator of the proceeding. Should his Majesty lend himself to the propagation of such an opinion as this respecting the cause at issue between the Nation and its Queen, can you, my Lord—can anyone—duly calculate the accession of strength he would be thereby yielding to the enemies of our tranquillity? Cannot the present impious menace and gesture of the times convince you, that were “Parliament prorogued,” this faction would attribute to itself the credit of such an event, and growing bold on the idea of having *compelled* the abandonment of the prosecution against the Queen, would with more impious menace and gesture, come forward to demand her

full and formal restitution to the first station in our female society? Concession to such a demand would be unconstitutional and perilous, while the refusal of it would prove a far better pretext for civil commotion, than merely putting the Queen upon her trial; yet these are the alternatives to which your plan would reduce our choice.

What amiable ignorance you betray of human nature and passing events, when you talk of the Sovereign's dispelling the storm in our political hemisphere, by setting his sign and seal to a declaration of his own guilty depravity. Do you wish him bearded on the throne? If so, persist in unretracting obstinacy the apostle of such absurdities as you have just promulgated.

I have already defined the distinct necessity created by the Queen herself, for a persisted investigation of her conduct; I will now shew further cause for such investigation.—For the sake of morality, it must not be experienced that popular clamour can emancipate the female Sharer of Regal Dignity from that sole peculiar liability to render account for her actions which



must ever attach to her. No future Queen must ever imagine the barrier to crime pregnable, from acquaintance with a precedent which shall record its supposed perpetration uninvestigated, in obedience to the popular clamour. The tendency of your proposition would therefore go to weaken the bulwarks against those cases of conjugal infidelity which involve the interests of a whole nation; and make it the interest of the guilty to destroy the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth, by taking sanctuary from justice in the arms of the populace.

My Lord, if the prospective infusement to chastity be a throne, a sceptre—and what ought to outweigh such comparatively minor considerations—a people's happiness and peace, dare you, under any conceivable circumstances, designate the crime imputed to the Queen, "an offence deserving peculiar indulgence, and not therefore to be visited with extraordinary severity?" The justice of this last sentence, my Lord, is only compatible with supposed injustice in the law which denounces a certain species of royal adultery, high treason. Surely you can conceive that punishment which

would be extraordinary in expiation of an ordinary offence, only ordinary and meet in atonement for an extraordinary *crime*. The good of the many has been consulted in that enactment, which makes some possible cases of adultery *criminal*.

I give you credit, my Lord, for sophisticating beyond all that I conceived possible from the ignorance or impudence of human nature in the following morceau: "If the law of England has made no provision for trying a Queen on a charge of immoral conduct *abroad*, the reason is probably to be found in the conclusion we have just made, that such conduct does not affect the State." If, my Lord, the law of England has made provision for beheading a Queen convicted of immoral conduct at home; if it be undeniable that the contemplation of the possibly fatal consequences of such conduct gave birth to that enactment; if it be as certain as truth, that such conduct is equally criminal, and may be equally fatal in its consequences, though pursued abroad; can we, without losing sight of these first and acknowledged facts, and begging the question with yourself, can we, I attest common sense, arrive at the conclusion

on which you have staked your reputation and your sense?

*Crime, my Lord, is the lawgiver's council; it teaches him what laws to make, and how to make them.* If you have honoured the constitution and powers of our High Court of Chancery with any degree of attention, you may know the impossibility of making existing laws adequate to the possible varied need of distributive justice. Does it not occur to your Lordship, that the precedent of an adulterous Queen Consort, coming from the scene of her crimes to *other trial* than that of arms, having never yet been recorded in the page of our history, may account for the non-existence of a *statutable* enactment to meet the exigencies of so un contemplated an occurrence? Can you not conceive many refinements of criminality that ingenious villany may invent, but which ingenious legislation could not be expected to be sufficiently initiated in vice to foresee? Yet, is such crime to escape punishment for want of a retrospective enactment? Its affinity to defined crime is all that it is necessary to scrutinize, whereby to measure to it justly its condign quantum of punishment.

Are you simple enough to conceive, or hardy enough to contend, that the mere circumstances, of place can make an action, which is one and the same in perpetration, and possibly, fatal consequences ; both a *crime* worthy of a traitor's end ; and an *offence* to be passed over without any notice whatsoever ? Would you establish a precedent to teach the possible perpetration of so fatal a crime in such a manner, as, though increasing its heinousness by its deliberative cautionary ingenuity, should place it beyond the reach of retributive justice ?

The proceeding by a Bill of Pains and Penalties, my Lord, is well known to our Constitution ; it is a special power in reserve, to protect justice from violation or evasion, whenever violation or evasion of justice would be attended with dangerous public consequences. It is a part of our known, acknowledged, and practised jurisprudence. You allow, " bowing to the great law authorities of the land, that such a proceeding alone could reach the offence of the Queen." Your bowing, my Lord, is a mere blind, which only allowing you to grant a point which none ever disputed, emboldens you to raise doubts which none ever entertained.—

You concede, the great law authorities are correct in deciding that there is but *one* method of dealing with a certain supposed offence, but very deferentially denounce that only available method "so anomalous, so fearfully liable to injustice," that you exhibit it to the world as unconstitutional both in law and equity.

The necessary conclusion of your reasoning is, that the identical crime which perpetrated on this spot is high treason; perpetrated on that, is legally unpunishable. Such a conclusion does credit to its premises; and will doubtlessly gain you a Spanish diploma, not failing at the same time to cause the University of Oxford to *display* its regret that you, being a Lord, can never be eligible for the Chair of its REGIUS Professor of Logic.

The occurrence of some state-endangering offences, only cognizable by one mode of proceeding, renders that mode the legal, being the *seul* resort. The practice of Parliament is authority for my *observation*. If the King, Lords, and Commons, constitutionally possess the right of legislation, you must make out a

very, very logical case, my Lord, to prove they have not the right to enact a particular law.

With most judicious parade you assure us, that her Majesty has been separated from his Majesty for *many* years, during the last six of which she has resided out of this country. Who in the name of wonder told your Lordship all this? Is he a credible, veracious, unexaggerating man? May we believe you, because you believe him? You deduce most cleverly from these facts, that it is impossible for *any* sober-minded man to maintain that there is a DANGER LEST the succession of the Crown BE tainted." Might a rash-minded man (like one we know)—might any but a madman maintain such an opinion when her Majesty has no *acknowledged* offspring to give possible reality to such danger?

Again, how happy to word a sentence, explained by the succeeding one to speak with reference to the past, precisely as if alluding to the future—again, "*as little, or nearly as little, is there any danger for the future*"—as there is for the past—must make good the ellipsis. Thus there is a little danger as to the past,

according to this sentence; and, according to its predecessor, it is a downright impossibility for a sober-minded man to maintain there is *any* danger whatsoever. Lord John! how fares your *elegant* extract? Folks, Lord John, will not allow even a Bedford to give *currency* to illogical scribbling, and sentences tagged and jumbled together in such a vile manner as to bewilder confusion itself. For pity's sake, apply yourself to the study of composition before venturing another manifesto, which can only make us astonished at, and ashamed for, its author.

There being a little danger, and no danger, that her Majesty has tainted the succession, you very appositely proceed thus:—"The great point of the *succession then*—the *only* one on which the conduct of the Queen is of paramount interest to the State, is *not* (no danger now) affected." The State, according to the *ipse dixit* assumption of this sentence, can have no paramount interest in preventing the establishment of a precedent of an accused Queen saving herself from trial, by abtfully turning wholesale accuser, and invoking the sympathies of the populace to back her accusations. It

can have no paramount interest in proving the seat of the first Lady in the land incircled with a barrier, not only impregnable to suspected purity, but such as *unvindicated* character cannot assail, without of necessity establishing its shame, and being held guilty of a distinct crime, in daring to make an attempt upon a certain state and station, without, in conformity to never-neglected and indispensable practice, producing the title to it required by the Constitution.

Pronouncing that "the behaviour of the Queen *has not* affected the public morals of England;" which positive declaration involves the assumption that that behaviour has been immoral, since what need to inform us, that perfectly moral behaviour has NOT AFFECTED our national purity,—you forthwith contradict this necessarily involved assumption, by assuring us, that "*her friends* stoutly maintain she upheld the royal character." If you undertake to decide between *has*, and *has not*, which is discussing the effects of some cause, you grant the existence of such cause. Well, my Lord, adopting the decision that "no bad effects have resulted from the behaviour of the



Queen," you most wittily propose an infallible method of extracting all the mischief that such behaviour can possibly produce. You couple asseverations of the influence of example confined to Rome and Athens, with proposals of repropagating the same influence here. I do not hint that the Queen would *repent* her crime here, if already criminal; but that unvindicated or impuned, or unconvicted of positive crime, such crime would stalk before the public eye, in either case, more influential by example than in its narrow sphere of actual or supposed perpetration.

Your attempt to divert the tide of indignation from the abstract crime, to the instrument by which its supposed occurrence must be investigated, is right worthy the philosophy of a Jesuit-Jacobin. "The scandal tales of her Majesty's neighbours and servants, the scenes of immorality which are alleged to have happened, are now, for the *first* time, to be revealed by the inquiry your Majesty has been advised to set on foot;" the good people of England are therefore wrong in believing that a notoriety as flagrant as it was infamous, originated the inquiry. This inquiry is, "for the *first* time, to

revealed" what we imagined was well known to have given it birth; viz. scandal tales as notorious as noon-day, and as omnipresent as the air we breathe. My Lord, great efforts—patriotic efforts were made to save the disclosure of the details of a mass of evidence which nothing but dire necessity should bring before the public eye. Those efforts failed—that dire necessity followed.

When you allege that "much distrust will attach to the witnesses" (for the prosecution I suppose you mean), you do it on the accompanying assumption that they are all Italian. Pray, my Lord, what are the witnesses for the defence?—Can you inform me? And on what authority do you exclude the probability that other than Italian witnesses will be called for the prosecution?

How any "political affection which the House of Lords may entertain" can induce them to venture an outrage on public sense and feeling, by a false verdict on mere matters of fact; to say a circumstance took place without evidence to prove it, or to deny its having occurred, in the face of evidence to the contrary, I know

not. On the speculative advantages of any proposed enactment, interest may influence opinion; in fact a legislator may be a theorist; but an individual exercising the functions of a juryman or judge, has merely to do with facts that have—or are alleged to have—occurred, and with application of already defined law to the definite case.

And now, my Lord, I come to that hideous falsehood for which you have to answer to an insulted Country, a libelled Peerage, and a denounced Cabinet, with its Sovereign at its head. You discover “a feeling as universal as the air, that the Queen is *to be oppressed—not tried,*” and assent to its correctness in conceiving “no man unable to applaud its generosity.” If such be your solemn opinion, my Lord,—if you imagine a single individual in England can, by the interference of the Government, be denied fair trial and oppressed, you are a coward or a bad man not to be in arms at the gates of a tyranny which, in denying fair trial to one, denies it to all. The ignorance, therefore, which may excuse the penning of such an inflammatory period, converts apathy under the circumstances it describes into crime: if such igno

name be assumed, villain is too tame an epithet for the profligate it masks.

If you, my Lord, "cannot forget that an example is about to be given for the degradation of a Queen," we cannot forget that an example is already before our eyes of a self-degraded Queen, who is constitutionally amenable to justice, for the conduct by which she has deemed it expedient to prove her title to the Crown valid and good. Look at her Philippics of accusation and revolutionary doctrine, and enjoy the sorry consolation, that in promoting the same cause as her Majesty, you have employed somewhat less violent means. Does Queen Caroline, as you dare pretend, in the face of her appeals to the populace and soldiery—does she, I say, "behave with propriety in this country?" O yes, she has proved herself just the person "to whom his Majesty's Ministers *should* have offered a larger income than that already at her command, to return home when they first heard the sinister reports from Italy." The Grecian Horse, according to such miserable drivelling, was just the thing for the Trojans to admit into their capital.

Parliament, my Lord, in despite of your prophecies, will never, can never “uncrown a royal head without necessity”—plain and palpable necessity. Neither will it adopt the counsels of Lord John Russell, when they tend to pamper the spirit of treason, and embolden sedition to stalk abroad without disguise, terrifying justice from the performance of its solemn and indispensable duties.

And now, my Lord, give me leave to hope you are heartily ashamed of your weak, unconstitutional, illogical piece of self-contradicting, poetical prose : that, closetted over Murray, De Lolme, Burke, Blair, and Blackstone, you will confine your scribbling exertions to marginal notes ; and that, entertaining salutary regard for public scorn as well as public property, you will never again do ought to merit the former, or endanger the security of the latter ; in fine, that you will become such a Bedford as we have long needed and long lost.—Believe me,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's sincere well-wisher  
and honest adviser,

JULIUS.

## LETTER VIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

August 12, 1820.

SIR,

HER Majesty has more than once demanded the right of being presumed innocent till she be found guilty; and more than twenty times prejudged her accusers guilty before they have been, or could be, proved not innocent. The answers which she has *ventured* to return to the addresses which have been presented to her, are not only libels on the English character and Constitution, but positive breaches of the privileges of Parliament. Imitating the language of the basest libellers, she brands her accusers as "a foul *conspiracy* which has nearly reached its climax of iniquity;" "a *tyranny* which, oppressing her to-day, makes every man's liberty less secure to-morrow;" which, attempting "to divorce, dethrone, and debase the highest subject in the realm by an act of *arbitrary power* in the shape of a Bill of Pains and Penalties, should it succeed, will shake to its

base the *constitutional* liberty of the kingdom, make the rights of the nation a scattered wreck, and this *once free* people, like the meanest slaves, subject to the lash of an insolent domination." *Egalité*, sir, required a longer initiation than a few weeks, to acquire or adopt a style of inflammatory address in any degree approaching the ignorance or violence of these combustible passages.

They who have already convicted the State Prosecutors, without judge or jury, find trial by jury essential to themselves when happening to be under accusation. These *politic* folks have clearly betrayed the course of proceeding they would adopt should they gain the upper hand, viz. that, setting themselves above the reach of law, they would brook no impediment to their schemes from an obstinate jury, or a constitutional judge.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to commit a breach of the privileges of Parliament, by denominating the Bill of Pains and Penalties which it deemed fit to forward through its first stage, "an act of *arbitrary* power," &c. &c. I trust that Parliament will entertain suf-

ficient respect for its own high dignity, not to pass over, without signal reprimand, so scandalous an attack on its *constitutional* proceedings in the reluctant, yet necessitated, exercise of its *legal* rights and powers. If it neglect to teach the world, that even a Queen shall not with impunity stigmatize the *just* performance of its duty as a display of "*arbitrary* power"—if it leave unanswered, and of consequence, unpunished, a journalist that barefacedly proclaims the majority of its members "*public criminals*"—the Nation may begin to conceive it high time to dispute its privileges and deny its powers.

When the Queen is daily appealing to the passions of the populace, instead of the sense of the people, it is no time for apathy---no season for forbearance. Truth must out---shall out, and boldly avow, that were her Majesty acquitted of adultery and licentious conduct, she *must*—she *shall* render account to us for the *unconstitutional* act of rejecting responsible, for irresponsible, advisers—for its fatal consequences—inflammatory appeals and libellous attacks; and for degrading, disgusting parades of her Royal Person, in such company, at such



times, and to such places, as would render despicable the wife of any reputable commoner in the land.

It is doubtlessly a striking proof of "sagacity," that, coming amongst her people to demand certain privileges, and prove herself worthy of them, in the short space of a few weeks, she should have accumulated misdeeds sufficient to expose an *unsuspected*—a never-reprimanded Queen, to severe rebuke, if not to severer penalty. I am serious in affirming, that it would establish a precedent most fatal to our future quiet—most pernicious to our constitutional interests, should we suffer the irresponsible advisers, who have had the *unlawful* presumption—the iniquitous forwardness, to worm themselves into the confidence of Royalty, to escape the fullest vengeance of the laws. They should be made examples of, to deter future intriguers from steps which have been, and can never but be, most alarmingly productive of mischief.

Her Majesty has furthermore been graciously pleased to hint "to the brave soldiers and sailors," that she would feel particularly obliged to

them if they would throw off their allegiance to their Sovereign, and tarnish their glory by proving traitors to their country. I would advise her Majesty to be very cautious of the wording of her answers to her addressers, as the same sentiment which is embodied in her reply to the wise men of Common Hall, in less guarded words would be justly construed high treason---yes, foul and flagrant high treason! I must not omit to extend the benefit of my warning to that wicked man in Llocheater Jail, who has just exhorted every Radical in the kingdom to shed his last drop of blood in defence of the Queen.

I give her Majesty's prompters credit for the conceit that English soldiers will become the butchering *conscripts* of a National Convention, consisting of renegade bankrupts and news-vending democrats! An English soldier feels himself a more reputable character than any one of such a profligate horde. An English soldier will be satisfied with the glorious truth, that *he has a Constitution to defend, not one to demand*. He will be proud to see the ark of our hope intrusted to his fidelity; he neither feels himself a Neapolitan slave, nor a soldier

of fortune. Could an English soldier harbour, for a moment, the impious thought of revolt, the knowledge how, and by what men, our army is officered, would appal him from his contemplation. He must have common sense enough to know, that an unofficered revolt would be as inefficient, as it would be exposed to the immediate retribution of a betrayed country.

I still persist in the opinion I have so often broached, that the Loyal have nothing to fear---but their own fears. Combination, and dauntless determination to do justice, in the face of all earthly opposition, are the weapons that must be wielded in such a crisis as this. Vacillation were ruin : undue lenity, not merely cruelty to ourselves, but an act of barbarity to our aggressors.

In conclusion, I would urge upon her Majesty the propriety of dismissing her Premier and Companion, were it merely for the malicious trick of carrying her to visit *Jacob's Well*; the only other female of note, whose name is coupled with that Well, is THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

JULIUS.

## LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

*August 15, 1820:*

As you, sir, very much in point exemplified a few days ago, other high individuals have gone before that tribunal from which Englishmen can neither wish nor expect any appeal; not questioning its powers and maligning its integrity, but in full assurance of the most patient as well as the most fair trial that earthly justice can accord accused man. They hastened to express unqualified indignation at, and supply peremptory contradiction to, reports which misrepresented them as either dreading or planning to avoid the investigation of such tribunal. These reports they treated as the inventions of pure malice to injure and blast their characters. Even politic guilt, sir, would imitate such conduct: conscious innocence and becoming magnanimity could pursue none other.

Wicked cunning must ultimately expose the vileness, as well as the weakness, of its cause.

How little did the haters of Royalty calculate the mischief they were doing their cause by the *traitorous* attempt to kindle discord between our Sovereign and his august Relations: The attempt placed more conspicuously before our eyes the mighty interests, that in the nature of things *must*, in this particular case, *be* pledged for a vigilance, that shall never suffer the highest subject in the realm to be divorced and dethroned without just and sufficient grounds; its failure proved to a demonstration, that that interested vigilance could find no *lawful* objection to the steps hitherto taken with reference to that possible dethronement and divorce. Thus the intrigues of traitors have taught us to appreciate the best testimonial of the constitutional justice which is dealt to her Majesty, in the uncomplaining silence and the co-operating assent of those who may be materially affected by the event of that just dealing. The attempt, therefore, to embroil the Royal Family, has elicited a practical acknowledgment of the utmost possible weight, that neither has the Constitution been infringed, nor law violated in the treatment of her Majesty's case.

The disaffected, to their consternation, have discovered their miserable blunder; yet they still prosecute, tho' with less comprehensive efforts, the scheme of striving to deprive the Queen of the means of establishing her innocence. To effect this, they bid the populace take that innocence for granted; and, acting on this assumption, excite them to *signify* to Parliament that it may dispense with trying her Majesty. This accounts for the paradoxical conduct of some, who, in public assembly lending all their influence to further the avowed object of that assembly, viz. the obstruction of the trial of her Majesty, give it out as a fact, *confidentially* communicated to them, that "it were *impossible* to find her *guilty*." This declaration is made for the purpose of conveying to the populace an idea that Parliament well knows the impossibility of *fairly* convicting the Queen, and, therefore, can only *oppress* or acquit her. Its palpable ultimate object is to rouse the mob to *practical* distrust of the choice Parliament might make between these two alternatives. Does her Majesty expect gratitude from her new allies, for the service she has done or may do them? If they rescue her from the *peril* of being tried by her Peers, it will only be for the

gratification of arraigning her before their own bar: such a rescue, it must be remembered, cannot be effected but in the abolition of the Peerage;—such a bar, it may be exemplified, can only consist of beggars, regicides, bankrupt pettyfoggers, and cut-throat quacks; of every species of public thieves—of the whole offal and offscourings of society. In the Pandæmonium of such a knot of incarnate demons, past service would be voted a death-worthy crime; an appeal to its mercy excite jibes and jests as brutal as they were vulgar and inhuman.

I have spoken plainly, because I see that forbearance in such a crisis as this were absolutely criminal; traitors are abroad and busy in every direction, the Queen is lending them her name and influence, the Throne und the Altar are conspired against, and universal property is endangered; we must therefore not only shew a firm and fearless front, but combine against scattered surprise and sudden ambuscade, and in such combination we shall find both absolute security and unlimited confidence.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER X.

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

August 15, 1820.

SIRE,

THE indignation and horror with which every loyal subject is overwhelmed by the outrageous attack made upon your private character and public justice in the Letter of your Consort, just given to the public, will, I doubt not, be sufficing apologies for an honest neglect of that etiquette which would, on any other occasion, suggest the impropriety of addressing you personally.

Believe me, Sire, in the eyes of discriminating common sense, her Majesty acquits you of that she accuses you withal, by her very mode of accusation. The style of virulent malignity she finds it *necessary* to adopt, belies, to a demonstration, the matter she conceives it politic to put forth; and the obstreperous vehemence with which she asserts her innocence, affords the strongest presumption of her guilt. The



bulk of her Majesty's *paraphrase* of malignity, *ménace*, *libel*, and *sedition*, is a tissue of declamatory assertion. True grief cannot prostitute itself to the purposes of dark and desperate intrigue. We may measure the concern her Majesty felt and still feels for her departed daughter, by the foul company in which she continually introduces it. The crocodile cries aloud to entice its victim to its jaws. What execrations would not have been the just due of yourself, Sire, and your advisers, had you not separated the *female* Heir-apparent to the Throne, from a Mother whose levities were acknowledged in an official recommendation of regal reprimand, and whose chastity was thereby subjected to eternal suspicion!

When a CAROLINE, Sire, denounces law as illegal; patronizes and proposes breaches of the Constitution; re-echoes the fulminations of democrats against titular distinction; denies what were never denied before, the judicial powers of that very tribunal which has ever existed both as a branch of the legislature, and our ultimate court of judicature; then, Sire, it is high time to perceive that she differs from an ISABELLA, not in inclination, but in means.

This is an appalling truth ! English generosity may admit it reluctantly ; but English sense, I will vouch for it, must receive it ultimately. Daily facts are its indisputable confirmation.

The youngster, Sire, that approached you but a few days since with a puerile petition for the dismissal of your Ministers, and the reception of himself and his party into the Cabinet, had not the effrontery to feign ignorance sufficient to hold you up as Plaintiff in the mighty suit now pending. No, in direct contradiction to her Majesty's unconstitutional assertion, he conceded that the Nation, and the Nation alone, was or could be Plaintiff in this particular species of action.

Her Majesty's actions are in perfect harmony with the malignity of the vituperative epithets so exuberantly abounding in her traitorous epistle. Opening with "unparalleled and unprovoked persecutions," this malicious Philippic strings together, like so many beads, the following choice samples of licentious and designing invective—"unconstitutional and illegal proceedings—evil-minded counsellors—oppression and cruelty perfected by a perversion and

mockery of the laws—spies, conspirators, traitors, *Bacchanalian* tale-bearers, calumniators, revilers, notorious perjurers," &c. &c. If calling names, Sire, with Amazonian vociferation, be a proof passing dispute of immaculate purity, then, Sire, is Queen Caroline as spotless as the driven snow.

Her Majesty's feigned (it is none other) fear, that the prospect of a majority in her favour would be blasted by the sending off of unaccommodating Peers to their "regiments, governments," &c. is most admirably proved to rest on a good foundation, by the very peremptory call of their Lordship's House; and the suggestion that new Peers may be created to vote on a question of facts, part of which facts they cannot have heard, is witty past finding out. Her Majesty, in her evinced reliance on the power of popular sympathy, has plainly betrayed that such surmises are merely made for popular effect; she who gives proof of a persuasion that popular effort will almost rescue her from *just* trial, cannot *really* dread that it will tamely suffer her to be convicted by unjust judges.

Her Majesty has saved your faithful subjects the trouble of following her step by step through her inflammatory labyrinth of abuse, since the weakness of her cause betrays itself at once; and furious declamation, for the most part, usurps the place of even specious sophistry. She has been *graciously* pleased to characterise your Court, for some years past, as "less the scene of polished manners and refined intercourse, than of low intrigue and scurrility." Would to God she had confined her wrath to so palpable an ebullition of unimposing falsehood: we would have held it venial, in consideration of the pang that prompted it; no less a pang than that of being conscious of having forfeited every claim to become "the centre of all that was splendid" in that Court. To give a special proof, I imagine, of fitness for that centreship of incalculable influence, her Majesty avows her *determination* to be present at the detailed exposition of the minutiae of her alleged *defilement* and long series of libentious conduct.

As the Letter of her Majesty collectively is a gross and wicked libel upon yourself, so are its component parts still grosser libels, not only

on the Laws and the Constitution, hit on the Nobility and Gentry of England, and on that English character which distinguishes the entire and proper people. Is it in England, Sire, that the highest subject in the realm shall with impunity protest, that "*fair trial is refused her;*" that "*to her no justice is intended;*" that "*to regard the House of Lords as a Court of Justice, would be to calumniate that sacred name*"?

The conduct of your degraded Consort has been such since her return to this country, that I much doubt whether the distinct offence it has created, be not of equal importance for constitutional cognizance as that for which she will speedily be put upon her trial. I appeal to your sense and feeling, Sire, should your wife be even acquitted of the charge of adultery, could any constitutional Englishman do otherwise than abominate her, after her unconstitutional attack on the immemorial and essential prerogative of the second Estate of the Realm? Would the Nobility of the land endure one who had not only libelled its honour and honesty, but propagated doctrines utterly subversive of that balance of power so indis-

pensible to the preservation of the Constitution and the blessings of a limited monarchy—one that had appealed against its acknowledged, chartered, preservative power, to the sympathies of the populace? Placed in this, its only proper light, the conduct of the Queen cannot but be truly alarming—intolerably disgusting. It is at utter war with the duties, both of omission and commission, imposed upon the Consort of the King.

“Trial by Jury,” Sire, is grounded on that maxim of our Common Law which provides that every man shall be tried by his Peers. In her monstrous demand, therefore, to go before a Common Jury, the Queen aims a death-blow at the glorious principle which is the foundation-stone of “Trial by Jury.” Such an offence, Sire, with Englishmen, is inexpiable by almost any punishment whatsoever. Shall it pass, without at least most severe animadversion, in the absorbing contemplation of another distinctly heinous crime? Will the three Estates of the Realm ever own or endure a Queen that made a formal protest of a determination to resist their sentence, until actual force compelled its execution,—that thereby, in short, denied their

collective power and prerogative of legislation? Just God! Sire, shall such bravadoing be tolerated in silence? Shall it, triumph in impunity? In this *treasonable* protest, the highest subject in the realm sets an example to her fellow-subjects of contemplated resistance to all law and authority. She recommends by it nothing less than rebellion and revolt. After this, it is incompatible with our allegiance to you, Sire, to owe any respect to your Consort. She is no true Englishman's Queen who can wish to arm him against his King, and make him a traitor to his country.

A jot or tittle of concession, Sire, on your part, we should deprecate as the worst of all possibly conceivable evils. It would go to encourage the audacity and to stimulate the energies of traitors. A struggle *postponed* by so fatal an expedient, would only rack the future with *tenfold* horrors. The storm of to-day that prevents the tornado of to-morrow is devoutly to be prayed for.

I repeat it, the *crime* of adultery is but one of many *misdeeds*, for which it is *indispensable* to justice and the true interests of the common-

wealth, that her Majesty be made to give a strict and solemn account. Parliament would almost merit the abuse her Majesty lavishes upon it, should it so far forget its high dignity, as to approach her in any other attitude than that, at least, of sternest reprimand. Should it approach you, Sire, for concession, it would, in effect, countersign the seditious manifesto of your wife. In doing this, it would subscribe to the justice of the doctrine which preaches resistance to its power; and thereby proclaim that power an illegal usurpation.

One feature of her Majesty's Letter, Sire, is so remarkable, that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader. It is that feature which the world's experience has never yet discovered to appertain to any thing but "conscious guilt." It distinguished the effusions of a Thistlewood—a Hunt—a Woeler, and their brother convicts, previous to trial: it characterizes that conduct, Sire, which, anticipating nothing but conviction, prejudges the integrity, or denies the competency of the tribunal that shall convict. Mark this feature, Sire! Your loyal subjects have shuddered at its betraying



horridness.—They cannot shut their eyes on all its tell-tale deformity.

Her Majesty has made a bold venture in defaming the *hereditary* counsellors of your Crown as “Judges and Jurors *chosen* by her Accuser.” Were the interests, Sire, of the public unconcerned with the supposed adultery of your wife, it could not be considered in the light of a *crime*. Accused of a criminal offence, the Public *alone* are her Majesty’s accusers, and possess but one tribunal before which they can prefer their accusation. This latter provision emanates, as before shewn, from the principle that every man should be tried by his Peers; and was ever, and will ever, despite of her Majesty’s most extraordinary and *never-precedented* demand, be considered a benefit and a blessing, involved in and inseparable from the existence of Trial by Jury.

As the Public prosecute, they must know the minutest detail of the evidence, both for the prosecution and the defence. Who, then, will assent to the insinuation of her Majesty, that any part or portion of the House of Lords *may* be influenced in the decision by the prospect of

additional distinction, or the threat of withdrawn revenue? The ambitious, as well as the poor Lord, cannot but feel, in the nature of things, a control propelling to rectitude of conduct, in giving his opinion on the substantiation or invalidation of a charge, the evidence in support and refutation of which all the world will know and appreciate as well as himself.

But a mightier check to injustice exists in the exalted and powerful interests that *cannot* neglect or connive at any injustice done to her Majesty, without neglecting or conniving at fearful injustice done to themselves. His Majesty's kindred are hostages for justice to the Queen. They are as constitutionally interested that she should now be brought to trial, and, if guilty, convicted, as they are perhaps personally—without doubt constitutionally—interested, that if not guilty she should be acquitted. The factious, Sire, paying a very pretty compliment to the sound sense as well as the rigid honesty of your illustrious kindred, unwittingly gave their assent to the truth of this doctrine, in the satanic efforts they made to array the supposed ambition of those interests under the banners of a cause which had vain impose un-

vindicated purity on the throne of a British Queen. Thus will evil intention ever betray itself in the gross inconsistency of its intrigue.

The enemies, Sire, of your Royal Person and Office, find an argument for insisting that injustice will be done her Majesty in the responsibility which would itself be amenable to justice were she acquitted. In that serious responsibility, Sire, we who are loyal see a pledge that the Queen would never have been brought to trial but on charges *almost previously substantiated*, at least most minutely scrutinized—most deliberately weighed and investigated. That responsible advisers would trust their fate to the contradictions, confusions, prevarications, or remorse, of any component part, or the entire bulk, of “a *mass of perjury*,” exposed to the examinations and cross-examinations of a British Peerage, a British Bench, a British House of Commons, and her Majesty’s Legal Defenders, really exceeds all our humble conceptions of what human hardihood or inhuman depravity dare hazard for the sake of ten times such a consideration as that of retaining a seat in the Cabinet. No, Sire, men of sense are persuaded that yourself and your

Ministers as firmly believe the Queen guilty of that which is laid to her charge, as you practically deprecate, by your example, the prejudging excesses of her self-titled friends.

Reverting to the monstrous demand of her Majesty to be tried by a Common Jury, I would ask, what sufficient pledge could the Nation take of such a Jury, that popular clamour should not appal it from its duty, or even warp and bias its judgment? What pledge could it take from it that the high dignity of the accused should not excite in it unjust pity, dazzle it into disregard of truth, or overwhelm it with fear? Who but a madman would entrust to twelve men alone the ultimate decision of a case involving the most vital interests of the Empire? To the chance of their legal science, their knowledge of the main springs of human actions, their distance from all possible influence of any sort whatsoever, who would commit a power of returning a verdict in a suit in which the whole Nation is Plaintiff? And what Nation would accept with satisfaction and respect a verdict supported by such inadequate authority? The high rank, the extensive property, the unequalled education, the constitutional experi-

ence, the numerical consideration, the acknowledged importance of an hereditary Senate, obviate all the exceptions just taken to the policy, justice, or propriety, of entrusting the safety of the State to a Common Jury of twelve unknown individuals. The argument, however, that her Majesty, in her monstrous demand, attacks the genuine principle on which Trial by Jury is founded, will be sufficient of itself to expose the wicked design of that demand, and the superlative insanity that would vote compliance with its request.

An awful moment, Sire, is at hand—a moment in which the craft and cozenage of traitors and rebels must be laid bare to public scorn,—in which the paroxysms of “conscious *innocence*” must be satisfactorily accounted for; in which all the dignity and firmness, and magnanimity and power of the true English character must be displayed;—in which treason, now athirst and abroad for blood, must be sent to expire of the indescribable horrors of utter self-loathing;—and in which our country’s justice shall shew herself able and *determined* to exact condign retribution of those who shall dare attempt to impede her solemn march.

To perform the arduous duties of this awful crisis, I pray God to afford you and your advisers strength, both of body and mind, that as by his good will, the decade of your Regency exalted your country's fame for arms to the very pinnacle of renown, so may the opening of your reign prove equally auspicious to the glorious assertion of the eternal justice of which that country is the ark and sanctuary. Be, Sire, as you have been, the Parent of your people; and though your child be in heaven, your faithful people will supply her place, and in your old age, like the pious stork, bear you, its parent, on its back, and provide for your comforts, till death put an end to all duties save that of weeping your loss. Believe me,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's

Most loyal and obedient Servant,

**JULIUS.**

My Lord, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. in relation to the subject of the Petition of the Queen, &c. &c. I have the honor to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

## LETTER XI.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

August 23, 1820.

MY LORD,

IN my letter to your Lordship on the subject of your very puerile Petition to his Majesty, I exposed (it proves successfully) the monstrous absurdity of the following paragraph:—"If the law of England has made no provision for trying a Queen on a charge of immoral conduct abroad, the *reason* is probably to be found in the conclusion we have just made, that such conduct *does not* seriously affect the State." Your conclusion is here sweeping, unqualified, subject to no exception. Already convinced of its falseness, you to-day allow, that "in some cases it (such conduct) certainly may" seriously affect the State.

How, in the name of common sense, my Lord, could you, in the face of this latter concession, attempt to retain any portion of the former *conclusion* you thus allow to be false?

You qualify it thus : " that such conduct is *not likely seriously* to affect the State." If a peculiar line of conduct "*may certainly !* in some cases *seriously !* affect the State," what rational man would *account* for the want of a statutable enactment to take cognizance of it, by the conclusion that " such conduct is not likely seriously to affect the State ?" To be consistent in error, you must either retain your old un-amended, false conclusion ; or, adopting your new one, retract its concomitant concession.

Again, my Lord, you discover the flagrant falsity of the point blank assumption, that " domestic duties and domestic affections *alone* are of power"—(O powerless sense of duty to God and man ! O powerless pride and worldly prudence ! O powerless circumstance ! O powerless power !)—" to keep a wife *holy* and safe from *evil*." Flagrant as is this falsity, it is nevertheless consistent with itself. In neglecting to substitute another word for " holy," when you put " danger" in the room of " evil," you but amalgamate aye and nay ; the original falsity is preserved in the epithet " holy," and corrected in the substitution of danger for evil. Really, my Lord, we cannot refrain from pity



in beholding you acknowledge essential errors both of style and *sentiment*, in such a manner as absolutely to unite both their confession and repetition. For your own sake, my Lord, be consistent even in falsehood—for ours, mar that consistency by acting as you have just done ; by making a list of errata repeat and amend the same fault in the same sentence.

Your quotation from Fox, my Lord, bears upon no case analogous to that of her Majesty, who is put upon her trial by a Plaintiff (the Nation) that may be equally *ruined* by suffering superficial short-sighted considerations or fears to deter it from prosecuting in such a case, as by a nonsuit grounded on any other basis than that of a “verdict,” in its composite and literal signification.

I am, my Lord,  
Your Lordship's sincere well-wisher,  
**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

*August 28, 1870.*

SIR,

THE wicked Journalist who, with that heliotrope of filthy lucre, the excommunicated Cobbett, may be very justly denominated joint executor of the last will and testament of Thistlewood, the murderer, of bloody memory, has prejudged her Majesty "spotless as unsunned snow;" and described the first witness brought against her so beyond conception abandoned, as only to be exceeded in villany by those who had "the effrontery" to bring him forward.

I am fully aware, sir, it is stooping too low to notice a reptile utterly beneath contempt; and should not have offended in so doing, but for the sake of contrasting the assumptions of outrageous disaffection with the deductions of undeniable fact. The cross-examination of *Majocchi*, according to my immovable conviction, has tended to establish the guilt of the

Queen far more than his examination in chief. The *palpable omissions* of the counsel who cross-examined, or rather *bullied* this witness, speaks volumes against the righteousness of the cause he advocates; what, then, shall we say of the commissions by which he grants several main facts in accusation, on oath, to quibble us out of our senses on their degrees of indecency or turpitude? Toiling with labour in vain to make the beastly Mahomet sufferable in British eyes, he grants the damning fact of the exhibitions of such a *black* wretch before his immaculate client, and his being attached to her suite.

Feeling his way again about the *positively twice* used bath, he omits every query respecting the presence of her Majesty in or near it at such a time, with such attendant, though he unwillingly elicits that it was little likely to be Bergami's *place* to do what he did do, namely, to prepare the bath.

When a man of Mr. Brougham's talents spends half his time in bullying a witness to confusion by sarcastic insults and perplexingly repeated questions, irrelevant as insignificant, we cannot help mistrusting the goodness of the

cause he so wretchedly advocates. I was disgusted to nausea at the sneering questions with which this gentleman affected to learn for the first time *Majocchi's* present residence, rank in life, and connections, both of kindred and kind. If the learned gentleman mistook that especial mode of address (the distinguishing characteristic of womanhood when it has the worst of an argument) for wit, he is certainly as ludicrously pitiable as he is despicable.

The answers of *Majocchi*, in many instances translated "I do not remember," can only signify something he meant to convey far different to such indefinite rendering. From the very nature of some of the questions, it is most evident he intended to respond "Not to my knowledge"—"Not to my remembrance." For instance, *Majocchi* has sworn on his first examination, that only such a number (suppose three) were present at such a time in such a place. Mr. Brougham, with all the artificial assurance which, if successful, is to impress the witness with the counsel's *certain* knowledge that that number was greater, questions him thus:—"Will you swear, sir, there were only three present?" and the witness answers, "Only

three to *my* knowledge, to *my* remembrance ;" if you, as you appear to signify, know of the presence of a fourth person, *I* do not ; *I* saw him not, therefore *I* remember him not. That *Majocchi* meant, and expressed what I have just exemplified, many of the questions alone contain indisputable proof.

The solemn gravity, the accusing assurance, with which a question was raised on what he had sworn to as unquestionable, caused him, not to retract his former deposition, but to confine his statements to *his* knowledge—*his* remembrance. His *MI*, spoken with emphasis, and represented as so spoken in print, by italics, would give the real meaning he intended to convey by several of his very properly and very cautiously repeated answers. Mr. Brougham's *art* may be thanked for that repetition which common sense, utterly ignorant of such art and artifice, used as its *sure* and *certain* shield.

Attempts have been made to persuade human nature that it has reversed its modes of expressing its emotions, and that conscious in-nocence, confronted with conscious guilt,

should shrink from the unmoved gaze of the latter,—should retreat, with hurried gait and frantic scream, from its undisturbed look. On perfidious ingratitude its object looks *down* with a dumbness, which expresses the most poignant pity for a depravity it has not words to portray. Ingratitude hurts us: it may break our heart, but it will break it in silence. “*Et tu Brute!*” was all that Cæsar could say to the ingrate assassin! the execrable Brutus! Guilt can never be the *Medusa* of conscious and unexposed innocence.

The Queen's *State* procession through the Metropolis on Sunday, for the purpose of blunting the effect of the disclosures made by the Attorney General on Saturday—her behaviour on confronting Theodore—her *admirably* performed resolution of facing her accusers—her *variegated* parades to almost every hole and corner of this great city—all these speaking facts assure every conscientious man of sense, that but one verdict can do truth and the Nation impartial justice.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Sept. 13, 1820.

SIR,

It is utterly impossible to convey to you an idea of the mixed sensation of admiration and alarm with which I this morning learnt from the official declaration of Lord Liverpool the sentiments of his Majesty on that clause of the Bill now pending in Parliament, which more than any other (though it does not follow, *exclusively*) would affect himself. I say, it does not follow *exclusively*, in as much as I consider it of most vital importance to present as well as future times, that the *wife* of a King shall be a Queen—not a *degraded, unqueened, despised, and avoided* woman.

The idea of degrading a Queen Consort, and still allowing her to remain the wife of a King, is monstrous beyond all precedent of anomaly. Such idea is at irreconcilable variance with every principle which forms the basis or bul-

work of a Constitution whose keystone is a limited monarchy. That the generous patriotism of our illustrious Sovereign should give birth to such an idea excites my most unqualified approbation; but that the Cabinet wisdom of a British Ministry should announce it to the Nation with any other view than for the justification of the most unjustly-aspersed individual in his whole dominions, King George the Fourth, I must avow, gives me some visitings of alarm. That alarm would be great were I, as many others have proved themselves, unable to appreciate the wisdom and the chivalrous sense of honour that form the essential characteristics of the Nobility and Gentry of England. Every pickthank rascal, whose blood is base, and whose occupation that of a bully, finds it convenient to join the ignorant outcry against the private character of a Sovereign, the whole of whose regency and reign has been one decade of national glory and improvement.

I have been accused, sir, of vehemence: I glory in such accusation. I cannot—I will not stand tamely by, to hear wretches whom every allowance for human weakness would still leave black as sin, not only denying any allowance



whatsoever to the object of their impious detestation, but aggravating his venial errors into unpardonable offences. Without one redeeming virtue themselves, they would have us fancy their hideous counterpart on the throne. Genuine good-heartedness, generosity, princely polish, the highest sense of what is liberal and magnanimous, the purest parental affection, all—all that adorns our victorious Sovereign, as a King, a Courtier, or a Man, they would fain consign to the oblivious pool of their lying blasphemies. When

“The muck-worm miser’s lucrous rage”

shall have awarded to him a retribution more appallingly terrific than ever Dante dreamt of—when Cobbett and Hone shall not even live in their sacrilegious attempts on the Temple of our Liberty, in their code of demoralization, whose laws can only be put in execution by the stiletto and guillotine;—when they—the accursed! at whose bed-foot Thistlewood and his gang make their haunt in vengeance, shall have joined the eternal crew of weepers and wailers and gnashers of teeth—when these shall have passed from the livelong perpetration of atrocious crime to its condign punishment; then,

sir, shall justice be done to the character of our King. Then shall the Regency be on record, and the Fourth George make a star of the first magnitude in the Pleiades of great and glorious British rulers. My picture may be impassioned, since traitors have aroused my feelings, but I attest truth, that I utter not a syllable I do not believe. I know my King to be vilely, cruelly slandered—I behold him greatest among the Kings of the earth—I mark him as patriotically magnanimous as I see him by nature and education consistently brave.

But to return to the subject of Degradation and Divorce: I hold that in the case of a Queen Consort, it is constitutionally *impossible* to separate the former from the latter. Though the written law may not be definite on the point, by most palpable implication it involves the legal impossibility. I aver our law knows of no crime which recrimination can shield from justice. Adultery in a Queen Consort has very necessarily and very anciently been legislated a crime; recrimination can therefore make no title of its defence. But wherefore has such adultery been legislated a crime? Indisputably, for fear of its possibly dreadful conse-

quences. These consequences may be either immediate, in the fruit or contaminating example of the crime ; or involved, in the precedent it may establish, to embolden its future perpetration, which perpetration may be attended with those immediately dreadful consequences. Is the possibility, however, of such dreadful consequence at all diminished by the local circumstances of the crime, or the birth of the *male* party concerned in its participation in this corner of the globe rather than in that ? By no manner of means. The same principle, then, which made the act of a Queen Consort's adultery with a fellow-subject the highest of capital crimes, would be antagonist to itself were it to treat as any other than criminal the same act, whose possible consequences are precisely the same, because, forsooth, the scene of its commission, by chance, or by more aggravating ingenuity of selection, was pitched on these particular spots rather than on those, and the *male* party necessary to its consummation a foreigner instead of a fellow-subject.

The act with which her Majesty is charged, both in quantity and quality, is to a certain act, by statute a crime, and moreover a death-

worthy crime, "as same to same, as self to very self;" if the one therefore be criminal, so too must be the other. According, however, to our modern jurisconsults, we are to consider every *technical* defeat of justice, not as a particular event unprovided for, because never preceded or never expected, but as a possibility, obvious to foresight, but too insignificant for preventive or remedial provision.

The lawgivers of the noble house of Bedford, with the drivellers of the licentious press, propose, in their absolute wisdom, to give a premium on universal crime, by making its *positive* instead of its *possible* consequence the criterion of amenableness. In promulgation of so laudable a scheme, they denounce the inutility, nay, the wickedness of agitating the question of the innocence or guilt of the Queen, though coming to demand her share of the Throne, in as much as, if even guilty, her guilt has no fruit, and was perpetrated in a foreign sphere. Hear their words: "The great point of the succession—the *only* one on which the conduct of the Queen is of paramount interest to the State, is not affected." And again; "Of what consequence is it to the nation, that an old woman past child

bearing, and a man on the verge of sixty, should continue linked together or not?"

The practical effect of acting in compliance with the doctrine here first broached, would go to encourage the perpetration of the particular crime so alarmingly dangerous to the State, as it were foolish to take cognizance of it, unless "the succession were tainted." The principle of the latter query is simply founded on the admirable conceit of giving licence to old age, and thereby incurring the risk of presenting to the eyes of society, the most demoralizing—the most contaminating of all conceivable examples.

To avert one's eyes from the exposure of such nauseating—such arrant sophistry, I will suppose a particular objection which the friends of the Queen might found on a general concession. Lord John Russell, for instance, shall announce—I have already come forward with three or four bungling concessions, in which I have made the confession of an error the vehicle of its re-commission. I concede furthermore, that I *might* be wrong in attributing the want of a statutable enactment, for the particu-

lar species of adultery now under Parliamentary cognizance, to the lawgiving foresight which, by passing it over in silence, declared "it could not be injurious to the State;" I say, *argumenti gratia*, I MIGHT be wrong, though I AM not. Well, if I be wrong, the laws are deficient; make, therefore, a supplementary law, but, for salvation's sake, give up your pending, retrospective, *ex post facto*, monstrous, unconstitutional, Jacobite anomaly. I! Whig I! and the "Whigs have mighty influence, though no power,"—I, the representative of "a feeling as universal as the air," in its name, and on its behalf, beseech you!

Thus, by noble sciolists and profligate editors, one of those sophistries which outrage common sense, is daily bandied about to persuade us that it is unconstitutional to legislate, in any degree or on any emergency, with a retrospective effect. Till crime shall have filled up the measure of its iniquity, till its ingenuity shall have exhausted its resources, cases must now and then occur, in which *ex post facto* laws are not only expedient, but indispensable. Such laws are well known to the Constitution in the *immemorial* practice of Parliament, with

respect to bills of divorce, impeachment, &c. &c. The criterion of the justice or injustice of an *ex post facto* law is simply this, does it or does it not affect any individual for any deed of omission or commission which he could not know at the time he performed it to be anywise improper, either from its analogy to, or identity with, any other deed well known by reason or rule to be improper and punishable? In other words, whether the law *ipso facto* makes the crime, or the crime makes the law. Apply this test to the case of the Queen, and let it be asked whether, if guilty of what is laid to her charge, its *identity* with that which is so often punished with degradation and divorce, and its analogy almost amounting to identity with that, which for ages has been held worthy of the most ignominious of deaths, be not ample justifications for preventing justice from being defrauded, by supplying a technical deficiency with a retrospective provision. Till it can be proved that the Queen did not know that adultery was any thing but an innocent, moral, and never-punished or punishable amusement; and in her peculiar situation, any thing but legal; till this can be done, it is worse than idiocy to

argue the hardship of calling upon her to give account of her alleged misconduct.

Having incontrovertibly proved, that, with the manifold warnings upon which she could not shut her eyes, the Queen has no pretext to complain of hardship in the retrospective operation of the pending Bill, it only remains to shew the imperative necessity for the Bill itself. This necessity is created by the Queen, in as much as, overwhelmed with a load of suspicion, she comes forward to demand that rank and station of incalculable influence, which unvindicated conjugal fidelity is forbidden. Why it should be so forbidden must be obvious to the commonest understanding: not only must the succession be neither immediately or *remotely* endangered, or even open to suspicion, no precedent of impunity emboldening any future Queen Consort so to act—so to *imitate*—as to risk or render suspected the purity of the royal blood; but the public morals must be saved the infectious contamination of female infidelity, exerting the influence and patronage of highest place to promote that licentiousness which, in becoming fashionable, shall save itself from singularity; which, emanating from what ought



to be the seat of chastity, shall afford loose desire the stimulants of comparison and countenance to cherish its infancy and bronze its maturity. Many things must be done in this age, to prevent the coming age from appealing to their not having been done.

Much has been urged by the promulgators of the relaxed code of national morality on the *compulsion* to impurity which her Majesty has experienced. She herself depicts her exile from the roof of her husband, with a child in her arms, in colours that array him as a monster, and herself as the most forlorn of her sex; what if they who are not disposed to believe one who makes no scruples of propagating falsehoods—what if they point to passing facts for a confirmation of this assertion, that the Queen rendered herself intolerable to the refined taste and sensitive honour of her husband,—that *she* robbed *him* of the comforts of matrimony, by manners that were insufferable, and levities that were soul-harrowing. The thing all bronze that a certain female now takes such pains to prove herself, cannot have deteriorated in such a rapid ratio as to have *ever been an amiable, obedient, endearing, or endurable wife.*

In the face of God and my country I solemnly protest, that knowing what I do of the respective characters and capabilities of our King and his degraded Consort, I can safely avow, that if either of the two has been *driven*, since their union, into immoral conduct, it is the former whom I again pronounce as the only party *robbed* of the rights and comforts of matrimony. And this is the *King* to whom, with worse than Roman severity, it is proposed to leave bound the dead carcase of kindred Royalty ! The thought is monstrous—it is intolerable. What a hideous spectacle would such a sight afford to the world ! what a laughing-stock to the grinning Jacobins, who are actively, and with some success, pursuing the Satanic purpose of converting the whole earth into a charnel-house of anarchy. Religion, which is sent to bring peace and good-will amongst men, can never patronize a transaction which would strengthen the audacity and means of the sworn levellers of every gradation in life; the pledged decomposers of human society.

I should hold in uttermost contempt the intellect of that man, who, if the Queen be proved guilty and sentenced to be unqueened,

would advocate the rejection of the clause providing for the divorce, not merely of a Queen, but *such* a Queen. The unnatural features of her guilt—(I am supposing it proved, for argument's sake)—its passing hideous character, its chronic depravity; all that hestial peculiarity to which no ill treatment were possible provocative, no neglect admissible palliation; all this, I say, makes out a *special* case, which I conceive would warrant granting the relief of divorce to any, even private, individual, under similar circumstances, though his gallantries or cruel conduct were as glaring as the noon-day. The principle on which recrimination is founded is, that a husband's infidelity disentitles him to a divorce from an unfaithful wife, whose transgression may be laid to the charge of his neglect or cruelty. Whether a transgression, perpetuated by adulterous intercourse and *licentious conduct* for years, and the shocking *peculiarities* of which can never be justly laid to a husband's charge, comes within the operation of the principle just laid down, is for those whom it may concern to inquire.

One assertion I am bold to conclude with, it is this—that an adulterous Queen Consort is,

and ever must be, a public criminal: no technicality or contrivance that may save her head can change the spirit of the law; which unequivocally denounces her the greatest of criminals. The letter of the law may not come up to the spirit, or rather, the humanity of the age may find in its general indefiniteness an escape from putting in force its full severity; but in legislating a mitigated penalty, it sets a seal to the *criminality* of the offence for the punishment of which it is provided. If, therefore, the Queen be guilty, *she is*, by the spirit of the law, and by the acknowledgment of Parliament, a criminal. I put it to the common sense of the country, then—I put it to its pride—I put it to its prudence, whether it would not be improper, disgraceful, and impolitic, to suffer its King, who marries for its interest, and not according to his own inclination, to remain the husband of a public criminal, the yokefellow of a state culprit.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

October 10, 1820.

SIR,

I AM scarcely recovered from the vertigo of horror in which I dropped the speech of her Majesty's Attorney General from my hands, to be able to address you on the tendency of that outrageous compilation of sedition and menace. He, sir, who should induce old Charon to ferry Arthur Thistlewood to the land of the living by a promise of a more than equivalent consideration, in one who promulgates that clientage has claims upon advocacy for treason and civil confusion, would do our distracted country a service past all calculation. Are these times, sir—is this a fit crisis in which to practise what it is profanity to preach,—to aver that “an advocate knows no one on earth but his client; that to save him by *any means* is he bound; that separating his duty from his patriotism he must go on, reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy fate to involve his country in confusion?” A father's

yearnings, sir, knew another in the world beside his *son*, when Brutus gave the signal for execution—that other was his country ! Martyrology, sir, has registered “ my country ” in characters of blood, an idol to which one should do eternal homage, an object to be revered beyond the grey hairs of a parent, to be cherished beyond the wife of one’s bosom, to be worshipped next to God. Yet is there a tie superior to all these, a tie stronger than kindred, indissoluble as eternity ! That tie exists between an advocate and his client ; it is created by a fee ! Such is the doctrine of her Majesty’s chief legal adviser ; and had not man set it abroad, one would have exclaimed—Devil had.

Would it astonish the world, sir, to detect perjury in the progress of a defence, whose opening oration defined the duties of advocacy as illimitable, paramount to those of truth, feeling, or patriotism ; and in the worst language of atrocious threatening, predicted the annihilation of the Judges and Jury, should they dare venture to return a verdict of guilty ?

By marshalling the assumed consequences of conviction in terrifying array on the behalf of

acquittal, does not Mr. Brongham betray a consciousness that for the issue he craves, it is useless to address the justice, it is imperative to appeal to the fears of those who are to acquit or condemn? How discreditable to his ingenuity, how treacherous to his assertions, the vain, the belied boast of rejecting the high ground of recrimination, for the still higher ground of innocence! He recriminates, when in significant mysticism he envelopes a threat of recrimination, a "God forbid" its necessity; such conduct is more cruelly slanderous, more brutally unjust, than direct falsehood, or downright perjury. The latter may be contradicted; the former, like a shadow, cannot be grasped. Granting him, however, to have taken the higher ground of innocence, how long does he keep it? Out of his own mouth shall he answer this question. Imploring their Lordships to save their Country from "a civil war," he proceeds---"You stand on the brink of a precipice---you may go on in your precipitate career---you may pronounce judgment against the Queen, but it will be the last judgment you will ever pronounce. Her persecutors will fail in their object, and the ruin with which they

seek to overwhelm the Queen will return to overwhelm themselves. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors that await it—save yourselves from impending ruin.” Enough!

To return to the anathema and prediction above mentioned ; I would ask, is it an impossible case that, coupled with a biassed and interested miscalculation of the temper of the times, they might assure perjury to the hardened pitch for which it may contemplate more than the extravagance of promise, in the fully-expected case of triumph; and popular protection, with amplest reward, in the little-contemplated case of defeat ? You will perceive, sir, I am making an allusion ; I cannot forbear from so doing.

Majocchi’s “these things are quite new to me,” bears the stamp of a simplicity that knows not a lie. I trust that some of the witnesses for the Queen are not what they would fain prove Majocchi ; but I cannot help suspecting them. The balance of inducement to hazard any thing, I conceive to be on the side of those, whose eyes having been directed to the tumult excited



for the Queen, are kept in utter ignorance of the sentiments of the real people. Prominent among such persons must be many of the witnesses for the Queen.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XV.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

November 1, 1820.

MY LORD,

I HAVE just read, with astonishment and regret, your very unqualified declaration, "that you were determined to vote against the Bill now pending in Parliament, on principles which you had frequently stated to the House." Were you, my Lord, sitting as a Legislator alone, such a declaration might be proper and appropriate; but have you forgotten, my Lord, that, bound by the oath and honour of a Peer of England, you conjoin at this moment the character of Legislator and Juryman? The country, my Lord, demands an aye or nay from your lips, on the vitally important question of the guilt or innocence of the Queen. It will not tolerate any evasion of an express verdict on that point.

What, my Lord, have the principles so often stated, to do with the substantiation or non-

substantiation of the charges against her Majesty? Beware, my Lord, of attempting to escape from the grievous duty of exposing the conviction of your conscience, by expressing hostility to the mode of investigation through which that conviction has been implanted. An unqualified vote against the second reading of the Bill, given from any other consideration whatsoever but that of an absolute conviction that the charges against the Queen have not been proved, would involve the giver in a violation of his oath, a breach of his honour, and an utter dereliction of his duty to his King and his Country.

The expediency of the Bill, my Lord, you may debate ; its conformity to the spirit and letter of the Constitution you may question ; in Committee its clauses you may discuss ; but nothing, my Lord, ought to shield you from rendering an express verdict on the alleged criminality of our accused Queen. Unless you, my Lord, and your party, do this, you will neither mete justice to your King and Country, nor acquire credit to yourselves : a protest may register your dislike of the mode and manner of searching after the truth, but a verdict—

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(mark that word, my Lord!)—a verdict must record the result of that search.

You and your followers are now sufficiently warned; and if party **MUST** prevail, to the prevention of entire unanimity with your political opponents, a special and *explicit* verdict alone can in anywise satisfy an anxious and deeply interested people.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XVI.

## TO THE QUEEN.

*November 27, 1820.*

## UNHAPPY CONVICT,

TILL guilt be stripped of its audacity, it is morally impossible that it should command the tender offices of commiseration. Were your loins girt about with sackcloth, and yourself in the dust, we should pity the penitent, and administer consolation to the broken of heart. But when a convicted criminal dares us to our teeth—when she defies God and man to make warning of her atrocious misconduct;—when, with the hectoring of an Amazon, and the impudence of a Gascon, she beards on his very throne her injured Sovereign and Husband, then is it high time to lift the robe that enshrouds the leprosy beneath, to depict sin in its worst colours, to brand it by its most appropriate names.

Under this oppressive conviction, Madam, I feel myself compelled to satisfy the scruples of

conscience in preference to those of delicacy ; and in the crisis of my country's peril to tell the world, that thou art the sinner. Could I speak in Indian thunder—could I make high Heaven the wall on which, in characters of flame, to trace the warning I would give ; then should your eyes behold, then should your ears hear the awful word—beware ! “ God will not always be mocked,” therefore beware ! He may send his Nathan, or Himself come down to fill the Temple with his presence ! Though an avenging Deity might stay his two-edged sword on the threshold of the Saviour's tomb—though the efficacy of the atonement might lintel-mark a Passover on the gates of the holy sepulchre—though the sanctuary which was profaned might with success plead impunity for the profanation, hope not, child of earth, ever insolently to brave Heaven—trust not to make the horns of the Altar a panoply from the due punishment, while you desecrate them to the sacrilegious ostentation of all the hypocrisies of profligate and hardened guilt.

Princess, I shudder for you !—would to God you shuddered for yourself ! I feel the burthen of an appalling presentiment, that the end of

such characters cannot be like the end of others. The *impious solemn mockery* to which you are pledged to lend yourself on Wednesday next, fills the minds of men with unspeakable horror. The projectors of it they know not how sufficiently to execrate; at the victim they gaze with an indescribable something of uneasiness, which it is out of the power of language to define: the City mourns, the Country mourns, yet their Queen exults.

The Saturnalia, Madam, to which your sorceries have given birth, make the pastime of a horde of incarnate demons, whose only exciting rallying cry is, "Blood and plunder!" whose chief encouragers, those adepts at miscreancy and gallows-scaping, a blaspheming vender of treason, and a hoary bankrupt swindler. These miscreants, and others of their class, should have been hung by the neck years ago. Had they died the death they have long deserved, many of their deluded disciples would still have been alive. Dream not, however, that a master-spirit will be long wanting to assert the good cause of old England, to confound your accursed witcheries, and for ever exorcise the evil spirit of seditious disaffection. Your con-

duct, Princess, is enough to excite the very stones to mutiny !

Princess ! if resolute to hazard your own perdition, bestow, at least, one thought on those whom it seemeth good unto you to denominate your faithful, generous people. For their sakes abandon your impious intention. Persist in your present determination—pursue your present line of conduct, and I cry Treason ! stark staring Treason ! England from shore to shore will lift up the shout—Treason ? Europe and the world will re-echo—Treason ! and signs upon earth, and signs from heaven, will thus record the accusation—Blasphemy and Treason ! Do you conceive the Almighty circumscribed in his means, and that he needs another Peter to call down vengeance on another Sapphira ? Dare you enter the House of God with a lie in your mouth ?---will not the shrine tremble ?---will not inanimate nature quake ?---will not the hair stand on end on men's heads ?---will not the chill silence of awful portent come over them ? ---will any thing but the “ Oh ! spare her yet a little longer,” of a crucified Redeemer, check the thunderbolt of heaven in mid errand to avenge the cause of the righteous Ruler of the



Universe? Though invisible, the Deity is omnipresent. He himself will administer the oath to his creature. Will that creature hurl perjury in the face of her Creator? The bare conception makes my limbs tremble—my hand can scarcely retain the pen—I am appalled at the truths I have been compelled to tell—I am terrified at my own thoughts. There is but one way to avert the outpouring of the vials of Almighty wrath—that one and only way is by humiliation and *confession* and prayer.

Princess! though truth may be unpalatable, it must ultimately be all-prevailing. For the honour of God; then, and the peace of your country; for your own sake, and the sake of those you have mistaken for your friends; by all your fears of hell, and by all your hopes of heaven; finally, by its possibly awful catastrophe—I warn you from the intended consummation of the *impious solemn mockery*.

JULIUS.

## LETTER XVII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

April 30, 1821.

SIR,

THE *necessary* consequence of repealing the Usury Laws would speedily show itself, in raising the interest of money, so that its minimum would *never* be under 10 or 12 per cent.; its maximum never subject to limitation or control. The immediate effect of such repeal would be the creation of a new article of commerce, a new commodity for speculative trading. Money, which had hitherto existed as the more common representative or measure of value, would, under the contemplated change, co-exist as a commodity *generally* subject to be bought and sold. As the former, a pound note would go for and represent twenty shillings; as the latter, would *sell* for the maximum price, which would vary, and be determinable in almost every particular instance by the distress and necessity of the buyer.

Money, as a commodity becoming necessarily more valuable than money as a mere measure of value, from saving, by its direct value, the intermediate contingencies, risk, and trouble, of ordinary barter; and becoming also, of all other commodities, the species most peculiarly subject to extraordinary speculation and exorbitant profit, it would follow, in the very nature of things, that every one who should possess it, would attempt to employ it in its most profitable character. This attempt would not only prevent the future investment of capital as heretofore, but, what would be far more destructive of the national prosperity, would draw it off from its present multifarious employment. It would cause an universal calling in of all principal now out at legal interest on mere understanding as to the time of repayment, or whose period of loan was expired, and introduce a practice, on the part of lenders, of granting the shortest possible leases, to the eventual ruin of the necessitous; who, like vessels in distress, would be *compelled* to accept the terms of the avaricious pilot.

It may be asked, as my arguments tend to prove there will be a host of lenders, with what

consistency can I insist that the minimum of interest will never sink below 10 or 12 per cent.? It must be answered, that borrowers or buyers of money, from a thousand every-day circumstances of pride, precaution, necessity, distance, and bad security, would never have the run of the loan market, supposing such a market could exist: competition of sellers can never protect purchasers so peculiarly situated; such competition, therefore, not being encouraged, because not admitting of encouragement, could never exist. Almost every purchase of money, then, would be a privy dealing—a contract with a petty monopolist, who could influence price by withholding his commodity when indispensable to the necessitous individual who knows of no other *available* market wherein to buy.

Money, however, having become a commodity legally saleable; and many who now by way of annuity give 15 or 20 per cent., having gladly made purchases of reduced offers at 10 or 12, should a buyer pass from a first to a second seller, he would find no disposition on the part of the latter to accommodate him on more reasonable terms; as it would be highly

improbable he would pass on to a third, and should he be so accommodated by him, it would shake his power of demanding a higher price even where the game were more in his own hands. It would be, in fact (as their present demand demonstrates) the interest of "the monied men" to *conspire* to keep up the minimum when the law should remove the present necessary restrictions against the abuse of their *monopoly of money*. It would constitute the business of "the monied man" to extort the highest maximum that avarice could contrive the means of grasping at.

The removal of the above-mentioned restrictions would ultimately work out the destruction of the national prosperity, by destroying the balance they at present preserve between the landed and monied interests, and throwing, like a determination of blood to any part of the body, the whole wealth of the country into the hands of the ready-money monopolists. Who could farm or trade with money not to be procured under 10 or 12 per cent., without raising to an enormous degree the price of the returns of such expensive capital? The present lepers, not cleansed of their leprosy, but losing all

sense of shame of it by the effective operation of a law for the inoculation of a whole tribe with their disease, usurious extortion would become the order of the day: *honesty* and *morality* must bid adieu to the monied world, and happiness and prosperity must take leave of the country.

To such a system would the repeal give birth, that *hundreds* would borrow for the sole purpose of lending at a small advance of interest; and others, who at first had no such object in view, would be compelled to the same course, as the only alternative between trifling gain and positive loss. In case of a war, extraordinary and ruinous taxes must be levied, as the price of provisions, and all other articles of necessary use and consumption, would rise to an extravagant pitch, and nevertheless the price of money be also double what it has ever hitherto been.

Whether Serjeant Onslow will oppose his authority to that of the venerable Bacon I know not; but this I do know, that that immortal sage, in his *Essay on Usury*, most explicitly and unequivocally unfolds and supports those

principles of truest wisdom, on which the provisions against the abuse of the monopoly of money are founded. This oracle of antiquity saith, "It appears by the balance of commodities and discommodities of usury, two things are to be reconciled—the one, that the tooth of usury be grinded, that it bite not too much; the other, that there be left open a means to invite moneied men to lend to the merchants for the continuing and quickening of trade. To serve both intentions the way would be briefly thus; that there be two rates of usury; the one free and general for all; the other under license only to certain persons, and in certain places of merchandizing. First, therefore, let usury in general be reduced to five in the hundred, and let the rate be proclaimed to be free and current; and let the State shut itself out to take any penalty for the same." The discommodities of unrestrained usury he enumerates as seven. "The 1st, that it makes fewer merchants; the 2d, that it makes poor merchants; the 3d, that it causes the decay of customs of kings or estates; the 4th, that it bringeth the treasure of a realm or state into a few hands; the 5th, that it beats down the price of land; the 6th, that it dulle and damps all industries, improve-

ments, and new inventions; the 7th, that it is the canker and ruin of many men's estates."

In the Essay to which I would implore the attention of all those who will shortly be called upon to discuss and consider of the propriety or impropriety of repealing the Usury Laws, each of these texts has its exemplification and appropriate comment. I would again sound the alarm against the proposed sidewind invasion of our social security,—the insane attempt to disturb the balance of the Constitution.—Either immediately or remotely, every class of the community is interested in the preservation of the Usury Laws. They are founded in wisdom, and have been defended by it.

I trust that the minority in which Serjeant Onslow will be left on the question that his Bill be read a second time, will teach him and other wise men of the age a wholesome lesson of deference to the experience and practice of ages: though science may have been enriched, common sense was ever the same, and all must regret that any set of gentlemen should be brought to advocate innovation on principles to



which the test of time and experiment has imparted a character for certainty as incontrovertible as that of mathematical demonstration.

**JULIUS.**

## LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

May 3, 1821.

SIR,

THOUGH my attention is too much engrossed, by a subject of a private nature, to permit of my entering into an argumentative contest with the supporters of the Grampound disfranchisement Bill, I still cannot refrain from giving vent to my feelings at the prospect of its merited rejection by the House of Lords.

The principle of the Bill I conceive to be fraught with danger of the most alarming magnitude. The *transferring* power which it goes to recognize, neither constitutionally is or ought to be vested in the hands of Parliament. To create an idea in men's minds that the Elective Franchise can be *transferred* from a rightful inheritor and his political *posterity* to an utter stranger, would be perilous beyond conception. The Elective Franchise ought to be in no point of view a *transferrable* franchise, a species of

property our Constitution *cannot* know, liable to be taken not only from its present possessor, but his children's children, by way of *indiscriminate* and excessive punishment, and to be *transferred* to a stranger without the slightest pretension to it either of legality or meritorious service. The King's writ may create this franchise where it does not exist; but no power, that shall not clash with every principle of our glorious Constitution, can take it from one body to transfer it to another. I much doubt whether, when once granted, it can ever *constitutionally* be extinguished. Posterity have an interest in its stability which present abuse ought not to extinguish. The delinquent should only suffer in his individual person or interests.

Being at this moment limited as to time, and having already discussed the principle here brought under notice in my essay on the present crisis, which appeared some time since in your paper, I must conclude at once, with

Yours respectfully,

JULIUS.

## LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

May 17, 1821.

SIR,

I VERY much regret to learn that the Earl of Liverpool, in his defence of the Grampound Disfranchisement, advocated the propriety of the *transfer* of the right of Election. My constitutional notions, sir, revolt at the idea of the right of Election becoming any way, but by political inheritance, a transferable right. His Lordship is correct in asserting that this right is held for the public good; he might have added, so also is the Kingly Office. But neither the one nor the other is open to such discretionary use or abuse as his unqualified assumption would lead us to imagine.

The legitimate basis of all representation is property. Property represented is property secure: the security of property is the foundation-stone of all the practical blessings of our invaluable Constitution. I cannot consent to

consider the right of Election, by any means, exercised to the public injury, when it contributes to send representatives of the wealth and rank of the Country into the Commons House of Parliament. What, therefore, is denominated the abuse of the right of Election, is, in most instances, the healthiest exercise of it, as far as ulterior and positive effects are involved.

Though I would discourage direct bribery, I must become prime minister of Utopia, before I would countenance the crazy idea of depriving the wealth of the country of all Borough Patronage, or Election Influence. Such patronage, in the nature of things, ever has existed, and ever will exist. The rich have fewer motives to abuse the right of patronage than the poor. They have also ampler means of discerning the best methods of employing it.

If Grampound must be disfranchised, it would be more consonant with the spirit of the Constitution, that its right of Election as a Borough be extinguished by a distinct Bill, with some proper compensatory provisions for those Electors against whom no charge was preferred or substantiated. The enfranchise-

ment, by the King's writ, of any other place, though a consequence of the adoption of such a Bill, should not create the idea of *transferred* right. The one right is extinguished—the new one is created. I am, however, decidedly, and I believe, constitutionally, hostile to the disfranchisement of Grampound. I think that the want of a distinct and definite provision for the prevention or punishment of individual corruption, is the cause that on its detection disfranchisement suggests itself as a wholesale remedy, far worse, in my opinion, than the local disease. A patient must needs have his leg amputated—you forbid the operation, take advantage of his illness to procure his death, and then give his property to an alien, who is neither kin to him, nor has any claim upon him.

Johnson wisely inculcates that nothing is more dangerous than to "make right uncertain." I am also supported by the same authority where he protests "the law does not mean that the privilege of voting should be independent of old family interest—of the permanent property of the country." If Grampound be disfranchised, two new rights of Election must be created,—one for those Electors not guilty

of corruption, one for the place which shall be subsequently enfranchised. The impolitic measure contemplated would, moreover, tend to establish the principle of *fewer in number, less secure in rights*. Grampound possesses 51 electors; 32 of them are free from all accusation whatever; 19 have been accused; I am not informed whether that number were convicted. Suppose the thirty-two, 3200, and the nineteen, 1900. Now, were 1900 Electors of any place convicted of corruption, but 3200 not exposed to the least charge or suspicion, I ask any rational man whether the disfranchisement of the place ever could or would be thought of? In behalf of the untransgressing Electors of Grampound, I would call to the recollection of our Legislators Abraham's intercession for Sodom, which closes thus:—"Peradventure there be *ten* (righteous) found there! and he (the Lord) said, I will not destroy it for *ten's* sake."

**JULIUS.**

END OF VOL. II.

Rogers, Printer, 66, Red-Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, London.





1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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